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No. CCVII.

- ART. I. — 1. *The Works of Dryden: Annotated Edition of the English Poets.* By ROBERT BELL. London: 1854.
2. *Life and Works of Dryden.* By Sir WALTER SCOTT, Bart. Eighteen vols. 8vo.

THE world, we believe, is no longer content to entrust the reputation of Dryden to the criticisms of Johnson and Malone, or to the ponderous collections of Mr. Luttrell and Sir Walter Scott. The indifference to the poetry of the eighteenth, and of a great part of the seventeenth century, which has been the fashion of the last fifty years, could but temporarily consign to the last rank of popularity a writer who had stood in the first order of intellectual merit. The era which was constituted by Dryden's genius has a special importance in having established, at a decisive juncture, the original and independent course of literature in England as distinguished from the imitative course of literature in France. We cannot forget our obligations to a period which first displayed the adaptation of our language to nearly every variety of human thought; and we cherish the works of Dryden for a national inspiration of the Satire and the Ode, for a new development of the Historic Drama, and for the reconstruction of the poetry of Romance, in a manner worthy of its imperishable celebrity in the master-writings of Cervantes, of Boccaccio, and of Chaucer. Yet it was reserved to Sir Walter Scott, a hundred and twenty years after Dryden's death, to make the first complete collection of his works. But this collection, though valuable and laborious, was ill-calculated

to diffuse the reputation of the great author whose memory it was justly intended to honour. The edition of Sir Walter Scott consists of eighteen thick octavo volumes, comprising an aggregate of between eight and ten thousand pages, with annotations on so gigantic a scale that, as we disturb the volumes which repose in their ancient dust, they seem to represent the organic remains of antediluvian criticism. Sir Walter, to complete the unattractiveness of his edition, has prefixed to it a portrait, presenting, in contrast to the splendid bust of Dryden in Westminster Abbey, so appalling a physiognomy of the poet, that it might fairly serve to suggest a metempsychosis of the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan.

Mr. Bell's edition of Dryden, although it does not pretend to the research and erudition of that by Sir Walter Scott, is carefully, usefully, and very creditably annotated. It has, moreover, this extrinsic advantage, that it is published at a price which will place it within the range of every reader of poetry. For it is certain, that in the imaginative literature of the last few centuries are to be found the truest representations of bygone manners, and the living elements of our social history. Mr. Bell is engaged in publishing on a similar principle editions of other eminent authors; and we trust that the public will support his design. But for the present our attention is absorbed in the works of a writer who has never, we believe, been equalled in this country in point of versatility of talent, and whose power and ingenuity of thought will serve for the instruction of all nations and of all ages.

It has been customary for the last half century to decry the writings of Dryden, as identified with what has been termed the French school of poetry. Few theories have been more inconsiderately advanced, or more inconsistently defended. No distinctive characteristic of the French literature of the seventeenth century formed a distinctive characteristic of the contemporary literature of this country. The drama of the two nations, in its most essential incidents, was based upon antagonistic principles. The unities of Time and Place, which constituted the ordinary rule of the French tragedians, scarcely constituted an exception in the plays of Dryden. The Theatre of France received generally the impress of the pure tragedy of the Greeks, while the most celebrated of the tragic works of Dryden assumed the form of the mixed drama of Romance. The use of rhyme is of far higher antiquity in this country than the age of Corneille and Racine; and even this artificial relation to the French Drama disappeared from the latest and the best of Dryden's tragedies. The modern

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No. CCXI.

ART. I.—*An Enquiry into the Credibility of the Early Roman History.* By the Right Hon. Sir GEORGE CORNEWALL LEWIS, Bart. Two Vols. London: 1855.

AMONG the wide circle of historical readers, there are few who follow with satisfaction, and some who even repudiate with impatience, investigations into the evidence on which the narrative before them rests. Such investigations they regard as the special duty of the author. They desire only to know the results, set forth in a luminous and attractive manner, with suitable reflections. If they are perusing an animated narrative—adjusted to their notions of probability in respect to the succession of events, and accommodated to their ethical and æsthetical sentiments in its appreciation of characters and situations—they willingly hail the matter as so much added to their previous knowledge. A moderate show of references suffices to make them presume that the author has collated the necessary evidence and elicited from it a true or credible history. No such presumption indeed will arise, if he contradicts their notions of probability, or adopts canons of ethical and æsthetical appreciation departing from theirs—if he describes sequences to them unexpected, or introduces supernatural forces on occasions which they deem inappropriate—if he disparages persons and institutions admirable in their eyes. The shock to their feelings will then certainly raise doubts, and may perhaps provoke to examination of the original authorities. But except under such a stimulus, the idea of mistrusting the sufficiency of the author's proofs is one which neither suggests itself spontaneously to them, nor finds ready admission

when suggested by others. The degree to which an historian can count upon easy faith, depends upon the pre-established harmony of sentiment between him and his readers, enforced by his own powers of style and exposition.

Both the appreciating sentiments, and the received measure of internal credibility, vary materially from age to age, and from nation to nation: but subject to this condition, the description above given applies to historical readers generally. For the large majority of them, indeed, the fact cannot be otherwise. They have no time—to pass over other disqualifications—even for hearing all the distinct matters of proof; much less for weighing and comparing them, for hunting out what may have been overlooked, or for studying the process of combination and elimination which the historian's task requires from him. Such labour must be performed by one or a few for the benefit of many. And the security which the many possess for its being faithfully performed, arises not so much from their own demand, as from the emulation and competition of historical students themselves. The probability of eventual animadversion, from a few censors themselves conversant with the original sources, is a motive almost indispensable to keep the historian up to the proper pitch, throughout his long and often irksome preparations. By such censorship the comparison of his narrative with the sum total of attainable evidence becomes forced upon general readers, little disposed of themselves to originate the question. The analytical or dissecting process of criticism serves as a valuable control on the synthetical and constructive effort of the historian; who, however conscientious, is under temptation to aim too exclusively at those charms of pictorial execution without which large popularity is hardly attainable.

Of this analytical process, the work of Sir George Lewis, now before us, affords an admirable specimen. It exhibits a complete and intelligent mastery of the original authorities—a full knowledge of what has been done by former critics, with an equitable spirit of appreciation towards them,—and a familiarity with historical research, modern as well as ancient. It is full of copious illustration from the kindred subject of Grecian antiquity. While rich in premises, it is sparing in conclusions, and strictly exigent as to sufficiency of proof—the work of one who, though seeking earnestly for truth, is not ashamed to confess that he cannot find it, and to rest in such acknowledgment of ignorance, where there is no evidence, at once literal and cogent, to enforce some positive affirmation. We recognise in Sir George Lewis the precise antithesis of that vehement impulse of divination, confident alike both in belief and in disbelief, which so often carried away the vigorous intel-

lect of Niebuhr. If indeed there be any single purpose, prominent and peculiar, in a work of so much breadth and learning as this 'Enquiry,' it is to protest against the Niebuhrian licence of substitution and reconstruction. The book is not, and does not profess to be, a history of Rome; but we are mistaken if it does not tend to influence materially the composition of future Roman histories. Like the critical philosophy of Kant, as contrasted with the antecedent dogmatic philosophy of Leibnitz and Wolf — it is a magazine of arms on the negative side of the question. The historian will find brought before him, more fully than in any previous work, the problems with which he has to grapple — the means of solving them, and the amount of success hitherto attained by employing those means; lastly, the contradictions and inconsistencies which the original authorities, scanty as they are, present in abundance.

Sir George Lewis reviews the Roman history from its earliest times down to the fall of the Republic, about forty years before the Christian era. Upon the subsequent events during the Empire, he does not touch. Counting upwards from the fall of the Republic to the received date of the capture of Troy and the migration of Æneas, there was a space of about 1140 years. Through this long antiquity Augustus and his contemporaries looked up to Æneas and the exiles from Troy, mythical ancestors of the Julian and other great Roman families. The series of years is here distributed into several periods, with the evidences, primary or secondary, discordant or harmonious, indicated and appreciated.

In writing a history of Rome, the historian must necessarily begin from the beginning; and the difficulty is, in this as well as in other inquiries, to find a beginning. He must grope his way for some time nearly in the dark, until at length he emerges into twilight, and into a slowly improving daylight. In the process of criticism this order is reversed. Sir George Lewis takes his point of departure from the latest period. Proceeding backward from the fall of the Republic to the invasion of Italy by Pyrrhus in 281 B.C., he exhibits a full catalogue of the historical productions of the Roman world during the last two centuries before the Christian era.

The catalogue is a very respectable one; and though nearly all the works are lost, we have notices remaining which inform us of their general contents and style of execution. Julius Cæsar and Sallust, comparatively recent as they are, must be named as the oldest Roman writers from whom any entire historical compositions remain. Livy was born B.C. 59, and died at the age of seventy-six. His history extended from the

earliest times of Rome to the death of Drusus, nine years before the Christian era. Between him and Cato the Censor (the earliest Roman historian who composed in his own language, about 150 B.C.) the following historians are known to us by name, and by a few fragments:—Calpurnius Piso Frugi, Cassius Hemina, Caius Fannius, L. Attius, Caius Sempronius Tuditanus, Lucius Coelius Antipater, Cnæus Gellius, Sextus Gellius, Aulus Gellius, Clodius Licinus, Publius Sempronius Asellio, Marcus Æmilius Scaurus, Publius Rutilius Rufus, Quintus Lutatius Catulus, Caius Licinius Macer, Quintus Claudius Quadrigarius, Quintus Valerius Antias, Lucius Otacilius Pilitus, Lucius Cornelius Sylla, Lucius Cornelius Sisenna, Quintus Ælius Tubero, &c.

Besides these and other historians in the Latin language, there were several Romans, some of illustrious position, who composed historical works in Greek. Among them were the two earliest of all Roman historians—Quintus Fabius Pictor and Lucius Cincius Alimentus, both of them in high public position and active service throughout the Second Punic War. Cincius was even taken prisoner by Hannibal, from whom he learnt various facts afterwards reported in his history.

Ennius (B. C. 239–169) and Nævius, a generation older, though poets, are also historical witnesses. Ennius, the first composer of hexameter verses in Latin, wrote a sort of metrical chronicle, called ‘*Annales*,’ of the affairs of Rome from Romulus and Remus down to his own time. Nævius wrote a similar chronicle of the First Punic War (in which he had himself served), employing the native Latin metre, Saturnian verse.

Passing to Greeks—the life of Polybius is comprised between B.C. 210–120, and his forty books of universal history (of which only five remain entire) included the period from B.C. 220 down to B.C. 146, the date of the capture of Carthage and Corinth, which events Polybius witnessed. Sosilus and Silenus, contemporary with and companions of Hannibal, wrote histories of the Second Punic War. Philinus of Agrigentum described the First Punic War, with which he was contemporary, in a spirit blamed by Polybius as unfair towards the Romans. Lastly, both Hieronymus of Cardia and Timæus of Tauromenium, contemporaries of Pyrrhus, described his war against the Romans. Indeed Pyrrhus himself seems to have composed memoirs of his own operations.

These are the earliest portions of Roman affairs, described by historians either actually or nearly contemporaneous. Besides these histories, there existed in the last two centuries of the

Republic, many orations spoken on various public occasions by magistrates and senators, and preserved as well as edited by the speakers themselves. Among the orations, the oldest was that of Appius the Blind, who, being conducted in his old age into the Senate when the question of peace or war with Pyrrhus was under discussion, determined his countrymen to reject the propositions of peace (B.C. 280). In the time of Cicero, a large collection of these miscellaneous public harangues existed. He had read no less than 150 from the elder Cato alone, and he indicates Cornelius Cethegus (who died in B.C. 196, shortly after the Second Punic War) as the earliest Roman distinguished for eloquence.

It is to this later period of the Republic that Sir George Lewis devotes his first two chapters—among the most instructive in the work. He sets before us the really historical age of Rome—the assemblage of all the authors from whom we derive (mediately or immediately) our knowledge of Roman events; and he appreciates, as far as is practicable under the loss of their works, their scope, manner, and point of view.

The following summary deserves attention both in itself and as furnishing a standard of comparison for the evidences of the earlier age of Rome:—

‘If we trace the Roman history back from the dictatorship of Julius Cæsar, we find that its events were fully recorded by intelligent, trustworthy, and well-informed contemporary writers, up to the beginning of the Gallic war of 225 B. C. Up to that period, the majority of these historians were native Romans, though some of them, and particularly those of the earlier time, wrote in Greek. For the period of thirty-nine years between the beginning of the first Punic War and the Gallic War (264–225, B. C.), there were no native historians who were personal witnesses of the events of the day: but they lived with the generation who were actors in them, and were able to obtain their information from sources of unquestionable authenticity. The First Punic War was narrated by one Greek at least who lived during its progress, and probably other Sicilians at the time wrote its history.

‘It is true that the native historians of Rome from Fabius Pictor down to Claudius Quadrigarius and Valerius Antias, did not hold a high rank as artists: that their manner was in general dry, stiff, and jejune—that they were deficient in philosophical spirit—and that their historical style resembled rather that of a mediæval chronicle, or of such writers as Holinshed or Stow, than the work of Thucydides, which they might have imitated; or the works of Sallust, Livy, and Tacitus, which their own literature afterwards produced. Cicero will not even allow them the name of historians. So inferior were they to the Greek writers in that line of composition, that he regards them as mere annalists or memoir-writers—as mere mecha-

nical registrars of facts, without any claim to the higher merits of the historian. According to the Roman standard of history (he says), the only requisite is, that the writer should tell the truth: the style of his composition is immaterial. They studied only to express their meaning in the smallest number of words consistent with being understood. Their model was, the official annals of the year, kept by the Pontifex Maximus. Cicero himself wished to produce a history which should equal those of the Greek writers: as Virgil attempted to rival Homer, and Horace the Greek lyric poets. He looks upon history chiefly as a work of art, and as a composition fitted for an orator.' (Vol. i. p. 40.)

After noticing criticisms from Sallust, Velleius Paterculus, and Dionysius of Halicarnassus, coinciding in spirit with those of Cicero, Sir George Lewis proceeds:—

'But though the series of historical writers who have been enumerated, from Fabius and Cincius down to Sylla and Macer, were not distinguished for any literary or philosophical excellence—though they were not artists in history—yet they were trustworthy witnesses respecting the events of their own time. They were most of them men conversant with public affairs both civil and military—who had filled high offices and sat in the Senate—who had in some cases been actors in the events which they narrated—and who by their social position, had access to good information and enlightened opinions respecting the political events of their time.' (Vol. i. p. 43.)

The loss, almost total, of these later historians—combined with the preservation of so many details respecting the early Roman history in the extant books of Livy and Dionysius—fosters an involuntary illusion in the reader's mind, that the earlier periods were both better known and more interesting to the Romans themselves, than the later. This is a mistake pointed out by Sir George Lewis:—

'They (Fabius, Cincius, and the other historians) were concise in the early periods, and full in the times of which they had personal experience. Their main purpose was to write recent and contemporary history. Even Livy, whom, on account of the accidental preservation of the earlier books and loss of the later books, of his history, we are accustomed to regard as an antiquarian compiler, was in truth regarded in quite a different light, when his entire work was extant. The principal object of Livy was to relate the events of the period immediately preceding his own life, and partly contemporary with it. The books of his history beginning with 103, and extending to 142, being nearly a third part of the entire work, were coincident with his own lifetime. He himself in his preface, supposes his readers to be more solicitous to read the history of the civil wars, than to dwell on the early period.' (Vol. i. p. 44.)

The superior interest felt by Livy and others in the events of the later Republic is not difficult to explain. Those events

surpassed prodigiously, in magnitude and in awe-striking accompaniments, the wars and internal disputes of Rome in her earlier days of comparative feebleness, —

‘Vincere cum Veios posse, laboris erat.’

It is these antecedent events, recorded in the first ‘Decad’ of Livy*, which form the special subject of Sir George Lewis’s ‘Enquiry into the Credibility of the Early Roman History.’ We have approached them, as he has done, by an upward march through the later events; because we consider it an important feature in his method, to pass from the more known to the less known, and to appreciate the reporting historians before he begins to weigh and measure the evidences open to their inspection.

We find in Livy and other writers a history of Rome for 472 years earlier than Pyrrhus; from B. C. 753, the period assigned for the foundation of the city. This narrative which we read,—or something like it, though with many differences of detail,—was received during the literary ages of Rome, and appealed to as matter of popular belief by poets and orators. Now the question is, what authorities had Fabius and Cincius, the earliest Roman historians, (who flourished during the Second Punic War) and those who came after them, for composing the history of five centuries anterior to themselves?

Sir George Lewis sets forth the various hypotheses which have been advanced as answers to this question. He examines with much care (Vol. i. p. 155. *seq.*), the real comprehension and evidentiary value of what were called the Pontifical Annals — ‘*Annales Maximi*,’ — kept by the Chief Pontiff from an early period down to the Pontificate of P. Mucius in B. C. 121. The pontiff caused various notable incidents to be inscribed on a whitened board and publicly posted up. What these incidents were, we are very imperfectly informed; but as far as we can make out, they were events susceptible of a religious interpretation, which called upon the pontiff to prescribe some expiatory ceremony for appeasing the wrath of the gods,—events such as dearth, pestilence, earthquakes, eclipses, prodigies of various kinds.* Livy, who occasionally mentions incidents

* The first Decad of Livy ends with the Consulship of Fabius Maximus Gurges, and Junius Brutus Scæva, in B. C. 292. His eleventh book (now lost) brought the third Samnite War to a conclusion. His twelfth book (also lost) described the beginning of the war of Pyrrhus against the Romans (B. C. 280).

† A fragment of Cato says (ap. Aul. Gell. ii. 28.), ‘Non lubet scribere, quod in tabulâ apud Pontificem Maximum est, quotiens

of this character, is likely to have derived them, directly or indirectly, from the Pontifical Annals. The prodigies, such as divine voices, speaking oxen, rain of blood or of flesh, &c., are more distinctly traceable to contemporary record than any other events in the early Roman history. That these pontifical annals were meagre, and destitute of all information on public matters, there is every reason to believe. At what precise date they commenced, and even whether there was matter registered in every successive year, we are ignorant. But it seems certain that there can have been no continuous preservation of them for the time anterior to the capture of Rome by the Gauls (B. C. 390).

These pontifical tablets were all that early Rome possessed in the nature of annals prior to Fabius Pictor and Cincius. Sir George Lewis justly censures the laxity with which Niebuhr, Arnold, and other historians, appeal to certain invisible witnesses, called *The Old Annals*, *The Ancient Annalists*, *some Old Annalist*, &c., as authorities for facts between B.C. 500-300 (see numerous examples cited, vol. i. p. 93., *seq.*). Nothing can be more misleading than this language. There existed no such annals (except the pontifical tablets) of an earlier date than B.C. 210. And when Livy says, as we sometimes find, 'Invenio in quibusdam annalibus,' &c., he must mean authors of this date, or later. To him these authors were ancient, very ancient—at the distance of 150 years. Nay, we even find Cicero, a generation earlier than Livy, speaking of Cato as extremely ancient (*perveterem*).^{*} But the vague allusions of Niebuhr and Arnold suggest to readers the erroneous belief that there were Roman annalists, contemporary with the siege of Veii or the Decemvirate, from whom Livy's statements, or a modified version of them at least, are borrowed.

Though there existed no continuous history or annals during the two first centuries of the Republic, yet there were undoubtedly throughout all that period detached memorials: contemporary registrations of notable isolated facts—treaties with foreign states—laws (such as the Twelve Tables)—decrees of the senate—inscriptions on brazen plates, or on linen cloth—commemoration of the magistracies of particular men, and even partial lists of their succession—precedents kept by the

'annona cara est, quotiens lunæ aut solis lumini caligo aut quid obstiterit,' &c.

^{*} Cicero, Brutus 15. 61. 'Eum nos ut perveterem habemus,' &c. (i. e. Cato.)

scribes, or secretaries who carried on the routine of business in the magisterial offices of the consuls, censors, and prætors. The earliest known inscription, commemorating any public event — the treaty between Rome and Carthage, seen by Polybius — dated very shortly after the expulsion of the kings. Even the earliest times of the Republic were thus not destitute of documents; but none such can be traced during the regal period. Sir George Lewis, in his fifth chapter, reviews and estimates these sources of Roman history. They were (to cite his words in another place, vol. ii. p. 361.) ‘detached notices and fragments of evidence, but not a continuous narrative; they were not the work of an historian, and they did not of themselves form a history of the period: there was a *substratum of notation*, but not an authentic narrative of events.’

This ‘substratum of notation’ can be traced distinctly to the earliest times of the Republic; but no history was erected upon it by any Roman until Fabius Pictor, three centuries afterwards. Nevertheless, the history of Rome, as we read it in Dionysius and Livy, (both of them much later than Fabius) contains, not merely a string of naked facts, such as might be noted on brazen plates, or on whitened boards — but also abundance of incidents related with minute details, animated descriptions, precise relation of the words and thoughts of the principal actors. It was in the same copious and circumstantial manner that Fabius and succeeding annalists recounted the family tragedies of the Roman kings — as well as many of the wars and internal political contests which marked the first two centuries of the Republic. From whence then did Fabius and his successors obtain the knowledge of these details, so long anterior to their own time? Not certainly from the ‘substratum of notation:’ which, even if it had been systematic and continuous, instead of being merely disjointed and occasional, could have supplied nothing beyond bare and brief facts. We must here look for sources of information distinct from contemporary brass, wood, or linen.

To find a source for these detailed incidents, many of them highly poetical and interesting, Niebuhr contended for the existence of early ballad-poems, or epic lays, anterior to Nævius and Ennius. Dr. Arnold and Mr. Macaulay have adopted the same hypothesis: and the beautiful ‘Lays of Ancient Rome,’ composed by the latter, will imprint it on the recollection of every English reader. Sir George Lewis examines the point at considerable length (Vol. i. pp. 212–38.). Niebuhr distributes large portions of the Roman history, from Romulus down to the Gallic conflagration, into various epic lays; which,

however, he supposes to have been composed long after the events to which they referred, chiefly about B.C. 320–300; and to have been once extremely popular, though they were discredited and lost after Ennius had introduced Greek metres, and after the Latin poetry became assimilated to the Greek.

That ballads were sung among the early Romans, we may readily presume. The fact is common to almost all countries. But that there existed poems of considerable bulk, embodying a large proportion of that which we now read as Livy's prose, is by no means to be presumed without proof; though, if the fact could be proved, it would be an interesting accession to our knowledge. Now, no such poems were known to the Romans of the historical age. It is true that the incidents themselves are often of a cast highly romantic and poetical; and upon this ground chiefly the inference is founded, that they must have been derived from poems. But such inference is shown by Sir George Lewis to be unwarranted. Incidents of a romantic character may be real, and are accepted as such if properly attested. The career of Alexander the Great is as full of romance as that of Coriolanus: the suicide of Cleopatra is intrinsically not less poetical than that of Lucretia—while that of the Emperor Otho is more sublime and impressive than either. Moreover, the early Roman history, though partly poetical in its incidents, is in still larger measure wholly unpoetical: the ballad-theory, even if admitted, accounts for the smaller portion only—not for the larger, nor yet for the mixture of the two. Lastly, Niebuhr supposes that the incidents of these ballad-poems were generally fictitious: but if this be granted, the hypothesis of poems becomes unnecessary: the origin of fictitious stories may be sufficiently explained by oral tradition alone, without any poems, written or unwritten:—

‘There is nothing in the fictitious part of the early Roman history which may not be accounted for, by supposing that it consists of legends floating in the popular memory, composed of elements partly real but chiefly unreal, and moulded into a connected form as they passed from mouth to mouth: the picturesque, interesting, or touching incidents being selected, and the whole grouped and coloured by the free pencil of tradition. Even these legends would be improved and polished by the successive historians through whose hands they passed, after they had been once reduced to writing. Such an origin would account for their poetical features without supposing them derived from a metrical original—from a poem in the proper sense of the word.’ (Vol. i. p. 221.)

‘The theory of Niebuhr is unsupported by evidence sufficient to prove its truth; and, even if it were proved, would afford little or no assistance towards solving the most difficult and important

problem of this history. That there were poems of some sort composed in the Latin language, before the time of Livius, Nævius, and Ennius, cannot be doubted: the prohibition of defamatory verses, in the laws of the Twelve Tables, is an undoubted proof of the practice of the poetic art among the Romans in the year B. C. 450. But all positive evidence and all arguments from analogy and probability conspire to prove, that the Latin language at this time was in a rude, uncultivated state, unsuited to poetical treatment: that the old native Saturnian metre, which Horace stigmatises as unfit for the contact of civilised life, was rough, inharmonious, and scarcely distinguishable from prose; and that the early Romans, however poetical may have been the ideas in which they conceived their ancient annals and the exploits of their forefathers, were principally occupied with military pursuits, and bestowed little thought on poetry or the fine arts.' (Vol. i. p. 235.)

Niebuhr's 'Theory of Epic Lays,' therefore, cannot be accepted as the source of any considerable portion of the details of early Roman history. For these details no source can be assigned except oral statements and traditions; many of them, doubtless, current in the great families, respecting their distinguished ancestors, (whose waxen images were preserved, and carried in funeral processions,) and first embodied in a written continuous history by Fabius and his successors. Upon 'the substratum of notation' was thus at length erected a fabric of history.

'There was a continuous list of magistrates more or less complete and authentic, ascending to the commencement of the consular government: from the burning of the city, there was a series of meagre official annals, kept by the chief pontiff: many ancient treaties and texts of laws, including the Twelve Tables, were preserved, together with notes of ancient usages and rules of customary law, civil and religious, recorded in the books of the pontiffs and some of the civil magistrates: and these documentary sources of history, which furnished merely the dry skeleton of a narrative, were clothed with flesh and muscle by the addition of various stories handed down from preceding times by oral tradition. Some assistance may have been derived from popular songs, and still more from family memoirs: but there is nothing to make it probable that private families began to record the deeds of their distinguished members before any chronicler had arisen for the events which interested the commonwealth as a whole.' (Vol. i. p. 243.)

We think that this is a correct statement of the means of information possessed by the Roman annalists of B. C. 210, and later, when they undertook to draw up a history of Rome, beginning with B. C. 753, and even earlier; 472 years before the war with Pyrrhus, and 540 years before their own times. It is to be remarked that the 'notation' ascends only to the com-

ment of the Republic; but the details are carried 244 years higher, throughout the kingly period, and even more. The whole of the kingly period is an assemblage of oral details, uncontrolled by any ascertainable notation.

Having laid down these principles as to the sources of early Roman history, Sir George Lewis illustrates them by analysing the received narrative, from the earliest times to the landing of Pyrrhus in Italy. He distributes it into six portions:—
1. The primitive history and ethnology of Italy. 2. The settlement of Æneas in Italy. 3. The Alban kingdom and the foundation of Rome. 4. The period of the seven kings of Rome. 5. The period from the expulsion of the kings to the capture of the city by the Gauls. 6. The period from the capture of the city by the Gauls to the war with Pyrrhus.*

‘These six periods (observes Sir G. Lewis, p. 266.) it will be convenient to investigate separately; as their historical character, and the proportion in which fact and fiction are mixed, differ considerably.’ The distinction here drawn, as to proportions of fact and fiction, appears to us true only respecting the last three of the six periods,—hardly true respecting the first three.

It is to the two last periods, comprising together the early history of the Republic, that we must devote all the remarks which our space will allow: but we cannot pass over the four first without stating generally, that Sir C. Lewis has consecrated to them two chapters of abundant erudition with an excellent running commentary. In perusing the multifarious discrepancies, the fanciful adventures, and the licence of detailed assertion, which these chapters set forth, we see what Fabius, Cincius, Cato, &c., with their full religious and patriotic faith, were content to accept as their national history. We can take measure of their critical judgment and canon of credibility. There was, however, a considerable difference in this point between Fabius and Cato on the one hand, and writers a century or a century and a half later (such as Cicero, Atticus, Varro, Livy, &c.) on the other. The latter not only censure the chronological ignorance of their predecessors (*e. g.* the description of Numa as a disciple of Pythagoras), but also seek to rationalise (much to the displeasure of Dionysius of Halicarnassus), the miraculous stories and divine interventions—such as the suckling of Romulus and Remus by a she-wolf, and the interviews of Numa with the nymph Egeria. (Vol. i. pp. 402–48.)*

* It appears that Varro, and his immediate predecessors and contemporaries, were the first to bring into historical notice many

• In Chapter xii., occupying about the first half of Sir C. Lewis's second volume, the Roman history is analysed, from the expulsion of the kings to the burning of the city: an interval of about 120 years (B.C. 510-390). Its earliest portion includes the wars carried on by the nascent Republic against the Tarquinian exiles; who were aided, first by the Etruscan Porsena, next by the Latins mustered in arms at Regillus, and there totally defeated. These incidents are given with many details, often highly picturesque and interesting. They are supposed by Niebuhr to have formed the subject of one of the epic lays: but even if this were granted, we must suppose something like them to have floated probably in the form of oral narrative or legend. Yet Pliny had seen a treaty between Porsena and the Romans, whereby the latter became bound to the humiliating condition of not using iron for any other purposes than those of agriculture. This treaty cannot be reconciled with the accounts which we read, of the wars between the Romans and Porsena. The oral details and the 'notation' are here at variance.

While setting forth the ancient statements respecting these wars, with his usual fulness of reference, Sir George Lewis touches on the first nomination of a dictator at Rome. That Titus Lartius was the first dictator, and that he was appointed during one of the years not long preceding the battle of Regillus, is affirmed both by Livy and Dionysius. As to the precise year they do not agree: nor does Livy give many antecedent particulars—not knowing which to prefer among, the dissentient accounts before him. Dionysius, however,—to whom, as a Greek, the dictatorial office seemed probably more

memorials then existing of Roman registered antiquity which had been unknown to, or overlooked by, preceding annalists, such as Fabius and Cato. The 'substratum of notation,' composed as it was of unconnected fragments, became thus more fully explored and better understood in B.C. 50, than it had been a century before, in B.C. 150. Hence arise in part the discrepancies recited by Livy and Dionysius. The writers of the Varronian age differed from their predecessors because they had consulted new matters of evidence.

This comparison of the age of Varro with that of Fabius is much insisted on in a recent work of learning and research published last year at Basle, *L. O. Bröcker, Untersuchungen über die Glaubwürdigkeit der alt-Römischen Geschichte*. Bröcker notes especially that the Varronians treated the Regal period more briefly, and the Republican period far more copiously, than Fabius and Cato, the new matters of evidence relating apparently to the Republic only. See the second of Bröcker's *Abhandlungen*, pp. 41-82,

striking and peculiar than it did to Livy — works up one of these narratives at great length: —

‘Dionysius gives the detailed account of the dictatorship, and of the appointment of the first dictator, as if it was as well ascertained as the history of the creation of the first presidency of the India Board, and the appointment of the first president, under the administration of Mr. Pitt. He knows not only the causes which led to the creation of the office, but also the various stages of the proceedings, the debates in the senate, the speeches of the senators, the motives of their policy, the mutual feelings of delicacy, and all the other material circumstances of the transaction.

..... ‘The long and detailed account of the creation of the office of dictator appears to belong to a class of fictions, of which we meet with many examples in the early Roman history, and which we may call *institutional legends*. The whole narrative of Dionysius is plainly a political drama, invented to explain the very peculiar institution of the Roman dictatorship: the officer being supreme and absolute, although for a limited time, the senate being judges of the necessity of the appointment, and the appointment being made by one of the consuls.’ (Vol. ii. pp. 27. 46.)

Among the Roman ‘institutional legends’ — which, let it be observed, even if Niebuhr’s epic lays existed, can hardly have been embodied in them, and can be referred to no other source than oral narrative — one of the most curious is, the first secession of the Plebs, and the first appointment of tribunes of the people (B. C. 492), about seven years after the earliest dictator. The recital is set forth and examined by Sir George Lewis pp. 62–88. It is given in minute detail and with long harangues intermixed, by Dionysius. Livy tells the story more briefly. Cicero and other authors touch on it incidentally.

The Roman annalists, in recounting the circumstances of this event (more than 250 years prior to the earliest of them) can have had no other authority than oral informants. In analysing the narrative, Sir Cornewall Lewis farther seeks to show that the internal discrepancies and inconsistencies are so serious as to exclude the possibility of any better authority. Now we cannot think that this latter part of his case is fully made out. It seems to us that he overrates the magnitude of the discrepancies; that they are neither inexplicable, nor greater than might well have occurred between witnesses all contemporaneous.

It is true that Dionysius and Livy differ as to the nature of the treaty which the senate were obliged to conclude with the exasperated plebeians, after the latter had seceded to the Mons Sacer.

‘According to Dionysius, the main subject of the negotiation was a *Seisachtheia*, for the relief of the plebeian debtors: when this measure

had been conceded, the institution of the tribunes was suggested by Lucius Junius Brutus, as an additional guarantee; and this afterthought was made the subject of a separate negotiation. Livy is entirely silent as to any arrangement about a remission of debts, and describes the compact as limited to the institution of tribunes. Cicero agrees with Livy, and considers the tribunate as the sole result of the first secession.' (Vol. ii. p. 77.)

We admit that Livy says nothing about a remission of debts. But we contend that this is an omission on his part: that his own narrative implies virtually the fact of such remission having been granted, so as to be hardly consistent with itself, unless upon that hypothesis. He had told us explicitly that the cause which drove the plebeians to the desperate measure of secession*, was, the cruel suffering inflicted upon the great multitude of them by debt, and by the law which made the insolvent debtor the slave of his creditor: that the liberal patricians had been doing their utmost, though in vain, to procure for them relief from such suffering: and that the very last act which precipitated the secession was, the abdication of the popular dictator (Valerius) in disgust, because he could not prevail on the senate to grant any relief. Assuming this state of things, how can it be believed that the plebeians, when they became masters of the situation and forced the senate to offer terms, demanded no redress of this severe and present grievance; and that they were satisfied with the prospective benefit to be derived from appointing two tribunes, about whom before not a word had been said? To confirm our view—that Livy's own account requires us to assume a remission of debts as having been granted—we may add, that after having dwelt so much upon the pressure of debt before the secession, he says nothing more about it after the secession: the grievance disappears for a long series of years.

Turning to Dionysius, we find that his account is consistent, complete, and natural. The plebeians had seceded on account of debt: the first concession whereby the intimidated senate try to pacify them is a promise of relief from debt: and with this the plebeians are so overjoyed that they are not disposed of themselves to demand more. But their long-sighted leader, L. Junius, reminds them that their only guarantee for the observance of the promise is, that they should have tribunes of their own appointment, and with powers adequate to their protection. The tribunes are thus (to use the phrase of Sir George Lewis)

* Livy, vol. ii. pp. 23. 27. 31.— 'Totam plebem ære alieno demersam' &c.

'an afterthought;,' they are not a substitute for debt-relief, but a guarantee for its accomplishment.

In regard to the passage of Cicero, we agree rather with the interpretation of Niebuhr than with that of Sir George Lewis. We think that Cicero (like Livy) says what implies that a remission of debts must have been granted.* And it appears to us that an historian who finds himself in the presence of three such accounts, as those of Dionysius, Livy, and Cicero, is warranted in supplying out of the first that fact which, though not expressly mentioned by the other two, is required to make each of them consistent with himself.

Sir George Lewis pursues his minute analysis of the contradictions and incoherences which pervade the immediately succeeding period of Roman history—the story of Coriolanus—that of Spurius Cassius, the proposer of the first agrarian law—the expedition and death of the three hundred Fabii, &c. All these are details which must have been derived by the annalist from oral communication. Yet in the midst of them the 'substratum of notation' occasionally crops out, thus (B. C. 462), we have:—'Many of the notices are of a character which seem to betoken contemporaneous registration, such for instance as the consecration of the temple of *Dius Fidius* on the nones of June, on the Quirinal hill, by the Consul *Spurius Posthumius*, 'in the year 466 B. C.' (vol. ii. p. 162.)—and the punishment of two Vestal Virgins, *Opimia* and *Orbinia* (vol. ii. pp. 141. 152. 183.), who were buried alive for unchastity. This punishment

* The passage of Cicero is in the *Fragment de Republicâ*, ii. 33, 34. Cicero states, as explicitly as Dionysius and Livy, that the cause which brought about the suffering and secession of the plebeians, was, the pressure of their private debts. The senate (he adds) might have applied a measure of relief to this grievance of debt, but they let slip the opportunity of doing so. Accordingly, they were constrained at last to submit to a concession much more formidable to their own power—the creation of the tribunate. '*Quo tum consilio prætermisso, causa populo nata est, duobus tribunis plebis per seditionem creatis, ut potentia senatus atque auctoritas minueretur.*' If the Senate were forced ultimately to make a more serious concession, this proves that the mutinous debtors had acquired increased strength. How then is it credible that they should become willing to bear the pressure of debt, which they had mutinied in order to escape? The tribunate in itself could not mitigate this grievance. Cicero means (in our judgment) that the Senate, having refused to grant a measure of debt relief in time, when it would have given satisfaction—were forced, when the discontent ripened into irresistible mutiny, to grant, not only this debt-relief, but something much greater besides.

was probably registered in the Pontifical Annals, since it had a salutary effect, as we learn from Livy and Dionysius, in appeasing the anger of the Gods, recently manifested in alarming prodigies.

To the Decemviral Government an elaborate section is devoted (vol. ii. pp. 161. 252.). These Decemvirs were named, after eleven years of plebeian importunity, to prepare written laws for rendering the administration of the Consuls both determinate in its principles and equal in its operation on patricians as well as plebeians. They composed the Twelve Tables—the earliest authentic monument of Roman law. The history of the Decemvirate—given in detail by Livy, and in still greater detail by Dionysius—is ‘the institutional legend’ respecting the origin, promulgation, and authors of these memorable and much admired tables.

We agree with Sir George Lewis that this narrative must have been first put together by annalists long posterior, mainly from oral report; and that its credibility must be estimated accordingly. But we cannot think that the proof of this point is strengthened by his analysis of the texture of the narrative, nor that the internal difficulties and discrepancies are so grave as he represents. That which he conceives as a tissue of improbabilities is so far from appearing in the same light to Dionysius, that the latter (x. 1.) expressly takes credit for furnishing on this occasion a philosophical and instructive recital. The character and proceedings of the chief Decemvir Appius, do not appear to us unnatural, nor do we feel the embarrassments started by Sir George Lewis. Why did Appius (it is asked) resign his place in the decemvirate after the first year, and thus expose himself to the chance of not being re-elected? (Vol. ii. p. 229.) We may surely answer—Because those who had been his colleagues during the meritorious proceedings of the first year, would not have been suitable for the atrocities of the second. Then by what force were Appius and his second colleagues enabled to tyrannise with temporary impunity? ‘We hear’ (says Sir George Lewis) of no instruments of their power, ‘except a few clubs or associations of young patricians, who are paid for their services by confiscated property.’ These were the instruments of the decemviral tyranny; and they appear to us, as they appeared to Dionysius and Livy, sufficient for the purpose. These historians do not recognise the attenuating numerical adjective, a *few*: Dionysius even mentions (x. 60.) bands of poor and reckless satellites enlisted by the decemvirs, in addition to the patrician youth. Moreover Livy expressly states that the only sufferers by the decemviral tyranny were the plebeians; that among the patrician order, the younger men, who

formed the real force, were gainers in every way; and that even the elder or senatorial patricians, who disliked the decemvirs, disliked the suffering plebeians as much or more, were pleased to see them humbled, and even aggravated their humiliation by insult.* With such antipathy and mistrust between the two orders, and with such an amount of positive support from the more powerful of the two, the Decemvirs possessed ample means of maintaining their tyranny during eighteen months, not to say longer.

Again, 'We might have expected' (says Sir George Lewis, p. 238.), 'judging by the other atrocities ascribed to Appius, that he would have caused Virginia to be seized without the formalities of a public trial, and that he would have imprisoned or killed her relatives and protectors.' It might have been safer for him if he had done so. But Dionysius describes it as the ordinary practice of the Decemvirs in their tyranny, to suborn accusers and pronounce iniquitous judgments: when this had been done in a long series of cases without resistance, Appius did not sufficiently calculate the chances of resistance in a new case. Nor can we wonder that he did not anticipate the tragical event of a father publicly stabbing his own daughter in the forum.

These and other embarrassments which a critical inquirer brings to view in the Decemviral history, are all very proper for notice. But we think that they are by no means incapable of solution: that the author himself, if he had been writing a work of history instead of criticism, would easily have found solutions: and that they are no greater than an historian, who has the advantage of contemporary authorities, must often be prepared to solve. Though poorly furnished as to external attestation, the story in its internal texture appears to us more plausible and coherent than his book exhibits it.

During the sixty years between the fall of the Decemvirs and the Gallic capture, the internal history of Rome betokens a forward movement on the part of the plebeians. The demand made by the latter for equal admissibility to the consulship, is

* Livy, iii. 36, 37. '*Aliquamdiu æquatus inter omnes terror fuit; paulatim totus vertere in plebem cepit. Abstinebatur à Patribus: in humiliores libidine crudeliterque consulebatur; hominum, non causarum, toti erant: ut apud quos gratia vim æqui haberet.*'

..... '*Primores Patrum odisse Decemviros, odisse plebem: nec probare, quæ fierent; et credere, haud indignis accidere. Avidè ruendo in libertatem lapsos juvare nolle: cumulare quoque injurias, ut tædio præsentium consules duo tandem et status pristinus rerum in desiderium venirent.*'

refused by the patricians; who are, however, obliged to make the concession of substituting, in place of consuls, new magistrates entitled military tribunes (with powers nearly approaching to those of the consuls), among whom plebeians were eligible. These consular tribunes, with many alternating years of patrician consulship, continued for seventy-seven years, when the Licinian laws re-established the consulship, with the peremptory enactment that one of the two consuls must be a plebeian. Respecting the historical character of this period, our author observes,—

‘After the year B. C. 367, we hear no more of consular tribunes, and the office disappears from the *Fasti*. With the exception of the account of the first election of consular tribunes, the history of this magistracy during the seventy-seven years of its existence is consistent, coherent, and intelligible; and the historical narrative supports and explains the lists of names in the tables of magistrates. So far, therefore, as the internal evidence goes, it confirms the authenticity of the traditionary accounts of the period in question.’ (Vol. ii. p. 396.)

Here we have ‘the substratum of notation’ and the traditionary details in a state of admitted harmony. Sir George Lewis pursues his analysis of the history through the 110 years between the Gallic capture and the landing of Pyrrhus. Though he still detects many contradictions and inconsistencies, they do not appear to him so glaring as those of the former period. As to the foreign wars with the Gauls, indeed, there are discrepancies impossible to reconcile between Polybius and Livy; as to those with the Latins and Samnites, there are no such grave contradictions, though much is obscure and uncertain. Among the internal affairs of Rome, we commend to particular attention what is said about the Agrarian Laws, which are handled in a manner extremely perspicuous and instructive. (Vol. ii. p. 137. 183. 384.) Some proofs are also adduced (which might probably be multiplied) of the continuance of the contemporary registration for various isolated facts. (Vol. ii. pp. 483–6.) On the whole, the facts and narratives indicate that we are approaching towards that clearer sunlight of history which begins to prevail for the times after Pyrrhus.

Having performed this dissection of the evidences, with many most profitable comments upon Niebuhr, Arnold, and other previous expositors, Sir George Lewis adds a concluding chapter, summing up the general results of his inquiry, and illustrating his reasonings by comparisons with Grecian history. We have no space to dwell upon these pertinent and well-chosen analogies, and can only advert to the general conclusion. Remarking that as the different schools of historical criticism agree in considering

attestation by contemporary witnesses as the essential condition for justifying belief in an alleged fact, he thus proceeds:—

‘The main difference between the divergent schools is as to the extent to which contemporary attestation may be presumed without direct and positive proof. Both assume the same mode of proving an historical fact: but the former refuse to infer the proof from the existence of an oral tradition; the latter consider that inference legitimate. The former deny that the existence of a popular belief with respect to the past, derived from oral reports, raises a presumption that the events narrated were at the time of their supposed occurrence observed by credible witnesses, and by them handed down to posterity. The latter, on the other hand, hold that the existence of such a popular belief (combined perhaps with some accessory circumstances) authorises the conclusion that the current story was derived from credible contemporary witnesses, and has descended from them in a substantially unfalsified state.’ ‘The difference between the opposite opinions on this subject is therefore a difference of degree rather than of principle. Nobody asserts that all history must be taken directly from the reports of percipient witnesses. No historian applies the strict rule of judicial evidence, that all hearsay reports are to be discarded. In treating of the period which precedes contemporary history, all persons admit traditionary, secondary, or hearsay evidence, up to a certain point. The question is, where that point ought to be fixed?’ (Vol. ii. p. 490.)

After a few words (p. 494.) upon the ‘difficulties which beset the application of rules of evidence to the *semi-historical* or *crepuscular period*,—a period of which some knowledge has been preserved, though by imperfect means, and in a deteriorated state,’—the last result is thus given:—

‘All the historical labour bestowed upon the early centuries of Rome will, in general, be wasted. The history of this period, viewed as a series of picturesque narratives, will be read to the greatest advantage in the original writers, and will be deteriorated by reproduction in a modern dress. If we regard a historical painting merely as a work of art, the accounts of the ancients can only suffer from being retouched by the pencil of the modern restorer. On the other hand, all attempts to reduce them to a purely historical form, by conjectural omissions, additions, alterations, and transpositions, must be nugatory.’

‘Those who are disposed to labour in the field of Roman history will find a worthier reward for their toils, if they employ themselves upon the time subsequent to the Italian expedition of Pyrrhus.’ ‘In this history, much must remain incomplete, uncertain, and unknown: but the great outlines are as firmly marked as in a modern history, composed with brighter lights and from ampler materials; and the historical inquirer will meet with a richer return for his labours, than if he bewildered himself with vain attempts to distinguish between fact and fiction, in the accounts of the foundation

of Rome, the constitution of Servius, the expulsion of Tarquin, the war with Porsena, the creation of the dictatorship and tribunate, the decemviral legislation, the siege of Veii and the capture of Rome by the Gauls; or even the Licinian rogations, and the Samnite Wars.' (Vol. ii. p. 556.)

We subscribe to these conclusions fully, so far as regards Roman history under the Kings and prior to the Republic. As to the period of the Republic, we cannot adopt them without some qualification. Sir George Lewis fairly states the question: It being admitted, that there is a certain point antecedent to the beginning of contemporary history, up to which point historical research is legitimate and reasonable—where, is this terminus to be fixed in regard to Rome? He would fix it at the landing of Pyrrhus in Italy. But we submit that this is within the actual limits of contemporary Grecian authorship, and, in a certain sense, even of Roman authorship—through the speech of Appian in the Senate, which was preserved to later times. This terminus is therefore too low to correspond with the principles laid down. The Licinian laws can hardly be thrown into the category of the unsearchable—along with the foundation of Rome.

In fixing the upward terminus, we perceive no index so appropriate as the beginning of *contemporary notation*; which is, in truth, contemporary history in fragment and rudiment. Wherever matters of fact and of public import were recorded, even though detached and without coherence, historical research becomes admissible.

Now in Rome, 'the substratum of notation' can be traced up to the commencement of the Republic, but not higher. No similar notation belongs to the regal period: at least, if any such existed, it never crops out, but is irrevocably submerged and undiscernible. Accordingly, the suitable upward terminus for historical research is, in our view, the commencement of the Republic. We consider the kingly period as lying above the limit of historical research, and as 'a series of picturesque narratives' in which no matter of fact had ever any recorded existence apart from fiction. Comparing Roman with Grecian history, we regard (conformably to Sir George Lewis's view) all that precedes the Roman Republic as corresponding to heroic or legendary Greece; we consider the two first centuries of the Republic as corresponding to Greece between the first recorded Olympiad (776 B.C.) and the year 500 B.C. To the first of the two, the microscope of the historian is inapplicable. Respecting the second, we cannot say the same; for there are, or

were, some recorded realities which an attentive contemplation may hope to magnify and bring into fuller day-light, both in themselves and in the consequences deducible from them.

This is the only line of demarcation which we see any theoretical reason for drawing. Whether the researches into the history of the early Republic will turn out very fruitful, or will yield much of new certainty and new probability, is a different question. We are not sanguine in hoping that they will: but neither are we sanguine respecting those investigations, recommended by Sir George Lewis as preferable, into the later history of the Roman Republic; where there was once much contemporary information, now entirely lost, and represented by little except the Epitomes of Livy. What we expect from farther study of the early Republic, is, not so much a corrected version of the facts of detail, as better and clearer views of the institutional practice and development, gathered by combination, inference, and cautious hypothesis, from a variety of distinct sources. Books on Roman antiquities (especially the excellent work of Becker and Marquardt) already teach us much respecting the magistracies and constitutional growth of the Republic: but we acquire no knowledge (beyond the literal statements as they stand) respecting the period of the Kings. And though there is much fanciful conjecture in Niebuhr, it is indisputable that many portions of Roman republican antiquity (the Agrarian Laws especially) are far better understood than they were before his writings.

*Discountenancing as Sir George Lewis does all historical inquiry into Roman history anterior to Pyrrhus, it is natural that he should pronounce, as to that period, 'All attempts to reduce the accounts of the ancients to an historical form by conjectural omissions, additions, alterations, and transpositions, must be nugatory.' This is perfectly true respecting the period of the Kings, but we are not prepared to pronounce the like peremptory verdict (*must*) about the two first centuries of the Republic. The former (as we have above remarked) contains none of the genuine materials of history; the latter contains some, in greater or less proportion. In our view, wherever the genuine materials of history exist, all the processes above indicated are frequently indispensable, to bring out of them either continuous narrative or determinate results. It is by going through such elaboration that history is distinguished from a mere collection of depositions.

The manner in which Sir George Lewis sets forth the discrepancies between Livy and Dionysius, and the tone of his criticisms on Niebuhr, tend to suggest two impressions, which

we are by no means sure that he would sanction, but from which we certainly dissent. 1. That discrepancies, as many and as great, are not to be found between contemporary witnesses. 2. That the Niebuhrian spirit of hypothesis and recombination is illegitimate in principle,—not simply objectionable from abusive excess in Niebuhr's hands.

Now we think that contemporary witnesses often form a multitude with every variety of dissonance and contradiction*: and that if, out of such perplexities, an historian is to construct a narrative setting forth the true or the probable, he cannot proceed without a large latitude of preference and hypothesis. Even with the most unexceptionable historians—with Gibbon or Mr. Hallam—the narrative supplied to the reader is a result put together in their own minds, founded upon an attentive study of all the evidences, yet not without many inferences, comparisons, and eliminations of their own. Neither of these authors could have performed their task, if 'conjectural omission, addition, alteration, and transposition,' had been forbidden. We know that these liberties are liable to much abuse, and that they have been abused by Niebuhr. But in commending a salutary vigilance of criticism on this eminent man, in so many instances of his arbitrary dealing with evidence, we must at the

* As a parallel to the discrepancies between Livy and Dionysius, we transcribe the following account of the original authorities respecting the wars in La Vendée, from the beginning of 1793 downwards. We have here contemporary witnesses, under the full publicity of modern times, described by M. Michelet, eminent both as an historian and as a laborious examiner of original archives. (*Histoire de la Révolution Française*, vol. vii. p. 78.)

'Le livre le plus instructif sur l'histoire de la Vendée (j'allais dire, le seul) est celui de Savary, père du membre de l'Académie des Sciences: *Guerres des Vendéens, par un officier*, 1824. Dans les autres, il y a peu à prendre. Ce sont des romans, qui ne soutiennent pas l'examen: les noms, les dates, les faits, presque tout y est inexact, faux, impudemment surchargé de fictions. Je le sais maintenant à mes dépens, après avoir perdu des années dans la critique inutile de ces déplorable livres. Savary donne les vraies dates, et un nombre immense de pièces: les notes de Canclaux, de Kléber, d'Oppenheim, y ajoutent un prix inestimable.'

We know the work of Savary, and can certify that it fully merits the encomiums bestowed upon it by M. Michelet. But to compose such a work, requires a combination of ability, diligence, and opportunity, such as are rarely brought together in the same person. How many periods are there of human affairs, in which there are contemporary authors approximating to the dark side of Michelet's picture, without any such witness to control them as Savary!

same time guard against what appears to us an opposite extreme. We cannot disallow the constructive imagination of the historian, nor lighten his responsibility by tying him down to a literal sequence.

While claiming for historians this freedom of judgment, in their laborious task of eliciting probability out of conflicting statements and analogies, we should be glad if it could always be exercised subject to such a censorship as that of Sir George Lewis. No man interested either in ancient history or in the general theory of historical study, can read his book without profit; but none will profit by it so much as those who, adopting his conclusions only in part, account the two first centuries of the Roman Republic a subject still open to historical research and philosophical explanation.

ART. II. — *Tagebuch des Generals Patrick Gordon, während seiner Kriegsdienste unter den Schweden und Polen vom Jahre 1655 bis 1661, und seines Aufenthalt in Russland vom Jahre 1661 bis 1699.* Zum ersten Male vollständig veröffentlicht durch Fürst M. A. OROLENSKI und Dr. Phil. M. C. POSSELT. Moskau, 1849-1851. 2 band.

(*The Diary of General Patrick Gordon, during his Military Service with the Swedes and Poles from the Year 1655 to 1661, and his Residence in Russia from the Year 1661 to 1699.* Published completely for the first time by Prince M. A. OROLENSKI and M. C. POSSELT, Ph. D. Moscow, 1849-1851. 2 vols.)

IT is one of those singular coincidences which history sometimes presents to us, that the policy of Peter the Great towards Turkey, so steadily and successfully carried on by the Russian Government for two centuries, was originally planned and conducted by a cadet of Lord Aberdeen's family, General Patrick Gordon, the familiar friend and adviser of the Czar Peter the Great, and the conqueror of Asof. 'The higher,' say the editors of this Diary in their preface, 'the gigantic scheme of Peter the Great is estimated, and the more it is considered as a plan which his successors have, to the present day, kept in view and pursued, the more is the attention drawn to the events, whether obstructing or promoting its prosecution, which have occurred, and to the persons who were called to be the instruments of its accomplishment. Among those persons, if one can be named as the leader of the ideas of the young Czar, it was certainly Patrick Gordon.'

• Patrick Gordon was the second son of John Gordon of Auchluichries in the parish of Crochdan, now, if we mistake not, called Cruden, in the county of Aberdeen, who was descended from the younger branch of the Gordon family, the Gordons of Haddo, now Earls of Aberdeen, and Barons Haddo, the elder branch being Dukes of Gordon. His mother's name was Maria Ogilvie. Her eldest son was called Alexander, and her second son, Patrick, was born on the 31st of March, 1635. Auchluichries appears to have been a good estate in those days; the mansion-house was dignified with a square tower and the title of Auchluichries Castle, and its proprietors were connected with the first families in the county. They were Catholics, and consequently excluded from education at any of the Scotch universities, and from every profession or calling in their native country. From 1640 to 1651 the two sons received the rudiments of their education at country schools in the neighbourhood. Very superior those Scotch country schools must have been, in that age, to any schools to be found now in country parishes in Scotland. Speaking and writing Latin, a rudimentary knowledge of science, and a training of the faculties to enter with advantage on higher studies, appear to have been given in such common country schools; but above all they formed the characters of men singularly qualified to play a manly part in the rude game of life.

• At sixteen years of age Patrick Gordon, having no prospects at home, wished to go abroad to finish his education and to push his fortune; and as he was involved in some love affair not approved of by his family, his parents and his uncle consented and fitted him out. Foreign service, the Swedish, Polish, Austrian, Dutch, French, was then, and long before, what India and the British Colonies have since become, — the field in which the cadets of Scotch families of the higher class, excluded by the feudal law of succession from any share of the landed patrimony at home, sought a living and an establishment. The trading class, also, of the Scotch people, owing to the poverty of their native country, had to seek business in the markets of Poland and the countries on the south side of the Baltic; thus in Riga, Dantzic, and all the considerable towns on the Baltic coast, the Scotch 'krämers', that is shop-keepers, and travelling merchants or pedlars, attending the great fairs in the interior of the country, were a recognised and important branch of the mercantile community, occupying distinct factories, streets, and even quarters of the towns, often with considerable privileges.

Patrick Gordon embarked in June 1651, from Aberdeen, in a large merchant vessel, carrying eighteen guns—the trade between Aberdeen and Dantzic employs no such large vessels now as such an equipment would imply—was in due time landed at Weichselmunde (the mouth of the Vistula), and walked to Dantzic. At the inn there, he made acquaintance with some Dutch travellers going to Königsberg, and went with them in the Königsberg coach through Elbing, to Frauensburg, where he fell in with a countryman, Robert Blackhall, a priest, and vicar of one of the canons of that cathedral. It is remarkable that a public coach for passengers should have been established in this part of Europe at so early a date. Gordon, by the advice of this friend, entered the Jesuits' college at Braunsberg, a short distance from Frauensburg, to carry on his studies in science and the languages. He remained with them three years, and in this time, with the previous elementary education he had received at the country schools in Scotland, he appears to have acquired a perfect command of Latin, French, German, Polish, so as to correspond freely in those languages, and such a knowledge of practical mathematics and mechanics, that he was unrivalled as a military engineer among the men of talent from all countries attracted to the service of Russia. After studying three years at this college, Gordon found the way of living too dull and uniform, and he determined to return to Scotland. One morning early, without taking leave of, or making his intention known to, any one, he started from the Jesuits' college, and, to save expense, walked to Dantzic, a distance of fourteen or fifteen German miles. Being a zealous Catholic, Gordon has not fully explained the causes of his abrupt departure without money or letters of introduction from this Jesuits' establishment. On arriving at Dantzic he found that all the vessels for Scotland that season had already sailed. He went up the Vistula to Culm, wandered to Thorn and Warsaw, and at last reached Posen, without expense, in the retinue of a nobleman returning from the Diet. Here he found several English or Scotch merchants, who received him kindly, furnished him with money, and recommended him to a young nobleman on his travels, who gave him a place among his attendants to Ham-burgh. That city was full of officers of all countries recruiting for the army of Charles Gustavus, who had succeeded to the throne of Sweden, and was preparing for a campaign against Poland. Young Gordon renounced his intention of returning to Scotland, and enlisted in a troop of cavalry in the Swedish

service, raised and commanded by a countryman, Captain Gardine.

The military adventurers from Scotland, in foreign service, appear to have been engaged on two distinct principles at that time. Some raised regiments at home,—each captain, lieutenant, and ensign bringing a stipulated number of men for his commission, and joined the army they intended to serve in, with their proprietary regiments. They were proprietary, because each officer had a real property in his commission, having invested money in bringing together the number of men to be produced for it, either by recruiting at home, and by bounty in the towns, or, in the country, by arrangements with the small tenants or clansmen on the family estate. This was the origin of the purchase and sale of commissions in the British army. The retiring officer had actually paid the money in raising recruits for his commission, and was, in strict justice, entitled to be repaid by his successor. In the Thirty Years' War, a large proportion of the Swedish army was composed of such Scotch regiments, and even so late as the beginning of the present century a Scotch brigade was kept up on this principle by the Dutch Government. The other principle was that of the gentleman adventurer joining a regiment, either native or foreign, as a volunteer or cadet, serving in the ranks as a private soldier, but entitled to his promotion to an ensigncy in his turn, on a vacancy occurring in the regiment.

In July 1655, Gordon was with the Swedish cavalry, encamped near Stettin, in the army commanded by Field Marshal Wittenberg. He was then twenty years of age, and he commenced a diary, in his native language, in which he wrote not only the personal incidents of every day as they occurred to him, but the operations of the army, the causes of the war, and all the political and military movements, day by day, as they came to his knowledge; and in this spirit of observation and inquiry, he continued his diary through all the phases of a varied and eventful life, from the condition of a private soldier to that of commander in chief of the Russian army. Throughout this lengthened period, the transactions of almost every day, the marches and halts across the steppes, the dinners and entertainments given or received in his quarters at Moscow, the company, the expenses,—all these circumstances appear in the minute detail and in that truthful light which give a charm even to the idle court-gossip of his contemporary Pepys; with this difference, that Gordon's is the diary of a man of great talent and sound sense, Pepys's the diary of a puppy and a courtier.

The full publication of this diary would be a great boon to literature, — that is, its publication in the original English, or rather Scotch language, in which Gordon wrote it. Originally it filled eight or nine thick quarto volumes. Some of these are unfortunately lost, or at least there is a chasm in the manuscript from the year 1667, when Gordon returned from his embassy to England, to 1677, when the war against the Turks and the first campaign against Tschigirin commenced, and another from 1678 to 1684, in which period the conquest of Tschigirin was accomplished and Gordon had returned from Kiew to Moscow as commander in chief of the Russian army in the metropolis. It is still more to be regretted that what is published of this singular and interesting Diary has been sadly mutilated and deformed by the German editors. It fell unfortunately into the hands of two German historiographers, Müller, and his assistant Stritter. Stritter translated the work out of the original English — such English, no doubt, as was spoken in Aberdeenshire when Gordon was a boy — into German for the use of his superior M. Müller, and both appear to have considered only its importance to Russian history as a document ascertaining the routes, skirmishes, and other military operations of the campaigns which annexed the countries between the Dnieper and the Don, and the old fortress of Asof, with the territory it commands, to the Russian empire. They omitted almost entirely those small personal incidents and remarks which, if we may judge from what they have retained, would have afforded a curious picture of the manners of the age and people in Russia, and would have been more truly historical than all the dates and facts they could extract from it. They carried this blind spirit of omission and mutilation so far in translating this Diary, as to alter the original text, and instead of using the present person, as, 'I went, I said, I saw,' which was undoubtedly Gordon's own form of expression in his Diary, they use the third person and say, 'Gordon went, Gordon said, Gordon saw.' From this translation by Stritter, faulty even to absurdity, out of the Scotch of Gordon into German, several translations into Russian have been made. This work by Prince Obolenski and Dr. Posselt, is merely a republication of Stritter's translation, with all its faults, in two volumes, of which, however, the last contains a small portion of Gordon's Diary, in which his personality is restored to him in speaking or acting, and it contains a promise of publishing, in 1852, the rest of the Diary up to the year of Gordon's death in 1699. The energetic old man appears to have wielded the pen as well as the sword to the last. It was in 1699 that he returned from

conquering the old, and fortifying the new, Asof. The number of letters he writes, in the last years of his life, almost daily, in English, French, Latin, Russian, appears marvellous, and, with all this correspondence, he regularly brings up his Diary, and besides is often occupied with long official reports. Few men have lived so busy a life with the pen and the sword as Patrick Gordon.

About the end of the year 1655, Gordon left the troop of his countryman, Captain Gardine, and entered as a volunteer into the regiment of the Swedish count, Pontus de la Gardie. The regiment was surprised by the Poles in its winter quarters, and Gordon was taken prisoner. After a long confinement, he was liberated by the intercession of a Franciscan monk, Father Innes, on condition of taking service in the Polish army. He enlisted, accordingly, as a dragoon, in the troop of the Starost of Sandets, and next day was on his march to Lublin, where the King of Poland was collecting his army to raise the siege of Warsaw. After the great battle near Warsaw, in July 1656, Gordon was again taken prisoner by a party of Brandenburg soldiers, and brought before the Swedish Field Marshal Douglas. He obtained his liberty, and enlisted in a corps of Scotchmen in the Swedish service, which Douglas was raising, and which he intended to be a school for the formation of officers. The number of Scotchmen engaged in those Swedish wars was much greater than historians tell of. In all the regiments on both sides, Gordon meets Scotch officers, besides regiments composed entirely of Scotch. He mentions as nothing extraordinary, 'about this time, viz., in the summer of 1656, 'Lord Cranstoun came to Pillan with 2,500 Scotch for the 'Swedish service.' In the 17th century the number of Scotchmen in the military service of different continental states, which were kept up by recruiting in Scotland, cannot have been less than 25,000 men. Switzerland is now the only country in Europe which furnishes regiments, on the same principle, to the armies of other states, and even there the old system of the capitulations is no longer legal. The pay, especially in the Swedish service, was very small, but free quarters, booty, and the ransom of prisoners, made the position of the officers at least rather lucrative. The capture of horses and cattle, allowing the peasants to redeem them for a suitable present, appears to have been a common proceeding. Gordon, say the editors, before he marched, found means to get possession of two horses without money. He acknowledges that this was not right, but, in the Swedish army, it was impossible to subsist without plunder. He told the captain of the troop of his booty, and

the officer, without scruple, allowed him to set out before the rest of the troop marched, that he might secure it while the owners were looking for their horses among those on parade. They met on their march forty-three Scotch gentlemen who had come to join the Swedes, and they were equipped and embodied in 'the corps.' At one place he was quartered on a Memnonite, one Peters, for several days, and his host had to make him a present of a rix-dollar every day. The Scotch gentlemen, he observes, who were not accustomed to live on booty, were very ill off, for their pay was small, and always in arrear, but he contrived, with the help of his comrades, to drive away the cattle of the villagers, and then restored them to the owners on being paid a dollar for bringing them back. This was done regularly twice a week, without his simple countrymen quartered in the same village knowing anything of the matter. When horses were impressed to convey the Colonel on his route, Gordon was employed, as orderly, to take them back to the peasantry, and his zeal in restoring them and the cattle which his comrades had *lifted* with his connivance, was rewarded with money as well as praise. These, and many similar entries in Gordon's Diary, give us a glimpse of the interior life and economy of those wild armies, in which, as in the Russian service at this day, the officers, military and civil, are so poorly and irregularly paid, that speculation and oppression are necessary for their subsistence.

In the beginning of 1657 Gordon was taken prisoner by a trick of some Polish peasants, and brought into Dantzic. He regrets that he could not get back his Latin Thomas a-Kempis from his captors, but consoles himself with having concealed from them a purse with a hundred dollars. The Poles endeavoured to persuade him and the other Scotch prisoners taken from the Swedish army, to enter into the Polish service. They were mustered, and marched to the main guard of the Polish garrison, where a Captain Patrick Gordon 'of the iron hand' had the command. Here Lieutenant-colonel Drummond, Major Fuleston, Lieutenant Scott, and others, were released. Gordon, who was the last on the list, was immediately recognised by his namesake of the iron hand, who asked him if he was not a son of Gordon of Auchluichries, and on being answered in the affirmative, urged him strongly to enter into the Polish service. But Gordon remained firmly by his Swedish engagement, and was at last exchanged, and returned to it. These Scotch adventurers, as we learn from the confessions of these illustrious prototypes of our friend Major Dalgetty, were not always steady in their adherence to the

service, they originally engaged in, yet they observed certain laws of honour in changing from one service to another. When their capitulation, as their engagement was called, had expired, and it was seldom for a longer period than a campaign, or when it was ended by their being taken prisoners and not exchanged within a time specified in their engagement, generally within three months, they considered themselves free to enter the service of the very Power they had been fighting against. If recaptured by their original commanders, they could not be treated as deserters, because the numbers of Scotch officers and men on both sides was too great, and their bond of nationality and common interest in maintaining their privileges were too strong, to admit of severe or unpopular restraint upon any of them. The only bond that held them to the service they had first entered into, was the arrears of pay due to them, which were always considerable.

Gordon rejoined his troop in the Swedish service, and received a good horse, and 25 dollars, as compensation for his loss when taken prisoner, and as a reward for his fidelity to his capitulation. On the march southwards, he happened to lose his way, and fell in with some young men of the royal Swedish household in the same predicament, with whom he made a considerable capture of booty in a forest from some Polish nobleman who had taken refuge there. One day, soon after, he rescued a young lady from the hands of some Finlanders who were treating her indecently. Being afraid of the consequences, as the Finlanders belonged to the Swedish army, and to deprive them, who were fellow soldiers in the same service, of their prisoner or booty, might be a military offence, he made a long circuit, and came at last to an estate belonging to a relative of the lady, of the name of Koitzi, who politely requested she might be given up to him, which Gordon complied with, declining the ten ducats which Koitzi offered him; he also sent next day to the young lady some female apparel of which there was a good stock among the booty he had taken in the forest. On rejoining his corps, he and one James Elphinstone, with a single attendant, made a foray, and gained a considerable booty of horses. Gordon made a present of two to Captain Meldrum, and gave away others to his friends. Field Marshal Douglas being ordered to Sweden, where an attack from the Danes was apprehended, and his Scotch troop not being allowed to accompany him, considerable discontent arose among the ill-paid mercenaries. The Swedish army was on its retreat, and the imperial army pursued them in force. Gordon and many others of the Scotch troop were made prisoners. The impe-

rialists endeavoured to persuade them to take service under the Emperor, when the time had elapsed within which their engagements with the Swedes were at an end if they were not exchanged, and represented to them that, in the Swedish service, they were fighting for the ally of the traitor Cromwell, and against their lawful sovereign, King Charles. Gordon, however, and some others, remained firmly by their Swedish engagement. He escaped from prison, and after some dangerous adventures, rejoined his troop, but being tired of this Scotch corps, he took his discharge from it, and joined the Swedish regiment of Colonel Anderson in 1658, with the rank of ensign. The year passed in petty skirmishes, and in November Gordon was again taken prisoner by the Poles. He resolved at last to enter the Polish service, 'for,' said he, 'with the Swedes the soldier is in danger of being starved to death from hunger.' He was appointed quartermaster, and was soon promoted to the rank of captain-lieutenant. During his service in Colonel Anderson's Swedish regiment, it appears that the colonel would not receive Gordon as an ensign, because he had not brought with him the number of recruits to entitle him to that commission, and Gordon, having his appointment from the Commander-in-chief, was considered a kind of supernumerary or unattached officer. He, and a lieutenant Montgomery who was in the same position, obtained leave from the Field Marshal to act in the meantime against the enemy as they pleased. They were so successful that Gordon acquired great booty and reputation; and when any prisoners were brought in, or any successful foray made, the credit was given to the Scotch. By his exchange of the Swedish for the Polish service, Gordon appears not to have lost the opportunity nor the national propensity to make money in a *canny* way. The Polish troops, instead of receiving pay and rations, were quartered on districts of the country and marched from village to village in it, the nobles and inhabitants having to subsist them. Extortion and plunder became, under this system of supporting troops, the common and almost legalised mode of subsistence in military life. Gordon was sent with a detachment of six dragoons to protect some villages from unauthorised pillage. He was for six weeks on an estate, which he protected by riding out several miles to meet any troops on their march towards it, and leading them past it, — in fact leading them astray, and for every such ride he was paid from twenty to thirty florins, and on his departure, the steward, by order of the nobleman to whom the estate belonged, presented him with 100 gulden and a Turkish horse, old, but of good appearance. A

new uniform, two horses, a carriage, and two servants, all acquired in six weeks' service on an out-post, seem to prove that Quartermaster Gordon had not been slow in learning both how to make and how to spend money.

In 1660, the Sultan Nuradin of the Crimea, or more properly of the Crim-Tartars, whose territories extended beyond the Crimea to the countries on the Bug, the Don, and around the Sea of Asof, joined the Poles with 40,000 men, and several battles were fought, in which Gordon distinguished himself, between the Poles and their allies, the Tartars, on one side, and the Russians, aided by the Cossacks, on the other. The Russians were signally defeated in a great battle at Czudno, and their commander Scheremetof was obliged to conclude a treaty, or rather articles of a total surrender, in November 1660. The Russians had to deliver all their weapons, cannon, ammunition, and colours to the allied Poles and Tartars, and only 100 men, besides the officers, were allowed to retain their arms. All Russian garrisons in the towns of the Ukraine had to be withdrawn, and Russia renounced all claims to them and to the whole Ukraine. The Russians were to pay 600,000 rixdollars to the Tartars. What remained of the Cossacks were to be delivered to the Poles. The Russian General Scheremetof and eight of the principal commanders were to remain as hostages with the Poles, until the two articles of the payment to the Tartars, and the evacuation of the Ukraine were fulfilled. Two hundred Russian officers were to be retained by the Poles until the garrisons of Kiew, Neschin, Czernischow, and Periaslow were withdrawn. Foreign officers in the Russian service who might choose to take service with the Poles, were to have their wives, children, and property sent to them from Russia. Hard conditions these, yet they were not kept by the conquerors, for the Tartars not only carried away the Cossacks into slavery, but, breaking into the Polish camp, carried off many of the Russians who were there as prisoners of war. A friend of Gordon, a lieutenant-colonel Menzies, then in the Russian service, was rescued in this affair by Lord Henry Gordon, Marquis of Huntly, but died of his wounds. The incidents of this strange and romantic narrative are especially interesting to Scotch readers, as the actors in many of them were scions of the families of nobility and gentry still flourishing in Scotland. It is a curious illustration of the stability of our social state in this country that the parent stocks remain, and very generally in the same localities and circumstances, while the numerous, offshoots in

foreign lands, in Sweden, Poland, Austria, and Russia, although attaining often very high positions, have in very few instances taken root and established families now remaining in those countries. Of eight or ten Gordons whom General Patrick Gordon's successful career in Russia had brought into the Russian service, and who had settled and married in that country in the 17th century, the German editors could hear of only one of the name, an obscure clerk in some department of the Admiralty, whose widow they found in possession of two of the manuscript volumes of the Diary.

When Gordon heard of the Restoration of Charles II. in England, he became anxious to return home, in hopes that he should obtain employment in his native country. He applied for his discharge from the Polish service, but the General advised him to remain until the winter was over, as he would not at that season find any vessel bound for Scotland, and he would only be spending his money uselessly in the expense of living. Gordon gratefully adopted this advice.

His father soon afterwards wrote to him that the army at home was being reduced, that the commands in it were bestowed on those who had suffered most in the royal cause, and that to live in Scotland, without employment, required considerable fortune. Gordon was sorry now that he had applied for his discharge, as the application might stand in the way of his advancement in the Polish service. After much hesitation, he determined to enter into the Russian service, having many acquaintances and friends among the superior officers of the Russian army taken prisoners at Czudno, and among others was his countryman and friend, Colonel Crawford, who had commanded a regiment in that service at the battle. He made an agreement with the Russian ambassador at Warsaw, to serve as major in the Russian army, and, after two years, to be promoted to a colonelcy; and, in September 1661, he proceeded to Moscow with Colonel Crawford and Paul Menzies, having been appointed to the majority of Crawford's regiment. Menzies was made a captain, and William Hay a lieutenant, in the same regiment. Seven hundred men, deserters from different regiments, were placed under Gordon's command, and he drilled them twice a day in the use of arms. About thirty officers, mostly Scotch, joined the regiment. He gives the names of Walter Airth, William Guild, George Keith, Andrew Burnet, Andrew Calderwood, Robert Stewart, and of many other Scotchmen, in the course of his Diary, who were in the Russian service.

In the diary of this year, 1661, Gordon makes many sound

observations on the state of Poland, — ‘that agreeable; fruitful, but unhappy country’ he had just left, — and gives some curious anecdotes and illustrations of the people and country he had now made his own. Their ignorance and suspicious character appear in several occurrences. A Lithuanian general called Ganseroski, a prisoner of war, being ill, was recommended by his physician, an Italian, to sprinkle cream of tartar on his bread or meat at his meals. They spoke to each other in Latin. The Russian captain, who had orders to watch, and report the conversation of the prisoners under his charge, reported that the two had been talking of state affairs. The physician narrowly escaped being put to the torture, when it appeared that the ‘cremor tartari,’ which he had recommended to his patient, had been understood by the Russian spy to refer to Crim Tartary. The corruption of all classes in the Russian service was notorious, and Gordon himself appears to have had no scruple about using corrupt means to attain his ends. A boyard, Feodor Milotawski, was appointed ambassador to Persia, and Gordon and Captain Menzies wished to go there in his suite. They gave the boyard 100 ducats, and his majordomo or steward, a saddle and bridle worth 20 ducats, to be included in the attendance on the embassy; but, after many promises, they were disappointed. Gordon was too useful to be parted with. He was employed in drilling men and officers in their military duties, and as soon as they were made soldiers, they were draughted into other regiments to discipline them in the same way. All foreigners, of every rank and class, were quartered in a distinct suburb of the city called the Sloboda. It appears that, in the earliest times, Slobodi, which seems to mean free places, were set apart in very small towns, and even villages, and within these Slobodi the town or village authorities had no jurisdiction. They were under the charge of a special department of government, as they formed a distinct town within the town, with their own privileges, and foreigners could only reside, or build, and inhabit houses within the Sloboda. The inhabitants, also, formed a distinct circle of society from the natives, and much of Gordon’s Diary is occupied with accounts of entertainments given or received in the Sloboda. A shadow of the same arrangement may still be traced at St. Petersburg, where the English merchants, from custom or convenience, live together in particular streets.

In 1662, Gordon attained the rank of Lieutenant-colonel, married the daughter of a German colonel in the Russian service, and soon afterwards obtained the rank of Colonel. In 1665, he heard of the death of his elder brother Alexander in

Aberdeenshire, and, being now heir of the estate of Auchluichries, he petitioned the Russian Government for leave of absence to return home to settle his affairs. This was refused, but, in the following year, Gordon was appointed to carry a letter from the Czar to Charles II., though not in a diplomatic character. Some difference had arisen between the English ambassador, Lord Carlisle, and the Russian court, about matters of form, and the Russian envoy Daschkow, who had been sent to the Court of St. James to remonstrate and ask satisfaction, returned to Moscow displeased with his reception. A Russian envoy could not be sent again to the English court, but Colonel Gordon, returning home on a visit to his family, might be employed, without any diplomatic character, to convey the sentiments of the Russian government to the cabinet of Charles II. It was to avoid giving umbrage to the Dutch government that Gordon's mission was strictly private, and not acknowledged as diplomatic.

Gordon, on arriving in London, took lodgings in the Strand, at an apothecary's, the corner house of Ivy Lane. The entries in the General's journal at this time are curious.

'On the 1st October, 1666, Gordon landed at Dover, and, after having taken breakfast, journeyed with his suite to Canterbury, Sittingbourne, Rochester, and Gravesend.

'On the 2nd, they hired a boat and rowed up the Thames to Deptford, where Gordon landed. He had his baggage conveyed to Peckham by one who knew the road, and was very friendly received by Sir John Hebdon and his family.

'On the 9th, Gordon begged Sir John Hebdon to go to the Earl of Lauderdale to inform his Lordship of his arrival, and to inquire in what manner Gordon would have the honour to kiss His Majesty's hand. Sir John brought back word that the Earl had informed the King of Gordon's arrival and commission, and that Gordon might be presented to his Majesty the same evening. At six o'clock in the evening, Gordon was sent for, and conveyed to the house of Lord Lauderdale, Sir John Hebdon and Mr. James Mettellane (?), my Lord's secretary, accompanying him.

'Lord Lauderdale received Gordon very courteously, and after he had made himself better acquainted with the object of his journey, his Lordship conducted him to the King, who had just been to see a French ship which had been taken. Gordon found the King standing, uncovered, under a baldaquin, with several of his great nobles about him. When Gordon had entered the room, and made the customary obeisances, he took the Czar's letter from the hands of his brother-in-law, and after he had made a short speech, His Majesty was pleased to take the same with his own hands from Gordon, and immediately handed it to those who stood about him. The King asked after the Czar's health, which Gordon answered in the usual manner; upon

which His Majesty was pleased to say that this message was the more agreeable to him, as one of his own subjects had so far deserved the confidence of the Czar as to be the bearer of it. The King further caused Gordon to be told that he was welcome to appear at Court at any time.

On the 11th, Gordon learned that Mr. George Gordon, brother of my Lord Haddo, was in London, whereupon he caused him to be sought out, and begged to see him. George Gordon came the same evening, with Mr. James Mettellane and John Kirkwood; and they made merry over their wine till midnight.

The King's doorkeeper brought Gordon, by command, a key which opened the gates of the Park, the galleries, and other entrances to Court. Gordon's name was engraved upon it. Gordon gave the doorkeeper twenty shillings, and his attendant five shillings. As Gordon was not very well served in the Strand, he removed his quarters to the Haymarket, in the house of one Robert Raynes, at the Two Blue Balls, where he was uncommon well attended. On the 16th, he had an interview with the Lord Chancellor at his house, for he was sick of the gout; the nature of this conversation being recorded in the other book of this relation. On Sunday, 21st, he hired a coach and drove to Highgate, where he dined with my Lord Lauderdale.

He went with Lady Hebdon and her daughters to the New Exchange, and bought them gloves and such like things for the value of 2*l.* 10*s.* On the 13th November, Gordon had his third conference with the Lord Chancellor and the Secretaries of State, wherein his proposals and the privileges of the English in Russia were warmly discussed. On the 10th December he had his last conference with the Lord Chancellor, at his house. The Chancellor told Gordon the decision of the King and his Council, and said that an answer would be sent to the Czar's letter; and, by the King's order, that two hundred pounds would be given to Gordon for his expenses, and also a present.

On the 18th of December, 1667, he had his audience of the King to take leave, and received a letter from His Majesty to the Czar. On returning to his lodgings, he observed that the superscription of the royal letter was *Illustrissimo*, instead of *Serenissimo*, and he hastened to his friend Sir John Hebdon, requesting him to represent the mistake to the Secretary of State, 'as it would cost him his head to deliver a letter with such an address to the Czar at Moscow.' It was about this very word that the quarrel arose between the Russian court and the English ambassador, Lord Carlisle. The Secretary of State made no objection to alter the address of the letter.

On his return to Moscow, Gordon appears to have been ill received at the Russian court. He had probably taken upon himself too openly a diplomatic character. He was ordered to remain at the Sloboda, was refused an audience of the Czar,

and could not even obtain repayment of the expenses of his mission. He was allowed to retain his regiment, but was quartered in the Ukraine, where he remained for ten or twelve years, apparently in disgrace at Moscow, and engaged in obscure military duty or in the studies of mechanical sciences, fortification, and strategy, which he afterwards turned to such great account. In 1678, he was sent with his regiment of dragoons and a Strelitzer regiment to the defence of Tsigirin, a town on the Dnieper, and on the frontier of the Russian dominions in those times, which was threatened by a powerful army of Turks and Tartars. Gordon was chief engineer, and after sustaining a siege of four weeks, with every prospect of repelling the enemy, an order was received from Moscow to evacuate the place. This was done without loss, and when the last man of the garrison was in safety, Gordon returned into the town, and set fire to a train he had laid, by which the magazine, the fortress, and 4000 of the enemy were blown into the air. He then rejoined his own troops after much personal danger. For this exploit he was promoted to the rank of Major-general, and, in 1683, he was made Lieutenant-general, and Commander of the troops in the Ukraine, with his headquarters at Kiew. Here he became acquainted with Le Fort, then a captain and engineer in the Russian service. Those two men were destined to become, under Peter the Great, the prime movers and agents of the gigantic plans for the aggrandisement of the Russian empire at the expense of Turkey, which have been steadily pursued down to the present time by the successors of that remarkable sovereign.

In this interval Gordon repeatedly applied for leave of absence to return home, or for permission to retire altogether from the Russian service. It was not however until 1686, that he obtained leave for six months, on condition of his wife and children remaining at Kiew, as hostages for his return. Twenty years had elapsed since his mission to the Court of Charles II., and he now returned to his native land to find James II. on the throne. Gordon arrived in London in April 1686, having travelled by land from Dantzic, through Berlin, to Amsterdam, and from Holland by the packet-boat to Margate.

Nothing can be more curious than this portion of his adventures, and we are perpetually led to deplore the absence of the language of the original by the occasional Scottish expressions which the German translators have allowed here and there to creep into the text. On the occasion of this visit it is evident that Gordon's high position in Russia was at once acknowledged by his kinsmen in the great Scottish houses: he was no longer

the mere soldier of fortune, the younger son of a younger son, but the energetic officer of a powerful prince, and he was everywhere received with the highest distinction. Probably his warm and constant attachment to the Roman Catholic Church increased the interest and favour with which he was received at the Popish Court of James II. On the 16th of April, about eight o'clock, General Drummond came for Gordon, and they drove to court, and went to Lord Melfort's apartments, where Gordon was introduced to the King, who had much conversation with him concerning Russia, and his service in that country. He was invited to accompany the King to Sheerness, surveyed Tilbury Fort and Chatham, and, in reply to the King's inquiries, expressed his surprise that the Dutch should have come so far up the river, with such fortresses as Sheerness and Tilbury in the way. The King assured him the fortresses were by no means in the same state then as they were now. Gordon went to high mass at St. James's. He was invited to Windsor, where he had another long conversation with King James.

On his first audience the King had received Gordon with peculiar affability, and asked him numberless questions about the Czar, the affairs of Russia, the military resources of that empire, and the sieges he had conducted against the Turks. At Windsor —

‘ One evening after sunset, the King was sitting in one of the great chambers of the castle, when he caused Gordon to be summoned to one of the corners of the room, and then he entered upon a long discourse. He again asked where and how long he had served abroad, and other things of the same kind, especially such as related to military affairs. Gordon answered everything as well as he was able, and His Majesty told him *to come home as soon as he could, and that His Majesty would do for him all that was possible.* This conversation lasted half an hour; and soon afterwards the King himself introduced Gordon to the Queen's apartments, who gave him her hand to kiss.’ (Vol. ii. p. 138.)

It may not unfairly be suspected that James thought he had found in Gordon precisely such an instrument as he most required for the execution of his designs — a Papist ardently attached to the Roman Church, — a Scottish gentleman of good family, but trained by long service to the despotism of the Russian court — a soldier, who, as Gordon showed by the massacre of the Strelitz, would stick at no act of violence in the discharge of his military duty. The letter he took back from James to the Czar was an urgent and express request for leave to ‘ enable the said Gordon to quit the Russian territory and return to England with his wife, children, and all effects, in order to

‘discharge the personal allegiance he owed to his natural sovereign.’ Had Gordon been less fettered by the hostages he had left in Russia, it is very probable that he might have become a powerful instrument in the Jacobite cause; and there were moments in the history of the next two years, when a single man of military genius and of unflinching courage might have changed the destinies of this country. Within a few days, however, of this audience Gordon left Windsor for ever.

On the 17th of May, after taking leave of the King and Court, he and Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel hired a coach, and set out on the north road for Edinburgh, where they arrived on the 28th. Gordon put up at an inn in the Canongate, called the King’s Arms. The Duke of Gordon called on him the same evening, and introduced him next day, to the Lord High Commissioner and other noblemen. He remained in Edinburgh about a month, receiving much hospitality and attention from the noblemen and gentry, especially those of his own kindred, the Duke of Gordon, the Earl of Aberdeen, Lord Haddo, and others. From Edinburgh General Gordon went, by way of Leith, across the Firth of Forth, to Burntisland, where he hired a horse and guide, called on Lady Dumfermline at Dalgatie, four miles from Burntisland, passed through Kirkaldie, and slept at Kennoway. On the 22nd of June, he proceeded in a heavy rain to Cupar, crossed the Tay in a ferry-boat to Dundee, where he dined, and went on to Arbroath, where he rested and fed his horse, and was overtaken at the Red House by Sir George Skene and Baillie Adie, with whom he travelled and passed the night at Montrose. On the 23rd they crossed the North Water, passed through Bervie and Stonehaven, dined at Cowy, and arrived about four o’clock at Aberdeen, where he took up his abode at Catherine Rae’s. He received many visits on his arrival at Aberdeen, and next day, his uncle, his younger brother, and one of his sons whom he had sent to Scotland for his education, joined him. On the 25th he heard of the arrival of his baggage from Edinburgh, and, after dinner, he took horse, and rode to Kelly, where he was welcomed in the kindest manner by the Earl of Aberdeen and Lord Haddo, his son. They talked over many subjects, especially concerning Gordon’s affairs. After reading over all the papers and letters relating to the estate of Auchluichries (to which, by the deaths of his father and elder brother, General Gordon had succeeded), they considered it not advisable to sell the property, the estate being in good condition and worth keeping. Early on the morning of the 15th July Gordon went down to the Links, and bade that pleasant place farewell. At twelve o’clock the

‘magistrates and his kinsmen came to accompany him on board, and they weighed anchor with a fresh breeze. Yet they had still the Scottish coast in sight, till nightfall, and then with heavy hearts wished it farewell. Gordon was sea-sick.’ (Vol. ii. p. 152.)

In August 1686, our hero returned to Moscow, and presented the letter from James II. to the two Czars, Ivan and Peter, (in whose name the government was carried on by the Princess Sophia, their sister, as Regent,) requesting that Gordon might be discharged from the Russian service, and allowed to return to his native country. This application was supported by a private letter from the Duke of Gordon to Prince Golitzin, the prime minister and favourite of the Regent, the Princess Sophia. It appears to have given great offence to the Russian court. The Diary is here deficient or suppressed; but we learn from the German translator of it, that the Princess Sophia was so highly offended, that Prince Golitzin officially announced to Gordon, that he would be reduced to the rank of ensign, and sent with his family to some distant town in the interior of the country, if he did not make a most humble apology for having presumed to apply for his discharge. In a few days after this notice, and before Gordon had replied to it, he received, to his great astonishment, a letter from Lord Middleton informing him that his Majesty King James had appointed him Ambassador Extraordinary to the court of Russia, and that his letters of accredence and instructions were being made out, and would be forwarded to him by way of Riga. This recognition of his merit, and offer of an official rank and character in Russia from the English government, probably saved General Gordon from being reduced to the ranks, and sent to Siberia, — a common punishment, at the present day, for those who incur the displeasure of the Russian authorities. A privy council was held on the subject of this diplomatic appointment, and it was resolved, ‘that Lieutenant-General Gordon could not be received as Ambassador Extraordinary from the British court, because his services were required in the impending campaign against the Turks and Tartars.’ On the following day, Gordon was summoned to appear before Prince Golitzin, and was told that the Czars had been graciously pleased to pardon his offences, and to reinstate him in his rank and position. General Gordon was too valuable an officer to be sacrificed on the eve of a war. He remained at Moscow, forming regiments for the service, and was consulted on all military arrangements, especially on the defences of the line of the Dnieper. By his long residence at Kiew, as com-

mander of the troops in that province, and by his defence of Tsigirin, he was better acquainted with the country on both sides of the Dnieper, than any other officer in the Russian service.

In 1687, and again in 1689, Prince Golitzin took the field against the united forces of the Turks and Crim Tartars, but both campaigns were unsuccessful. In the latter campaign, he had reached Perekop, but he retired because he considered the conquest of the Crimea an impossibility. General Gordon was in both of those expeditions, at the head of his division of the army, and acting as Quartermaster-General, exploring the lines of march, forming the bridges, the roads across the marshes, and the means of transport, and taking up the positions for the encampment on the steppes for the night. The arrangement of the march of the Russian army over the steppes or plains, covered with the enemy's light horse, was in close columns surrounded by a waggon rampart; that is, the waggons formed a hollow square two or three rows in depth, which the Tartar cavalry could not penetrate, and within which the troops retired at night, or even marched by day. On the 8th of May 1687, says the Diary, the army began their march from the neighbourhood of Kiew, in a waggon rampart, which was 557 fathoms in breadth, and 1000 fathoms in length. The waggons were in all about twenty thousand. The day's march was generally about eight or ten, the longest day's march about twenty, wersts, — the werst is two-thirds of an English mile — and, in general, the troops always advanced with the waggons, and at night, or on an alarm from the enemy's cavalry, retired within the waggon rampart. To find provender and water for such a multitude of animals was no light care, although the steppes in general are grassy; but in June, the Tartars had set fire to the grass, and it was resolved, in a council of war, to retreat to some district behind the Dnieper, where the fire had not reached the steppes, and, in order to mask the retreat, to send part of the army to attack the Turkish posts on the Dnieper. A demonstration against the Crimea itself was considered hopeless. The fire on the steppes had been kindled, it was suspected, by the Cossack allies of the Russians to prevent the attack of the Crimea. Although hostile to the Crim Tartars, the Cossacks in the Russian service foresaw the termination of their own semi-independence in the subjugation of their enemies.

In these two unsuccessful campaigns, General Gordon, as Quartermaster-general, and Commander of the advance-division, had to direct the lines of march over the boundless plain

by the compass. The country was an ocean of grass without any prominent objects to direct the route, and SSW. or SW. by the compass were the directions for a march of troops, as for a squadron of ships under sail. The construction of bridges, boats, rafts, to cross the numerous rivers and morasses,—the selection of encampments in which forage, wood, and water, could be found, and in which each division of the army could pass the night within its own waggon rampart, and near enough to support its neighbouring division if attacked,—and the supply of the enormous number of waggons and horses attending the movements of an army through a country producing no grain or food for man,—were all duties which devolved upon this active, energetic officer. It is evident that he must have been seconded by the resources of the country itself in its ordinary state. No genius or effort could have overcome the difficulties of conveying an army, for two or three months, over a country totally desert, barbarous, and destitute of the useful arts. Russia is usually represented to us as having been in this uncivilised state before the accession of Peter the Great to the throne. But a people cannot be called barbarous, and altogether uncivilised, who can work in wood and iron, so generally, that twenty or thirty thousand wheeled carriages could be assembled without great difficulty, that bridges, pontoons, boats, could be constructed, and all the *matériel* of a large army on a march of many weeks transported through a country uninhabited, and unproductive of grain, by the ordinary skill and industry of the people. Such a people may wear beards and sheep-skin jackets, and be ignorant of the use of hair-powder and satin small clothes, yet, although rough and unrefined, they are not destitute of resources and unimprovable. If we consider all that goes towards the construction of a common cart-wheel and axle, and all the combinations of arts and interests required to call into use a waggon of the most ordinary description, we must hesitate in deciding that the Russian people of the 17th century were very much behind the people of Scotland, Ireland, or Germany of the same period.

To judge from some other circumstances casually mentioned in General Gordon's Diary, Russia must have been as far advanced as those countries, in his time, in some of the useful arts, and in the institutions which promote and testify civilisation. Regular post-office communications and postages charged by weight, were established, and not merely within the Russian empire, but with foreign countries. Gordon mentions in April 1690, that he received letters by post from his son at Auchlui-chries, and his friends in other parts of Scotland, dated in

December, and forwarded by way of London and Hamburgh, and he notices in his Diary, that the postage from Hamburgh to Moscow amounted to 63 altins, as the letters weighed 7 solotnik. The remittance of money by bills of exchange was perfectly understood, and in common use in Russia. These are indications of a much more advanced state of society than existed, at that time, in many parts of Great Britain or the Continent. The laird of Auchluichries would probably have found it more difficult, in his time, to collect carts, harness, horses, food, and forage, to transport the *matériel* of war for 30,000 men, in his native county, Aberdeenshire, than in any province of similar extent within his government of Kiew in Russia. The hard drinking, or excessive and brutal debauchery, at convivial entertainments, one of the strongest features of Russian barbarism, was the vice of the age, and not peculiar to Russia. It cannot be denied or palliated. We often read in this Diary, 'that Gordon was unwell after the debauch of yesterday.' Reference to such entertainments at which the Czar was a guest is common, and although the dinner-hour was early, drinking was often continued to a late hour at night, and even to an early hour of the next day. But this was a custom prevalent in all northern countries in that age, and in Scotland, even when science and literature were most cultivated and flourishing, half a century ago hard drinking was common at the entertainments of the best society.

On the return of the Russian army from this second unsuccessful campaign against the Turks and Tartars, rewards were distributed to the higher officers, as if it had been successful, in order to cover the failure of its Commander-in-chief, the favourite, Prince Golitzin. Public opinion had its weight, even in Russia in those times, when a party was growing up against the Regent and her minister. The military rewards of those days do not appear to us very magnificent. A piece of velvet to the generals, a piece of moreen to the colonels, a piece of damask to the lieutenant-colonels and majors, a piece of taffeta to the captain, lieutenants, and ensigns, each piece large enough for some garment or useful purpose, were the usual rewards for services in the field. On some occasions, sables and other furs were bestowed, like gold snuff-boxes at a later period, as tokens of distinguished favour, to be converted into cash. The presentation by the Czar himself of a cup of brandy to the officer he delighted to honour, was a great distinction. Gordon, besides all the other marks of favour, was promoted to the rank and command of a full General in the service, and, by the same ukase, he was, as a special

honour, to be addressed, in future, in speaking or writing to him, in the third personal pronoun He, instead of the second You; and in designating him, the word Witsch was to be added to his father's name John, in Russian Ivan, so that in future he was to be called Patrick Ivanowitsch, instead of, or in addition to, the surname of Gordon.

There were, during these transactions, two Czars, nominally, on the Russian throne, viz., Peter Alexiowitsch, better known to us as Peter the Great, and Ivan his elder brother by a prior marriage of their father. They were both crowned, in 1682, joint Czars of all the Russias. Ivan was in a state of confirmed idiocy, and Peter, at that time, was only ten years of age. The Princess Sophia, the full sister of Ivan, and half sister of Peter, was nominated their guardian and co-partner in the government, and, with her favourite and prime-minister, Prince Golitzin, ruled in all affairs as sole Regent, although the names of Ivan and Peter were annexed to all decrees. A strong and increasing party, however, among the nobility was secretly opposed to the weak, yet despotic rule of the Princess and her favourite. In August 1689, Gordon writes in his Diary, 'there are rumours abroad not safe to be uttered.' The rupture between the young Czar Peter and the Princess Sophia had come to a crisis. The Czar Peter unexpectedly left his residence in Moscow, and retired to the monastery of Troitzka, a few miles distant, and issued an order to the commanding officers of the Strelitzer, and of the other regiments of the garrison of Moscow, of which General Gordon was Commander-in-chief, to join him there, with their troops. The Princess Sophia forbade them to obey this order, and issued a special instruction to General Gordon to the same effect. On the 4th of September, however, a second order from the young Czar Peter was received by the foreign officers in command of regiments at Moscow, to appear immediately with their forces at Troitzka. These officers, and Gordon as their Commander-in-chief, were masters of the situation, for they alone had disciplined troops at their command ready to act. General Gordon and the foreign officers under him represented to the Princess Sophia that they would be guilty of treason, and would deserve to lose their heads, if they disobeyed so positive an order from the Czar Peter, and they marched at once, General Gordon with his own regiment the first, to Troitzka. This movement of Gordon, with the troops under his command, decided the struggle for power between the Princess Sophia with her favourite Golitzin, and the young Czar Peter.

It is not improbable that, on taking his side on this occasion,

Gordon may have remembered that he was threatened with being reduced to the ranks, and banished to Siberia, by the Princess and her insolent favourite, and may not have been sorry that his revenge followed the simple discharge of his duty to the Czar. The game was unquestionably in his hands, and the Czar appears to have always remembered his obligation to General Gordon at that important crisis. It was not merely esteem and regard, but the sentiment of friendship, as between equals, that Peter the Great showed, on many occasions, towards General Gordon. The editor of the Diary gives us, as an entry in it of the 26th July 1690,—

‘This morning at six o’clock, Gordon had a severe colic which continued for four hours, with violent retching and diarrhoea. The Czar himself came to the room where Gordon lay, and promised to send him some medicine as soon as he could ride back to Kolómen-skay, and which came about one o’clock, and relieved Gordon so much that at three o’clock he was able to mount his horse, and ride to Kolomenskay, a distance of fourteen wersts.’

On many other occasions, we find notices of the same personal interest and intimacy. There are almost daily entries in Gordon’s Diary of the Czar Peter dining with him, or with General Le Fort, or of those two friends and favourites being sent for to dine with his Majesty. Le Fort, by whom many of the Czar’s plans were executed, had married a sister of General Gordon’s wife, and the two brothers in law acted together, with great cordiality, in promoting the schemes of their sovereign.

The Czar appears to have made his first essay in ship-building and navigation, in the year 1690, on a lake at Perislav, about sixty miles from Moscow, where he had built some yachts, and cruised about with Generals Gordon, Le Fort, and some of his nobles, in an ocean of his own, of about six leagues in length, by about three in breadth. In 1694, the naval equipment was so far augmented, that General Gordon was appointed Rear-Admiral of the fleet, and was ordered to proceed to Archangel, and provide all naval requisites, vessels included, for a cruise on salt-water. He writes to his correspondent in London to send a ship with a ‘jovial captain,’ and a cargo of naval stores, to meet the Czar and the Russian fleet at Archangel. This naval expedition consisted of twenty-two river barges, one for the Great Skipper (the Czar), one for each of the Admirals, and the others for the mess, the kitchen, the servants, and the provisions—and set out from Wologda, a town upon a branch of the Dwina, which falls into that great river at a distance of about 200 miles. The junction of the two rivers is about the same distance from the port of Arch-

angel near the mouth of the Dwina. In ten days of river navigation down the stream, through a country in general cultivated, and thickly studded with villages, the expedition arrived at Archangel, and was reshipped into sea-going vessels, which the Czar had ordered to be built at that port. The 'jovial English captains' of the store-ships from London had arrived. Some weeks were passed by the little squadron in cruising, running aground, drinking and feasting, among the islands and sand-banks at the mouths of the Dwina, and in the White Sea. The Czar Peter acquired, on this excursion, his first knowledge of, and taste for, ships and ship-building, which were afterwards more fully developed, in Holland. In September, the expedition returned, by the same river navigation, to Wologda and Moscow.

In the following year, viz., in February 1695, we find Gordon in consultation about the routes of the army to the Don and the Sea of Asow, and, in March, he was on his way to Tambov, in command of one of the three divisions of the Russian army. The details of every day's march, halt, and encampment, of the impediments from rivers, marshes, wants of food, forage, and water, are given in the original Diary. Want of horses for the transport service in the months of April and May, was the principal impediments to the advance of the army. Horses were not scarce, but, so early in spring, there was no grass for them on the steppes, and they were weak and totally useless from starvation during the winter. Out of 400 horses brought in by the peasantry, scarcely four, he says, were fit for service; and, by another entry, we find that out of 180 horses, only thirty-two were serviceable. The transport service for his division of 10,000 men required 3,722 waggons, although he had reduced to the lowest scale all that were merely for accommodation of the staff and officers, and this number did not include the waggons of sutlers and camp-followers. The waggons had to keep up with the troops on the march, because the cavalry of the Turks and Tartars were superior to the Cossacks of the Russian army, and commanded the steppes. In the 160 years which have elapsed since this Russian army marched from Moscow to Asow, the routes, no doubt, have been explored, the troops have no longer to be guided in their line of march by the points of the compass, the steppes are no longer swept by hostile and superior cavalry, waggon-ramparts are not required, and bridges or ferry-boats are provided; but the transport service, owing to the heavier *matériel* of modern warfare, the greater amount and weight of artillery and ammunition, cannot be less than in General Gor-

don's time, and the physical difficulties of want of forage in spring, and want of effective condition of the winter-starved horses, until grass clothes the steppes, must now, as in General Gordon's campaign, be the great and insurmountable impediment to military movement. In the campaign of 1855 the Russians are said, on high authority, to have sacrificed 250,000 oxen and horses, chiefly taken from the peasantry. General Gordon's march from Kiew and Tambov, where the troops were assembled, to Tscherkask or Asof, on the Don, was not accomplished until the 21st of June. The daily record of this campaign affords much instruction, or matter for reflection, to the military man. Some of the circumstances are almost identical with those of the late campaigns. The conduct of the Turks at Asof was similar to their defence of Silistria and of Kars. The Turkish garrison consisted only of 3000 men, the Russian army of three divisions, each of 10,000 men, besides 3000 Cossacks; yet the garrison maintained their fortress. The measures of the Russian army in the attack were remarkably similar to the measures of the English army in the attack of the Redan at Sebastopol. It was resolved to storm the city. General Gordon in vain protested that the trenches were not carried near enough to the enemy's defences — being from forty or fifty fathoms distant — to give shelter to the storming party in advancing, or cover if they should be forced to retreat. The result was the same as at the Redan of Sebastopol — repulse and slaughter. The Russian army had to raise the siege of Asof, and retreat in the beginning of October. The Commander-in-Chief, or Generalissimo, of this army was Alexis Semonowitsch Sohein, who was also commander of one division of it. General Gordon, who acted as the Quartermaster-General of the army, commanded another division, and General Le Fort appears to have been the chief engineer, and commanded a third division. The result of this campaign of 1695 was not encouraging; but, both on the advance and on the retreat, General Gordon established fortified posts in commanding positions, to serve as a base of future operations. In the campaign of the following year, the army was reassembled in March, and in June renewed the siege of Asof. General Gordon's measures in this campaign of 1696 were so successful, that, in a few days, the Turks capitulated, and old Asof or Tscherkask was surrendered to the Russian army, and a new fortress was constructed in a more favourable position.

In 1697, Peter the Great began his travels to the European courts, and left General Schein and General Gordon joint administrators of all the military affairs of the empire. Soon

after the Czar's departure, Gordon set out for Asof with a strong division of the army, to place the fortresses on the Don and the Sea of Asof, which he had planned and commenced the year before, out of all danger from any attack of the Turks. He proceeded to Taganrog, which, by special order from the Czar, he fortified strongly. In the course of this campaign, he relieved the troops on the Dnieper and in the Ukraine from a threatened attack by the Turks and Tartars; and, by his science and skill, he laid the foundation of that maritime supremacy of Russia in the Euxine and the Sea of Asof, which the arms of the Western Powers and the victorious conditions of the Peace of Paris have just wrested from the Russian Empire.

General Gordon's services at home were not less important. In 1698, he quelled the insurrection of the Strelitzer troops. They appear to have been equivalent to the Janissaries of the Turkish empire, — a kind of Pretorian band with peculiar rights and privileges, as the body-guards of the Czars, brave, but with lax discipline, formidable to the government, and jealous of the regular troops formed by Gordon and other foreign officers, and under his command. They had marched from the frontier of Lithuania, where they had been quartered in consequence of apprehended disturbance from Poland, and had approached, on the 17th of June, within forty or fifty wersts of Moscow. Generals Schein and Gordon met them with a considerable force of regiments which Gordon had been forming at Moscow. Gordon went alone to the lines of the rebels, expostulated with them, and tried to persuade them to return to their duty, but without success. Next day he repeated the attempt, but it was equally unavailing. He returned, held a council of war, and without more delay, attacked the insurgents at the head of his own regiment, and, before evening, the Strelitzers were annihilated, and the absolute power of the Russian Czars was established. The *Sieur de Villebois* in his most curious *Memoirs* says, 'Sur l'avis qu'il avait eu des Strélitz, Gordon, se mit à la tête de 12,000 étrangers ou réputés tels, avec lesquels il alla audevant d'un détachement de 10,000 hommes, qu'il surprit, battit, et dont il fit un tel carnage que 7000 restèrent sur la place et les 3000 autres se sauvèrent dans différentes provinces.' Gordon then surrounded and decimated a second body of the Strelitz; but Peter thinking their sentence too mild, ordered 2000 of the survivors to be hung and the other 5000 to be beheaded, which was done in his Majesty's presence. General Gordon enjoyed but for a few months the honour of the achievement. He died after a short illness, in November 1699, the Emperor of all the

Russias watching and weeping over the death-bed, and closing the eyes of Patrick Gordon of Auchluichries.

General Gordon is forgotten equally in the land of his nativity, and in the land of his adoption — *sic transit gloria mundi*. He was twice married to ladies of Dutch or German families, the daughters of officers in the Russian service, and had three sons, and two daughters, who were grown up. The sons turned out ill, or, at least, did not prosper in Russia, and were lost sight of. One daughter was married to a Russian, and her descendants, also, were mingled and lost in the mass of the Russian population. The other daughter married a Colonel Strasburg in the Russian service, and, on his death, came with her children to live with her father, and afterwards married a relation, Alexander Gordon, who was a major in General Gordon's regiment. Alexander Gordon, on the death of his father in Scotland, returned, in 1711, to his patrimonial estate of Achintour in Aberdeenshire, and died in 1752. He had attained the rank of Major-general in the Russian service. He was a man of considerable talent, and published a Life of Peter the Great, which was translated into German. A Life of General Gordon from 1684 to 1698, probably by the same author, was published in English, but the book is very scarce, and we do not remember to have seen it. Several works concerning General Gordon and his campaigns have appeared in the Russian language, being translations into Russian of Stritter's mutilated translation into German of General Gordon's original Diary written in the Scottish dialect of his times. It is to be regretted that the editors of the work before us, M. the Prince Obolenski and Dr. Posselt, have not published this important Diary to a later date than 1695; for during the four years, from 1695 to 1699, in which the Russian empire was extended to, and established on, the Don, the sea of Asof, the Euxine, and was secured from internal military insurrection, he was the commander-in-chief, the counsellor, the bosom friend of Peter the Great, developing and executing plans devised by, and only known to, himself and the Czar. In the second volume of this work, published in 1851, two years after the first volume, the editors promise a third volume in the course of a year or two, containing the remaining and most important portion of Gordon's Diary from 1695 to 1699, and also much of his private correspondence. We are unable to say whether this promise has been fulfilled, or whether the political considerations and agitation which the Russian aggression upon the Ottoman Empire was beginning, in 1852, to awaken throughout Europe, may have suspended the publication. It is but justice to

the Russian government to state that every assistance was given to the editors of the two volumes before us, both by access to such of the volumes of the manuscript as were in the Imperial Library at Moscow, and by searching for, and purchasing such of the volumes of the manuscript as were in the possession of private persons. The government encouraged the translation into Russian of Stifter's German version of Gordon's Diary, as a useful hand-book for the army and public functionaries. It would be a graceful acknowledgment of the important services rendered by this remarkable officer to the imperial dynasty of Russia, if the Russian government would now publish this Diary or autobiography in its original Scottish dialect or Aberdeenshire brogue, retaining the valuable notes and explanations that Prince Obolenski and Dr. Posselt have appended to it.

ART. III.—1. *London in the olden Time.* By WILLIAM NEWTON. London: 1855.

2. *Post Office London Directory.* London: 1856.

3. *Reports and Tables relating to the Census of 1851.* Presented by the Census Commissioners in 1851-2-3-4.

4. *The Food of London; a Sketch of the chief varieties and supply of Food for a community of two millions and a half.* By GEORGE DODD. London: 1856.

THE growth of a great city is one among the many curious though unmarked characteristics of the progress of society—unmarked because the changes are made, not suddenly, but by the addition of units to thousands. As the brothers and sisters who assemble around a domestic fireside are scarcely conscious of the advance of each of them from childhood to adolescence, because the change affects equally the observer and the observed; as those who dwell beneath the shadow of the oak scarcely heed its annual growth—so do the inhabitants of a gradually extending city fail to detect the daily increase which is going on around them. The amount of this increase on any day, in any week, or even in any month, is too small to attract attention; the London of to-day, to him who resides in it, is the same as the London of last week; for it is only after years have passed that the small increments accumulate to a total of appreciable magnitude. Say that an inhabitant of the central part of a growing city seeks a field-walk, be-

yond its noisy, trading, smoky, crowded limits: no one week or month presents any obstacles to his progress very different from those which existed in the preceding week or month; but let him glance back to his experience in early years—let the man recall the half-holiday gambols of the boy—and what is then the picture? The old familiar field is cut up; the favourite blackberry hedge is cut down; the path along the mill-stream is closed; the well-remembered wind-mill has given place to a railway-station; the footway across the waving corn is no more; the stream in which he bathed is bordered by terraces and villas; the turnpike is gone; the little country alehouse at the corner has become a splendid gin-palace; the cricket field has been covered by a Building Society with poverty-stricken houses; the green lane has probably become ‘Victoria Street, leading to Albert Square:’—indeed the change is almost oppressively palpable, when the recollections of boyish years are thus appealed to.

The Metropolis of England naturally takes the lead in the manifestation of such phenomena, by its enormous dimensions, vast accumulation of houses, and numerous population. Whether or not it be true, as some authorities have asserted, that Moscow, before the conflagration of 1812, covered more ground than London, on account of the large gardens attached to the principal houses,—it is nearly certain that no other city covers forty square miles of area; and it is still less disputable that no other city presents so dense a mass of buildings as London. Curious, too, is it to observe that the elasticity, the expansibility, of this metropolis attracted the attention of observers two or three centuries ago, much in the same way as at present—witness Freeman’s Epigram on ‘London’s Progress.’

Why how now, Babell, whither wou’dst thou build?
 I see old Holborne, Charing Crosse, the Strand,
 Are going to St. Giles his in the Field;
 Saint Katerne, she takes Wapping by the hand.
 And Hogsden will to Hy-gate ere ’t be long.
 London is got a great way from the streame;
 I think she means to go to Islington,
 To eate a messe of strawberries and creame.
 The city’s sure in progresse I surmise,
 Or going to revell in some disorder
 Without the walles, without the liberties,
 Where she need fear nor mayor nor recorder.’

Freeman doubtless considered that this was pleasant banter, called forth by the rapidly increasing dimensions of London;

but he probably little dreamed how nearly the most extravagant of his guesses would be realised—nay, how much overpassed—in the nineteenth century.

Although a *Map* of London may, to the eye, illustrate better than any tabulated pages the growth of the Metropolis, there are nevertheless two other sources of information which afford curious evidence on this matter. These are, first, the whole group of *Directories*, in all their wide diversities; and, secondly, the curious details and tables furnished by the *Census Commissioners*. A directory of London is in some sense a memoir of the Map of London—but only to a limited degree; for the maps extend much farther back than the directories, while the descriptions were yet earlier than the maps.

Before the construction of maps in the Tudor times, the extent of London could be arrived at only inferentially from scattered notices, few and indefinite. If the speculations of Sir Christopher Wren were correct—and there are not wanting many evidences in support of his opinion—that the whole of the valley comprised between Camberwell and the Essex hills was at one period a great frith or estuary of the sea, a natural reason may be assigned for the locality of the original metropolis of England. A spot just below London would in that case be practically the mouth of the Thames—all below or eastward of this limit being sea rather than river, salt water rather than fresh. There is, too, sufficient elevation in the ground, at this point on the north bank of the Thames, to render it suitable as a place of defence, and afterwards as the locality for a busy town. To archæologists and philologists must be left the discussion of the question whether the word 'London' implies 'town in a wood,' 'populous town,' 'town in a plain,' 'ship town,' or any other characteristic which has been made the subject of hypothesis: whether London, in short, before the Roman times, was really a considerable town, or only a grouping of houses around a landing place for craft ascending and descending the river. At best it could scarcely have been more than an assemblage of huts upon a dry spot in the midst of marshes, or upon a cleared space in a wood, bounded on the land side by earthen defences. A probable surmise is, that ante-Roman London could not have extended further than the Tower on the east, Dowgate on the west, and Lombard and Fenchurch Streets on the north—using the familiar modern designations of these places. Immediately beyond these limits, was unquestionably much fenny land; and on the north a large forest, part of which remained in the time of Henry II. During the six

hundred years of Roman influence in Britain, London must have extended widely—how widely we shall hardly know until a dozen more new broad streets shall have been constructed; for the digging up of old foundations is every year furnishing additional proof of the town-building powers of that remarkable people.

Let the Wall of London have been constructed at what period it may, it tells little concerning the extent of the Metropolis even at that time; for neither was it essential that the whole of the included area should be built upon and inhabited, nor that the exterior belt of country should remain unoccupied. But, without going back to those dusky times, there is abundant evidence that London was regarded as a mighty city centuries ago—mighty in wealth, size, and influence.

The English sovereigns in the Tudor ages viewed with uneasiness the rapid extension of the Metropolis: and the same feeling disturbed some of the Stuarts. Elizabeth, James I., and Charles I. all made attempts to stay its growth. Elizabeth issued a proclamation in 1580, forbidding the construction of any but large and fine houses within a certain distance of the city. One of the quaint conceits of King James was, that 'the growth of the Capital resembleth that of the head of a ricketty child, in which an excessive influx of humours draineth and impoverisheth the extremities, and at the same time generateth distemper in the overloaded parts.' And Charles I., in certain of his proclamations, forbade the entertainment of additional inmates in houses already existing. All such repressive means, however, were powerless; the land owners and leaseholders broke the rules, built new houses, paid the fines, and threw the burden upon the rental.

The topography of the metropolis in the Tudor ages has lately been presented to view in an elaborate manner by Mr. William Newton, author of a 'Display of Heraldry;' a map and a memoir being employed to illustrate each other, and the two together serving as a picture of London in the time of Henry VIII., before the dissolution of the monasteries. The map is on an ample scale, measuring about 5 feet by 3; and the memoir accompanying it occupies 120 folio pages. For ecclesiastical, as contradistinguished from commercial purposes, this map possesses great value, as it indicates the localities of all the churches and monasteries then existing in and near London, Westminster, and Southwark; but in truth it professes to include public buildings and places of all kinds. The trustworthiness of such a revival or 'restoration' must of course depend on the industry and sagacity with which old authorities

have been consulted; these authorities were views as well as maps; for the result of Mr. Newton's labours is a pictorial map, a bird's-eye view, a compromise between a picture and a plan, sufficing to convey a notion of architectural appearance as well as relative position.

'In laying down this map,' the author states, 'which purports to represent the metropolis as it stood in the reign of Henry VIII., before the suppression of religious houses, the accurate survey taken by John Roque in the beginning of the last century, and published in twenty-five sheets by Pine and Tierney, has been used as a basis, by the aid of which almost every ancient locality of note may be traced, and in some instances their exact limits determined. In cases where this could not satisfactorily be done, considerable assistance has been derived from the old and rare map of London, by John Ogilvy, gentleman, published in the seventeenth century. The ancient buildings of monastic origin having since the Reformation in great part disappeared, it has been a prominent object of this work to point out as correctly as may be their true situations; and in most instances, if not in all, it is believed that their position, extent, and general appearance at the period assigned to our map are rendered with fidelity.'

The authorities for the general architectural appearance of the buildings represented in this bird's-eye map were, of course, other than the above.

'As an accessory authority for the constructive features of the buildings in general, the original large print by Radulphus Aggas, entitled "*Civitas Londinum, anno Dñi MDLx.*," has been taken, which, though extremely rude in delineation, and sadly distorted as to proportionate distances, is acknowledged to exhibit, with tolerable accuracy, the principal places existing in and about London in the early part of the reign of Elizabeth. In addition to this the curious and very accurate, though small, representation of London, by Hofnagle, published at Nuremberg, in the year 1572, by Braun and Hogenberguin, has been consulted. Also a manuscript in the Bodleian Library, purporting to be an accurate representation of London, Westminster, and Southwark, as they appeared A.D. 1543, by Anthony Van der Wyngreerde. And, lastly, a plan of London in the British Museum, made by order of government immediately after the Great Fire of 1666, showing the exact sites of all the churches as they stood previous to that calamitous event.'

The map thus produced by an eclectic process from old materials is a valuable adjunct to the histories, chronicles, topographies, and memoirs of those days. It reveals to us not merely the relative localities, but also the architectural appearance of the homes of the great and the temples of the religious—the royal residences at Westminster and Whitehall, the

baronial palaces along the banks of the Thames, the pleasant gardens on the river margin of the White Friars and Black Friars' precincts, the stately Baynard's Castle between Puddle Dock and Paul's Wharf, &c. Then, away from the busy hum of men, in cloistered seclusion and peace, we find the Abbey of Grace in East Smithfield, the Monastery of the Crutched Friars near Tower Hill, St. Katherine's Hospital below the Tower, the Priory of the Holy Trinity near Aldgate, the Holywell Nunnery near Norton Folgate, Bethlehem Hospital at Bishopsgate, the Augustine Friary in the present Austin Friars, the Carthusian Friary, better known in these days as the Charter House, the Clerkenwell Nunnery and the Hospital of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, St. Giles's Hospital in the 'village of St. Giles,' and a number of other religious houses.

So far as the object of the present Article is concerned, Mr. Newton's ingenious and laborious map is valuable in showing how many important buildings, now buried in the very heart of the Metropolis, were in the days of Henry VIII. strictly suburban, either bounded on all sides by fields and gardens, or abutting on one side only on the mass of structures constituting busy London. Adopting the reign of that monarch as a starting point, it will perhaps be found that the simplest mode of tracing the gradual growth of London is by comparing maps published at various intervals during the last three centuries. In the Map of London for the year 1560, re-engraved by Virtue long afterwards, the field-margin round the labyrinth of houses determines the practical limit of the Metropolis. Here, with the love of quaint effect so often exhibited by the old map-engravers, — a laundress is seen hanging out clothes on the spot now occupied by the group of houses between the Haymarket and Leicester Square; a lady and gentleman, with a little boy and a little dog, are enjoying the country air in the field called the Long Acre; three laundresses are busily employed in their vocation in the meadows, now densely inhabited but still known as Bunhill Fields; several toxophilites are engaged in archery practice in Spital Fields; while Southwark has its bull-baiting and bear-baiting theatres not far removed from rural walks and shady bowers. And these fields, thus encircling the busy city, are not merely annular green belts, bits of verdure in the midst of houses: they are, in all fair language, open country, suggestive of a pleasant, healthy walk to the distant villages of Stepney, Hoxton, Pancras, Marylebone, or Tyburn. In a Map of Westminster, dated 1610, the green grass begins just beyond the village of Charing or Charing-Cross; insomuch that St. Martin's is

really 'in the fields.' A Map of Middlesex, of the same date, shows very curiously the absorbent power of the Metropolis; for the isolated villages and hamlets, now included within the limits of London, dot the map as thickly as the never-to-be-wholly-discovered planetoids adorn the space between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter. Not only are Kensington, Bayswater, Kilburn, Hampstead, Highgate, Holloway, Kingsland, Hackney, far out in the peaceful country regions; but Clerkenwell and Shoreditch are both clearly suburban; Totten Court is a manor house surrounded by gardens; St. Gylles is unmistakably 'in the fields'; and Knightsbridge is represented by a country bridge over a river of respectable dimensions. A map representing the fortifications of London, as ordered by the Parliamentarians in 1642, exhibits a series of bulwarks, hornworks, breast-works, and forts, extending by way of Gravel Lane, Whitechapel, Brick Lane, Shoreditch, St. John Street, the site of the British Museum, St. Giles's Pound—all at that time distinctly beyond the limits of London. The Great Fire in 1666 led to the production of many maps of London, one of which—a curiosity in its way—was published by De Wit at Amsterdam; it represents London as it appeared immediately after the fire; and is ornamented with a fisherman leaning on an oar, weeping, or rather blubbering, over a weeping family carrying away a cart-load of goods. Many of the maps published soon after the Great Fire showed either the gap made by that dread calamity (from Tower Hill to Fetter Lane, and from Cripplegate to the Thames), or the plans which Wren and Evelyn respectively proposed for the rebuilding.

The maps of the 18th century display, in like manner, the progressive enlargements the Metropolis underwent, both by the spread of bricks and mortar over the green fields, and by the absorption of detached villages within its circumference. In Bowles's Map of Middlesex, published in 1733, Hockesden, Bednall Green, Cambury House, Shakewell, and Maribone,—names easily to be recognised under their queer spelling,—are still clearly 'out of town'; Copenhagen House is in existence, widely separated by fields from Battle Bridge. Roque's Map of Middlesex, in 1757, displays a marked improvement: the map is better engraved, and the names more correctly rendered; the New Road from Islington to Paddington is traced out; we detect, under the name of Knotton Barn, the kernel around which has grown the large district of Notting Hill; and the 'Mother Red Cap' tells of the first slight rudiments of Camden Town. Cary's Map, in 1787, exhibits Paddington as distinct from London, the British

Museum or Montague House as bounded by fields on the north, Islington as almost isolated, and the site of the present Belgravia as the Five Fields; but, on the other hand, Hoxton, Bethnal Green, Stepney, and Battle Bridge, show signs of approaching absorption in the great vortex.

It is not until within the last thirty years that the Map of London has taken those topographical leaps by which its extraordinary dimensions have been at length attained. Even in Cary's Map for 1810, the Edgeware Road remains the western boundary, and the New Road the northern limit of the north-west quarter of the Metropolis; the village of Wesborn or Westborne is far out a-field; the Jew's Harp Tea Gardens occupies a spot within the present limits of the Regent's Park; and White Conduit House has nothing beyond it on the north or west but meadows. From that date down to nearly the end of George the Third's reign, the growth of the Map of London was not marked by especial rapidity; but more recently the rate of increase has been marvellously accelerated. A passage in Rush's '*Residence at the Court of London*' shows that the Metropolis was in a stage of rapid growth about the years 1825-30—a growth so marked as to attract the attention of foreigners.

'I went to England again on a short visit in 1829. An interval of but four years had elapsed; yet I was amazed at the increase of London. The Regent's Park, which, when I first knew the west end of the town, disclosed nothing but lawns and fields, was now a city. You saw long rows of lofty buildings, in their outward aspect magnificent. On this whole space was set down a population of probably not less than fifty or sixty thousand souls. Another city, hardly smaller, seemed to have sprung up in the neighbourhood of St. Pancras Church and the London University. Belgrave Square, in an opposite region, broke upon me with like surprise. The road from Westminster Bridge to Greenwich exhibited for several miles compact ranges of new houses. Finchley Common, desolate in 1819, was covered with neat cottages and indeed villages. In whatever direction I went, indications were similar. I say nothing of Carlton Terrace, for Carlton House was gone; or of the street of two miles from that point to Park Crescent, surpassing any other in London, or any that I saw in Europe. To make room for this new and spacious street, old ones had been pulled down, of which no vestige remained. I could scarcely, but for the evidence of the senses, have believed it all. The historian of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire remarks, that the description composed in the Theodosian Age of the many stately mansions in Rome might almost excuse the exaggeration of the poet, that Rome contained a multitude of palaces, and that each palace was equal to a city. Is the British metropolis advancing to this destiny?'

Looking at the maps prefixed to the Post Office Directory for 1855 and 1856, we obtain ample evidence of the wideness of scope now deemed necessary by Directory-makers in the acceptance of the word 'London.' The map for the earlier of these two years comprises an enormous rectangle, eight miles and a quarter long from east to west, and five miles broad from north to south, — from Queen's Road Kensington, to Mare's ship-yard at Blackwall; from Kingsland in the north to Peckham Grove in the south. Here are, in short, forty-one square miles of area more or less packed with human beings, although the 'City of London' proper scarcely occupies more than one square mile; the map includes between forty and fifty villages and hamlets, fringes to the Metropolis, but in fact belonging to it — a progeny of some four dozen children, all devoured by the parent. In the following year, however, a still wider area was included in the map of all-absorbent London; the rectangle is now no less than ten miles from east to west, by nine from north to south. Hammersmith to Victoria Docks, Highgate to Dulwich — covering 90 square miles!

Spreading far and wide in every direction, increasing every year the length and breadth of its rectangle, intersected by tens of thousands of streets and lanes — it is little matter for wonder that London is a labyrinth to strangers, a maze in which they greatly need the aid of a clue. It may be very well to live in King Street, London; but what if the locality be undetermined, and what if there be twenty King Streets, which is now the case? Map-makers have not forgotten the troubles of map-explorers in this particular. In an old map without date, but apparently published about two centuries ago, there is a marginal list of 170 streets and lanes, headed thus: — 'The Countryman's or Stranger's Ready Helpe, in his finding out of Streets, Lanes, or Places in London; they being alphabetically placed with figures directing to them where they are in the Mappe; so that they may see where any Streete is, and walke to them without further trouble.' Such a plan as this has been adopted down to the present time in many a 'Stranger's Guide': the map being divided into squares, of a quarter or half a mile on each side, and each square inscribed with a number corresponding to a marginal list of principal streets or buildings.

One of the most extraordinary maps of London ever produced was appended, in 1846, to the Report of the Commissioners on Metropolitan Railway Termini. London was at that time inundated with schemes for connecting the lines

of the respective Railway Companies, and extending them to some central point in the heart of the Metropolis. All these schemes were laid down in this one map; and they furnish a veritable exemplar of engineering run mad. Every sort of impossible combination is there projected; and land is appropriated which would have cost 100,000*l.* an acre. It may be regretted, however, that these visionary plans have left no result; for it is clear that the growth of the thoroughfares of London has not kept pace with its area and population. The leading streets of the city are inconveniently encumbered with traffic; and it is to be hoped that at no distant period means will be found to establish some channels of railway communication within the circumference of London. It is of incalculable importance to the health and well-being of the metropolitan population to afford to all classes facilities of ingress and egress from the scene of their daily employment; and this appears to be the only feasible mode of setting bounds to the extension of the Metropolis.

The growth of the Map of London has never been so strikingly displayed as by the results of the Ordnance Survey. In the midst of the unfortunate diversity of the scales of the several Ordnance maps, it is difficult to understand how much has been completed on the inch scale, on the six-inch scale, on the twelve-inch scale, or on the five-feet scale, in various parts of the United Kingdom; but independent of all these, there have been surveys of the Metropolis on other scales. One was undertaken in conformity with the Act of 1836 (6 & 7 Will. 4. c. 96.), to regulate parochial assessments by fixing a more equitable apportionment of poor-rates among the different parishes; and to carry out its provisions, the Poor Law Commissioners were empowered to order new surveys and valuations to be made. As a part of this system, the Metropolis, stretched out to its widest limits, but not including the city of London, was surveyed and mapped on the large scale of one inch to three chains, or twenty-six inches and two-thirds to a mile. At a later date, when the health of towns began to attract public attention, and when the importance of good drainage became understood, it was found that there did not exist a survey of London sufficiently comprehensive and exact to show the elevations and slopes of the ground required for the construction of sewers. The Government therefore determined, in 1848, to make a survey of London at the public expense for sanitary and other purposes; and the Ordnance surveyors were entrusted with the duty. Many readers will remember the little crow's nest perched on the

top of the cross of St. Paul's eight years ago; this was the wooden house in which the surveyors conducted their labours: being visible from Primrose, Highgate, and other hills, and from numerous towers, steeples, roofs, parapets, terraces, and bridges, it afforded the means for taking the points of the larger triangles, the subdivision of which constituted the detailed labour of the survey. The survey extends to a distance of 8 miles from St. Paul's in every direction, or throughout a circle of 16 miles diameter, and thus covers an area of 200 square miles. Engraved on a scale of five feet to a mile, and placed edge to edge, this survey would require 900 sheets measuring three feet by two each, and the whole would constitute a monster circular Map of London 80 ft. in diameter. Of these sheets about 400 have been engraved and published, relating to the central or more thickly populated parishes; and there has been a further publication of the entire area in forty or fifty sheets, on a scale of twelve inches to a mile.

Having thus glanced rapidly at the nature of the illustrations furnished by *Maps*, we may next explore the large fund of various information relating to the growth of London which to be met with in the various *Directories*.

The bare mention of a London Directory brings up the image of a volume overburdened by its bulk—a Falstaff among books. Where or when this phenomenon of biblio-topographical enlargement is to end, no one can say. If London grows, so must the Directory grow; but by how much an octavo volume may exceed *two thousand seven hundred pages* without falling to pieces, let the bookbinders declare. Whether the ponderous tome must be broken up into two volumes; whether the number of its separate directories must be lessened; whether the paper must be thinner or more compressible; whether more type must be packed within the limits of a page—the compilers will surely be called upon to decide ere many more years have passed.

Analogous as they may be in object, wholly or partially, the works of this character present a strange diversity of titles. Be the designation what it may, however—be it a Directory, a Calendar, an Annual, an Almanac, a Guide, a Key, or a Register—the tabulated record of the inhabitants of London is full of instruction concerning the social and commercial growth of our immense Metropolis. It shows how the topographical limits of a city extend, when that city is unprovided with boundary walls. It shows by what gradual means outlying villages become included within the expanding metropolitan circle. It

illustrates the embarrassment experienced in devising new names for new streets. It furnishes a test of the relative prevalence of family names or surnames. It affords evidence how minute becomes the division of employments as population thickens, rendering an avocation profitable which would be unneeded and unrewarded in a less densely populated city. It enables us to see, approximatively, what is the ratio in number between the richer and the working classes at a given time; between the 'Court' end and the 'City' end; between the professional and the non-professional classes; between the lawyers and their actual or possible clients, the clergy and their flocks, the doctors and their patients. It tells us whether the institutions of the Metropolis — educational, literary, scientific, musical, theatrical, provident, benevolent — seem or not to advance in as rapid a ratio as the population.

But more than this. A collection of London Directories, or Guides through this populous labyrinth, varied in kind and in date, would be a literary curiosity, a type of progress, a record of development, analogous to the yearly advancement of the great city itself. It would show, not only the extent to which houses and inhabitants have increased in number, but also the changes in the social and commercial arrangements of successive generations. At one period, a Court Directory seems to have been the great desideratum, and it was deemed more important to know who was Page of the Back Stairs than to know the number of butchers and bakers dwelling in the Strand. The alphabetical lists of the Gentry were, until quite recent times, not merely kept separate from those of 'common people,' but even the streets inhabited by the two classes were scrupulously kept asunder — as though May Fair would be contaminated by alphabetical companionship with Fleet Street or Gray's Inn Lane. Trade Directories were of much later introduction than alphabetical lists of names; and the compilers of the Street Directories have felt the necessity, year after year, of deciding which among the suburban villages may claim a right of admission into the great world of London. A Directory is a most unreadable book, if followed page after page — but it is full of instruction when considered, not simply by itself, but in comparison with another Directory ten or fifty or a hundred years older. The material advances of a city are best appreciated by taking the initial and terminal years of a definite period, and comparing them one with another. Yet so far as London is concerned, it is very doubtful whether anything like a complete set of old Directories is in existence. Our great national

library, at any rate, is extremely deficient in this class of books: it is far exceeded by the collection, imperfect though it be, possessed by the Incorporated Law Society.

Many of those who, in the daily prosecution of their business, consult the unwieldy and almost upmanageable London Directories, are little aware through how long a course of years such works, or Directories having much humbler pretensions, have been published. During the last century there were numerous small volumes which competed for this kind of public favour. The 'Polite Intelligencer,' 'Gentleman's Register,' 'British Imperial Kalendar,' 'Kent's Directory,' 'Holden's Triennial Directory,' 'Boyle's Court Guide,' 'Royal Kalendar,' 'London Kalendar,' 'Court and City Register,'—all were in existence in the last century, and many of them continued into the present. When we find that 'Kent's Directory' for 1796 was the 'sixty-fourth annual edition,' the work must have been in existence quite early in the reign of George II., a hundred and twenty years ago. What were the size and appearance of this very early London Directory, we know not; but, under date 1760, we have before us 'A Complete Guide to all persons who have any trade or concern with the City of London and parts adjacent;'—a very modest little shilling volume, containing an alphabet of names and an index of streets, but no designations of trades or professions are attached to the names. Dipping hither and thither in the pages, one meets with 'Samuel En-derby' and a few other names which link the past with the present, showing the vitality of some of our old commercial firms, to whom a century seems but a short span of years. There were Barclays and Broadwoods, Coxes and Greenwoods, Longmans and Hansards, Hobys and Birches, Fortnum and Gibletts, among the traders of London, in those days as in the present, and pursuing the same departments of commerce as their descendants now pursue. By the year 1780 this 'Complete Guide' had grown to the dignity of a two-shilling volume, by the addition of a 'Conveyance Guide,' showing how the waggons and 'machines' and coaches managed the transit and transport of those days.

Some of the early volumes of 'Holden's Triennial Directory' are curious, inasmuch as they indicate the courtier-like tendencies of the age, the reverence for all the minutiae of Court life. This Directory appears to have commenced about the year 1796, and to have been published every third year for a considerable period. The issue for 1809–10–11, in two volumes of seven or eight hundred pages each, appeared at the enormous price of five guineas; the general alphabet of names included all the villages

within ten miles of London; and the second volume gave the names of the chief inhabitants of 104 provincial towns. This Triennial Directory was continued until about the year 1823, when it sank before its younger rivals, which had adopted the system of annual publication.

The Commercial Directories have undergone a more remarkable process of enlargement than those red books and blue books intended to record the topography of fashionable life. But the Directory which most instructively illustrates the growth of London during the last half century, is the Post Office Directory. No other has increased so significantly in bulk or in price. Commencing in the year 1800, as a humble duodecimo of three hundred pages, published at three or four shillings, it had no Street Directory, or Trades Directory, or Court Directory: neither a Law Directory nor an Ecclesiastical Directory; it gave simply a list of about twelve thousand commercial names, with a little information concerning public establishments and postal arrangements. By the year 1810, the names had increased to sixteen thousand, but neither the price nor the character of the volume had materially changed. Another decade, bringing the work down to 1820, exhibited certain symptoms of change—the pages had increased to six hundred, the names to twenty thousand, the Conveyance Guide had swelled out to some importance, and the price had risen to five shillings. The past seems almost like a dream, when dipping into this Conveyance Guide, we find an announcement that ‘the Paddington coach leaves the Blue ‘Posts, Holborn, three times a day!’ Another ten years, and the Directory presents itself slightly, but only slightly, increased in bulk, price, and comprehensiveness. The work assumed a wholly new form in 1840, when the size was increased to large octavo, the price was increased to about ten shillings, and the arrangement was distributed into six main Directories—Commercial, Law, Trades, Parliamentary, Conveyance, and Banking. From that year to the present, a continuous process of ‘development’ has manifested itself: the bulk has developed from a thousand to twenty-seven hundred pages; the price has developed from ten shillings to thirty or thirty-six; the separate Directories have developed from six to eleven; and each Directory has grown by the growing of the list of names recorded in it. Not among the least remarkable of the characteristics of usefulness given to this vast work, is the parti-coloured index on the *edges* of the leaves.

Although the history of surnames may not receive much illustration from a Commercial Directory, the relative numbers

of different names are certainly appreciable in these closely packed columns. Where 140,000 names are ranged in alphabetical order, from Aaron the jeweller to Zygomalas the merchant, there cannot fail to be a goodly number belonging to the clans Smith, Brown, Jones, and Robinson. These four favourites of the renowned Dr. Dilworth mustered strongly in the Directory even half a century ago; but in later years the Joneses appear to have somewhat increased in relative number, as if there had been a large influx of Welchmen. The Smiths, of course, remain at the head of the list, amounting almost exactly to one in a hundred of its entire occupants. If this ratio be maintained also among those persons who do *not* obtain admission into the Directory, the Metropolis must contain at the present time about twenty-five thousand Smiths! The Wilsons and Wilkinsons, the Williams and Williamsons, the Johnsons and Jacksons, the Roberts and Robertsons, the Thomases and Thompsons, the Richards and Richardsons — household names, together with the four above mentioned, make up no less than six thousand commercial men in London, men who have a claim to write their names over a shop or on the door of a counting-house. The fourteen hundred Smiths may with tolerable ease be distinguished one from another; for, although there may be fifty John Smiths, and several of these John Smiths may be shoemakers, yet the custom of giving a number to every house in a street, affords ready means of identification.

This curious subject of the numbering of houses, trifling as it may appear when first regarded, is really one among the tests of the progress of society—a measure of the changes time and advancement have wrought. One of the old customs of London, largely exemplified in Hogarth's pictures, was to exhibit a sign-board in front of a house or shop, either to denote the kinds of commodities sold within, or to distinguish each shop from others of a similar kind. There can be little question that this plan arose originally rather from necessity than from choice. When the mass of the people could not read, picture-writing was adopted as a kind of language all could understand. An uneducated porter could not, perhaps, have deciphered the name of Master Franklin, Hosier, in Cheapside, but he could understand the meaning of a golden fleece hanging over the door; and this pendent sign served both for name and for number. It would not be difficult to find, even now, a few golden fleeces and barbers' poles, among the emblems of London shops; while the three golden balls of the pawnbroker, and the brilliant crimson and blue globes exhibited by the

druggist, still maintain a recognised place among our street ornaments. It is to the breweries and inns, the taverns and public-houses, however, that the retention of this old custom is chiefly due,—not because there is real occasion for the usage, but because it is part of a system which no one volunteers to be the first to abandon. As the invention of new signs for these houses has become almost impossible, now that the number has risen to many thousands, the repetition of old signs would seem to have deprived the system of any advantages it may once have presented. A Directory of modern London would be an impossibility if the houses were not numbered; or if possible, the results would frequently be of a most embarrassing nature.

Didot's excellent Directory for Paris illustrates a particular mode of numbering streets in that city. In those which run parallel to the Seine, the numbers follow the course of the river, the odd numbers on the left and the even on the right, while in the streets running at or nearly at right angles to the Seine, the numbers begin at the end nearest to the river. There is a manifest superiority in this plan over the chaos of our London street numbering.

It is to be hoped, that as the Metropolis is gradually subjected to a more comprehensive and effectual system of municipal government, our ætles will exert a reasonable authority to prevent the endless repetition of names, which have ceased to have a meaning or to convey a distinction. King Streets, Duke Streets, George Streets, Church and Chapel Streets, Stanhope Streets, Chester Streets, James Streets, occur in endless confusion, and it is only by adding the name of the district to that of the precise locality that an address can be accurately described in London. The Acacias, Myrtles, Bellevues, Minervas, Adeluides, Victorias, Torrianas, Belindas, Alphas, Lavenders, and similar affectations, are abundantly observable in the names of terraces and rows in new suburban localities; Grove place, or road, or terrace may be met with at Brixton, Brompton, Hackney, Clapham, St. John's Wood, Deptford, Walworth, Bayswater, Camberwell, Nottinghill, and Highbury; there are nearly forty 'Victorias' in one or other of the varieties of road, street, place, square, row, terrace, grove, cottages, or villas; and even the 'Westbournes' present a body of nearly thirty strong, absorbing not only the nine varieties just named, but also crescent, gardens, green, and park. Under the new Metropolitan Management Act (18 and 19 Vict. c. 120.), a power is given to the Metropolitan Board of Works to regulate and alter the naming of streets and the

numbering of houses; this power, if judiciously exercised, may lead to useful results.

The Maps and the Directories receive support from another quarter, in reference to the expansion of the Metropolis; a third aspect of the subject is that which is afforded by the Registrar-General's Report, and by the labours of the Census Commissioners. The wonderful growth of London, whether it be tested by three centuries of change in map engraving, by a tenfold increase in the bulk and contents of commercial directories, or by the decennial tables relating to the census, is intimately connected with a circumstance likely to escape our notice by its very familiarity. This circumstance is, the absence of every kind of wall, fortification, barrier, or gate between the Metropolis and the open country. True there has been a city toll, amounting to a few thousand pounds per annum, levied on business vehicles on entering the central or city part of London; and there are still a few turnpike gates remaining at the outskirts of the Metropolis; but these gates simply provide, through the tolls there collected, the means of repairing roads, and are likely to be diminished rather than increased in number. Practically, the expansive power of London is unchecked by any of those obstructions which so frequently exist in continental cities. The Census Commissioners, in drawing up their Report after the completion of the last Census, advert to this subject in the following terms:—

'The population of the towns is not so completely separated in England, as it is in some other countries, from the population of the surrounding country; for the walls, gates, and castles, which were destroyed in the civil wars, have never been rebuilt; and the population has outgrown the ancient limits; while stone lines of demarcation have never been drawn around the new centres of population. Tolls have been collected since a very early period in the market-places; but the system of *ootroi*—involving the examination, by customs' officers, of every article entering within the precincts of the town—has never existed. The freemen in some of the towns enjoyed, anciently, exclusive privileges of trading; but the freedom could always be acquired by the payment of fines; and by the great measure of municipal reform (1835), every town has been thrown open to settlers from every quarter. At the same time, too, that the populations of the towns and of the country have become so equally balanced in number—*ten millions against ten millions*—the union between them has become, by the circumstances that have led to the increase of the towns, more intimate than it was before; for they are now connected together by innumerable relationships, as well as by the associations of trade. . . . A large proportion of the population in the market towns, the county towns, the manu-

facturing towns, and the metropolis, was born in the country.' (*Population Tables*, 1851, vol. i.; *Report*, p. lxxxiii.)

These observations, it will be perceived, bear upon the characteristics of English towns in general; but London presents its full ratio of the effect, of the causes which led to the effect, and of the circumstances tending to produce still more striking effects in future years. The same principle has been illustrated in a very clear manner by Mr. Laing:—

'Every traveller on the Continent must have observed that the town and city population live much more apart and separate from the country population than with us. Each town or city is like a distinct island, or small nation, with its own way of living, ideas, laws, and interests, and having little or nothing in common with the country population around it. . . The towns and cities, in consequence of this estrangement, have less influence on the civilisation of the country, on the manners, ideas, and condition of the mass of the population, than with us. Our town or city population forms no mass so distinct in privileges, intelligence, and interests from the rest of the community, as the town-populations are abroad. The city, on the Continent, sits, like a guardship riding at anchor, on the plain, keeping up a kind of social existence of her own, shutting her gates at sunset, and having privileges and exactions which separate her from the main body of the population. In Germany and France, the movements and agitations of 1848 were entirely among the town population. The country population has not advanced either towards good or evil with the progress of the cities. In Hamburg, Berlin, Munich, Dresden, Frankfort, and other great cities, taste, literature, refinement, or the pleasures and enjoyments proper to wealth, abound; but in the country, outside of these oases of civilisation, the people are in the same condition in which they have been for ages. The town civilisation has not acted upon them as it has on the general population of England.' (*Observations on the State of the European People in 1848-9.*)

To trace the application of reasoning such as this to the growth of the British Metropolis is easy enough. London is the largest and most populous city in the world; it is the residence of the sovereign and the court; it is the seat of parliament and of all the great offices of state; it is the centre of influence for the army and navy; it is the headquarters for the administration of justice; it contains the places of assemblage for most of the important societies by which science, art, and literature are cultivated; it sets the fashions to all the kingdom, after being itself indebted to the fashions of Paris; it contains the most skilled of workmen in the trades that relate to luxury; it is the great market that determines the price of most articles of food at a given time; it is a general house of call for those who seek employment in a thousand different occupations; it is

a reservoir of charity and benevolence, as displayed in the extraordinary number of hospitals, asylums, dispensaries, infirmaries, institutions, provident funds, and other means of alleviating human misery; and lastly, it presents glowing but vague temptations to those who would wander away from the paternal fireside in the country to 'seek their fortunes.' To the Whittingtons of every age the visionary streets of London are still 'paved with gold;' and by the side of an infinite amount of disappointment and wretchedness, London still holds out the great prizes and rewards of ambition, of industry, and of perseverance to the people of this Empire. No wonder, such being the state of things, that London should be a centre of attraction to the rest of the kingdom, and that more immigrants than emigrants should yearly be numbered, — using the word emigrants here to mean, not those who merely pass through London to obtain facilities for emigration, but regular inhabitants who finally determine to leave it. If we had barriers, walls, or *octroi* duties, this free immigration would undoubtedly be checked; but the absence of such impediments may be ranked among the causes of rapid increase in the population of the Metropolis.

Few persons have the slightest conception of the extraordinary number of country people residing in London. What if we were to say that, of all the men and women now living in the Metropolis, in all grades of society, *more than half are country people*, — would this be generally believed? The Census Commissioners ascertained this to be unquestionably the fact in 1851; for, of 1,395,000 persons, aged twenty years and upwards, no more than 645,000 were born in London, the remaining 750,000 having been born in the country or abroad, and having changed their residence to London at some period or other of their lives. Including children, and taking account of the increase of population between 1851 and 1856, there must at the present moment be *more than one million inhabitants of London who were born either in the country or abroad* — that is, one-million inhabitants of London who are not Londoners by birth. It is curious to see how this enormous aggregate has been made up. Some counties appear to be remarkable for their tendency to send their folk up to London. Thus our metropolitan population comprises 28,000 Norfolk people, and about an equal number from Suffolk; Hampshire claims credit for 34,000; there are 25,000 acute Yorkshire folk; Somerset comes out in force with 32,000; and what is perhaps yet more remarkable, considering the distance of the county, we have no less than 37,000 Devonshire people among us; we might, perchance, have expected more than

30,000 from the whole of Scotland; but 110,000 from Ireland prove how enormous must have been the stream of human beings flowing eastward to the great centre. Every sixteenth adult, on an average among the adults of London, was born in the Emerald Isle. Foreigners of all climes have sent us 30,000 residents, of whom 10,000 are German, and 7,000 French. The children and young persons, *i.e.* those under twenty years of age, are, of course in a much greater ratio born in the city which they now inhabit; yet even here we meet with the somewhat startling fact that there are 20,000 children and young persons in London who were born in Ireland, besides children and young persons born in London of Irish parents. It is impossible to avoid seeing that much of good or of evil, or of both combined, must result from this strong infusion of youthful Celtic blood in the masses of the Metropolis.

The population is so vast, that we are apt to lose sight of items which, considered separately, would appear enormous. That there are 80,000 children born yearly in London — that there are 350,000 marriageable but unmarried women — that there are 50,000 persons always resident in poor houses, prisons, and other establishments where they are daily fed out of national or public resources — that there are 1,200 places of worship, in which, despite our vice and alleged Sabbath desecration, there are generally a million attendances at divine worship on a Sunday, including the services at different times of the day, — that there are nearly 6,000 schools, on the books of which are 600,000 scholars, — all these striking facts have been ascertained by the Census Commissioners. We have taken no further liberties with their tables and returns, than to add a small ratio of increase for the five years elapsed since the census was taken. Numerous other curious items present themselves. Thus, although we are quarrelling with the health of the Metropolis, there are, nevertheless, thirty inhabitants not less than 100 years old, let the excess above a hundred be what it may. There are 20,000 persons engaged in killing and selling animal food, a greater number in preparing and selling vegetable food, and nearer 30,000 in making and selling beverages. More than 30,000 tailors are plying the needle in London; while 40,000 boot and shoe-makers are fashioning and cobbling our leathern understandings. Nearly 25,000 professional men are supplying the daily and weekly quotas of divinity, law, and physic; and about an equal number of authors and printers furnish us with books and newspapers. The domestic servants in London, male and female, reach the almost incredible number of 200,000. The worthy ancient females of the Mrs. Gamp school,

together with their co-labourers the charwomen, washerwomen, and manglers, present a corps of 60,000 strong. There are more than 100,000 women and girls in the Metropolis who earn a living — in most cases, it may be feared, a scanty living — by the use of the needle. Nearly 30,000 clerks are always quill-driving in relation to some commercial matters or others. Thus we find that, so astounding is the amount of population, the persons engaged in any one of the above occupations would equal in number the entire inhabitants of a large town.

Mr. George Dodd, in his volume on the 'Food of London,' has presented us with a curious sketch of the means by which the commissariat of this enormous aggregation of human beings is carried on. It is the most striking vindication of the power of the laws of trade, left to their free operation and complete development, that this vast supply is perpetually sustained by the collective interests of the community, and that results are obtained by the mere co-operation of the trading classes which the foresight of the wisest statesman, the omnipotence of the legislature, and the thousand hands of the executive government would utterly fail to ensure. Mr. Dodd's account of the process by which two millions and a half of human beings are fed is ingenious and amusing; but it is necessarily imperfect, for the data on which these computations are made have no certainty in them, and it is to be regretted that we do not possess more accurate statistical particulars of the consumption of food by the London community.

Where and when the growth of the Metropolis is to terminate, no one can yet form the faintest conjecture. There do not yet visibly appear any of the opposing forces which will check further extension. If any future Shrapnell should make another 'Stradametrical Survey of London,' it is impossible to anticipate how many thousand miles of street and lane would have to pass under his ken. In the extraordinary production under this title, some two hundred pages are crammed with about twenty columns each of figures, denoting the distances from any one to any other of about five hundred separate points in the Metropolis: the book, a work of prodigious labour, was a virtual declaration of war against the cabmen; but it will also remain as a permanent record of the wonderful extent of London in these days. As to the opposing forces which might check further extension, where are they? We have fields in plenty beyond the present limits, to be passive recipients of blocks of houses, whenever man's interests shall prompt to farther building. We are talking of vast sewerage schemes which, if carried out, would be as adequate for a population of five millions, as our

present system is for a population of half that amount. We are gradually completing arrangements for obtaining water above the tidal pollutions of the Thames, which, unless the Thames run dry, ought to render our water-supply better rather than worse in future years. We are closing all our pent-up and unwholesome graveyards, and establishing others in open districts. We are so improving our channels of coal-supply, by means of screw-colliers, collier-docks, and railway-dépôts, that we can kindle any number of parlour-fires and kitchen-ranges, with less fear of monopoly than ever. We are making and maintaining several public parks at the national expense, which will remain open breathing-spots when London shall extend far beyond them. We have increased almost every variety of humanising institution in the Metropolis, within the last half-century, in a greater ratio than the population itself has increased; and there seems no reason why the same relatively greater increase should not be maintained in the remaining moiety of the century. In short, none of the elements of progression, so far as regard the number of inhabitants in the Metropolis or the area of ground occupied by the streets and houses, yet encounter other elements of retrogression of equal force. The Registrar-general, taking equal areas to render the comparison a fair one, finds that the population of London has increased in the following way during the present century: —

1801	-	-	958,863	1831	-	-	1,654,994
1811	-	-	1,138,815	1841	-	-	1,948,417
1821	-	-	1,378,947	1851	-	-	2,362,236

The same indefatigable functionary, whose census of 1851 was by far the most complete performance of the kind ever accomplished in this country, looks forward with a prophetic eye to the probable future growth of the Metropolis. He possesses no means, other than all possess, to determine whether the births and deaths in London will bear the same ratio to each other in the next ten years, as that which they bore in the ten years last passed; nor whether the two decennial periods will present the same ratio between the immigrants who come to find a living in London, and the emigrants who depart to seek their fortunes elsewhere; but assuming that these ratios will remain the same as in the years from 1841 to 1851, he calculates that the population of London will rise to *six millions of souls* before the end of the present century. The Metropolis already covers eighty thousand acres: it is bewildering to think of its prospective vastness when thus peopled. And some of these acres, in the heart of the Metropolis, are acquir-

ing a money value probably never equalled in any other time or country. Small patches of ground, in the centre of the city, have lately been let on 'building-leases, at rentals which, calculated at thirty years' purchase, would amount to a price of 300,000*l.*, 500,000*l.*, and 800,000*l.*, per acre; nay, in one case, the price, thus calculated, actually exceeds *one million sterling per acre*. Gloomy forebodings occupy some minds on the subject of the future of this large Metropolis. History does not record such a stupendous civic population; and, having no precedent to serve as its basis, men are at a loss to picture the possible economy of six millions of human beings living in one city.

ART. IV. — *Recollections of the Table Talk of SAMUEL ROGERS; to which is added Porsoniana.* London: 1856.

FOR more than half a century a small house in a quiet nook of London has been the recognised abode of taste, and the envied resort of wit, beauty, learning, and genius. There, surrounded by the choicest treasures of art, and in a light reflected from *Guidos* and *Titians*, have sat and mingled in familiar converse the most eminent poets, painters, actors, artists, critics, travellers, historians, warriors, orators, and statesmen of two generations. Under that roof celebrities of all sorts, matured or budding, and however contrasted in genius or pursuit, met as on the table land where (according to *D'Alembert*) *Archimedes* and *Homér* may stand on a perfect footing of equality. The man of mind was introduced to the man of action, and modest merit which had yet its laurels to win, was first brought acquainted with the patron who was to push its fortunes, or with the hero whose name sounded like a trumpet note. It was in that dining-room that *Erskine* told the story of his first brief, and *Grattan* that of his last duel: that the 'Iron Duke' described *Waterloo* as a 'battle of giants': that *Chantrey*, placing his hand on a mahogany pedestal, said, 'Mr. Rogers, do you remember a workman at five shillings a day who came in at that door to receive your orders for this work? I was that workman.' It was there, too, that *Byron's* intimacy with *Moore* commenced over the famous mess of potatoes and vinegar: that *Madame de Staël*, after a triumphant argument with *Mackintosh*, was (as recorded by *Byron*) 'well ironed' by *Sheridan*: that *Sydney Smith*, at dinner with *Walter Scott*, *Campbell*, *Moore*, *Wordsworth* and *Washington Irving*, declared that he and *Irving*, if the only

prose-writers, were not the only prosers in the company. It was through that window, opening to the floor and leading through the garden to the Park, that the host started with Sheridan's gifted grand-daughter on 'The Winter's Walk' which she has so gracefully and feelingly commemorated. It was in the library above, that Wordsworth, holding up the original contract for the copyright of *Paradise Lost* (1600 copies for 5*l.*), proved to his own entire satisfaction that solid fame was in an inverse ratio to popularity; whilst Coleridge, with his finger upon the parchment deed by which Dryden agreed for the translation of the *Æneid*, expatiated on the advantages which would have accrued to literature, if 'glorious John' had selected the *Iliad* and left Virgil to Pope. Whilst these and similar scenes are passing, we can fancy the host murmuring his well-known lines:—

'Be mine to listen; pleased but not elate,
Ever too modest or too proud to rate
Myself by my companions, self-compell'd
To earn the station that in life I held.'

This house, rich as it was in varied associations, was only completed in 1801 or 1802; but the late owner's intimacy with men and women of note goes back to a long antecedent period. He had been, some years before, proposed at Johnson's club—the club, as it is denominated still—by Fox, seconded by Windham, and (as he fully believed) black-balled by Malone. He had met Condorcet at Lafayette's table in 1789. In the course of a single Sunday at Edinburgh in the same eventful year, he had breakfasted with Robertson, heard *him* preach in the forenoon, and Blair in the afternoon, taken coffee with the Piozzis, and supped with Adam Smith.

There is surely something more in this position, than the extraordinary prolongation of human life, or than its utility as a connecting link between two or three generations, the point of view in which hitherto it has been almost exclusively considered. It leads naturally and necessarily to reflections on the state of our society, especially in relation to the literary, artistic and intellectual elements, during the last seventy years; and we feel eager to profit by the experience and sagacity of a nonagenarian who has enjoyed such ample opportunities for appreciating mankind. Fortunately Mr. Rogers's mental habits and tendencies strongly disposed and qualified him for turning his length of years to good account. His writings teem with maxims of worldly wisdom, enforced or illustrated by remarkable incidents, and his conversation was replete with anecdotes selected

for the sake of the light they threw on manners, the trains of thought they suggested, or the moral they involved. What has been printed of his 'table talk' is very far from being in keeping with his character, or on a par with his fame. Indeed, those who form their opinion from such records as the volume before us may be excused for attributing the assiduous court paid him to the caprice of fashion; whilst others, with better materials for judgment, will haply account for the phenomenon by the felicitous combination of long life, ample means, cultivated taste, refined hospitality, and poetic celebrity in one man. Whichever party, the detractors or the admirers, may turn out right, the critical analysis of his life and writings which must precede any honest attempt to adjudicate upon his reputation, cannot fail to be highly instructive; nor will it be found wanting in the leading attractions of literary biography. We therefore propose to review the principal incidents and performances of a life extending over ninety-two of about the most exciting and eventful years of the world's history.

Samuel Rogers was born at Newington Green, on the 30th July, 1763. He was one of a family of six children, three sons and three daughters; he was the third son. The father was an opulent banker, head of the firm carried on till the present year under the name of Rogers, Olding, and Co., 29 Clement's Lane. Prior to his marriage, he was a member of the Church of England; but the influence of his wife speedily effected his conversion to her own creed, the Unitarian; and by the time Samuel was old enough to understand or be moved by such things, the whole family were in regular and rigid attendance on the ministry of the celebrated Dr. Price, the adversary of Burke. The relative importance of the principal dissenting bodies has undergone so sensible a diminution of late years, in social and literary distinction, that it may be difficult for the present generation to form a just estimate of the eminence and influence of the nonconformist community in question. Yet its annals are rich in literary illustration. The names of Defoe, Dr. Watts, Dr. Price, Dr. Rees, Mrs. Barbauld, and Dr. Aikin, with others by no means undistinguished, are indelibly associated with the congregation of Newington Green; which still flourishes under the ministry of the Rev. Dr. Cromwell (of the Protector's family), and still comprises most of the natural and highly respectable connexions of the banker-poet, who was undeniably indebted to his Dissenting friends for his first introduction to celebrated people in England, Scotland, and France. Nor was this tie to the primitive nonconformists of his youth altogether dissolved by his excursions into the regions of ortho-

doxy and fashion. Mr. Rogers was a trustee of the Newington Presbyterian Meeting House from 1790 to his death—a period of sixty-five years; and when the Dissenters Chapel Bill was before Parliament, he signed a petition in favour of it in that capacity.

According to his own account, Samuel Rogers had every reason to congratulate himself on his parentage, paternal and maternal. His mother, of whom he uniformly spoke as an amiable and very handsome woman, sedulously inculcated kindness and gentleness; whilst his father, who lived till 1793, gave him a good education suited to his intended mode of life, put him in the way of making a fortune, and carefully refrained from thwarting or crossing him in his inclinations or pursuits, although these must frequently have jarred against the Dissenting banker's notions of the fitness of things. On seeing his son taking to poetry and fine company, the old man must have felt like the hen who sees the duckling, which she has hatched as a bird of her own feather, suddenly taking to water; and in his heart, he probably agreed with Lord Eldon, who on hearing that a new poem ('The Pleasures of Memory') had just been published by a young banker, exclaimed 'If old Gozzy'—alluding to the head of the firm with which he banked—'ever so much as says a good thing, — let alone writing, I will close my account with him the next morning.'

In early boyhood, the future poet's impulse was to start off the course in a diametrically opposite direction. When he and his brothers were called in and asked by the father what professions they wished to follow, Samuel avowed his predilection for that of a preacher; a choice which he explained by his admiration for Dr. Price. 'He was our neighbour of Newington Green, and would often drop in to spend the evening with us, in his dressing-gown: he would talk and read the Bible to us till he sent us to bed in a frame of mind as heavenly as his own. He lived much in the society of Lord Lansdowne and other people of rank, and his manners were extremely polished.' If the child be father to the man, we must be pardoned for suspecting that the mundane advantages of the divine had at least as much to do with the influence which he exercised over his young admirer, as the truths divine that came mended from his tongue.

The chief part, if not the whole, of Rogers's formal and regular education was received at a Dissenting school at Hackney, where he learnt Latin enough to enable him to read the easier Latin classics with facility. By the time he quitted it, he had got rid of his pulpit aspirations, and he is not re-

corded to have manifested any marked reluctance to his destination when he was placed in the paternal counting-house, with the view of being in due course admitted a member of the firm. He seems to have begun the serious business of life with the good sense and prudence which never left him; although he was constantly exposed to temptations to which most men of poetical or susceptible temperament would have succumbed. When his solid comforts and his well understood interests were involved, the Dalilahs of fame and fashion, of vanity and sensibility, exhausted their arts on him in vain. He kept his gaze steadily fixed on the main chance. Even when he set up as a poet, he could honestly say, 'I left no calling for this idle trade—no duty broke;' and he continued laying the foundations of his ideal edifice of social enjoyment and prosperity, with a patience and precision worthy of the most painstaking and methodical of economists and calculators.

It was his favourite speculation, that the greatest command of worldly happiness was attainable by one who, beginning low on the social ladder, should mount gradually and regularly to the top. It has been invidiously objected that this sounds very like the career of a successful tuft hunter. But Rogers insisted that every step in the ascent should be won honourably, and the sustained gratification was to arise from recognised merit, and would be poisoned by the smallest admixture of conscious unworthiness. Fortunately, he has himself explained and amplified his theory, in one of the most striking passages of his 'Italy':—

'All, wherever in the scale,
Have — be they high or low, or rich or poor,
Inherit they a sheep-hook or a sceptre —
Much to be grateful for; but most has he,
Born in that middle sphere, that temperate zone,
Where Knowledge lights his lamp. . . .
What men most covet,—wealth, distinction, power,
Are baubles nothing worth, that only serve
To rouse us up, as children in the schools
Are roused up to exertion. *The reward
Is in the race we run, not in the prize;*
And they, the few, that have it ere they earn it,
Having, by favour or inheritance,
These dangerous gifts placed in their idle hands,
And all that should await on worth well-tried,
All in the glorious days of old reserved
For manhood most mature or reverend age,
Know not, nor ever can, the generous pride
That glows in him who on himself relies,
Entering the lists of life.'

Thirsting for distinction, he hurried into the lists without adequate preparation, and with ill-fitting and borrowed arms. Man is little less an imitative creature than the monkey or the mocking-bird. He instinctively copies the model that caprice or accident has made popular; and indiscriminately adopts, to the best of his ability, the vice or virtue, the folly or wisdom, the style of dress or the style of writing, that is in vogue. When Rogers started as an author, he was not exempt from this almost universal weakness; and, to explain his poetical development, we must cast a retrospective glance on the poetical productions and literary tendencies of the generation in which he was trained up.

The period in question was the Augustan age of historians and novelists; for within it flourished, in fulness of reputation, Hume, Robertson, Gibbon, Fielding, Smollett, Richardson, and Goldsmith. The rich mine opened by the essayists, beginning with the *Tatler* and the *Spectator*, had been worked out, and was virtually abandoned after the termination of the *Idler* in 1757; whilst a cold shade was flung over poetry by the name and memory of Pope. No school has practically proved more depressing to originality in its followers than his, — despite (perhaps by reason) of his own exquisite fancy, and notwithstanding the encouragement to erratic courses held out to them in the familiar couplet —

‘From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,
And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art.’

Nor have many schools retained their influence longer; for Crabbe was wittily described as ‘Pope in worsted stockings;’ and the spell was not completely broken until the 19th century, when Sir Walter Scott inspired the taste for metrical tales of passion and adventure; an exploit, the honour of which has been claimed for ‘*Christabel*’ by Coleridge, who borrowed the suggestion from Goethe. Collins and Gray, emboldened by Alexander’s *Feast* and the *Ode on St. Cecilia’s Day*, produced some fine lyrical pieces, as the ‘*Ode to the Passions*’ and ‘*The Bard*’; but for more than fifty years after the death of the bard of Twickenham, English poetry ran almost exclusively in the didactic, descriptive, or elegiac line, with an occasional digression into satire. Rogers’s avowed favourites were Gray and Goldsmith; and his preference has been justified by posterity. ‘I used,’ he said, ‘to take a pocket edition of Gray’s *Poems* with me every morning during my walks to my father’s banking-house, where I was a clerk, and read them by the way. I can repeat them all.’ On another occasion he exclaimed, ‘What

'pleasure I felt on being told that Este (Parson Este) had said 'of me, "A child of Goldsmith, Sir."' This must have been after the publication of the 'Pleasures of Memory': for it is curious that Rogers, having first tried his strength in prose, began his poetical career by taking for his prototype the one of these two (Gray and Goldsmith) whose genius was least in harmony with his own, and by imbuing himself with the spirit of what must have been to him the least congenial of Gray's productions.

The to all agreeable, to many intoxicating, sensation of first seeing oneself in print, was experienced by Rogers in 1781, when he contributed eight numbers, under the title of *The Scribbler*, to 'The Gentleman's Magazine,'—the same which, under the editorship of Sylvanus Urban (Cave), was the repository of the earliest efforts of Johnson in the same walk. 'He told me,' says Boswell, 'that when he first saw St. John's Gate, the place where that deservedly popular miscellany was originally printed, he beheld it with reverence.' Probably it was Johnsonian influence that gave their peculiar form to Rogers's first attempts at authorship; for the great lexicographer was amongst the idols of his youth. 'My friend Maltby and I,' he used to relate, 'had a strong desire to see Dr. Johnson; and we determined to call upon him and introduce ourselves. We accordingly proceeded to his house in Bolt Court; and I had my hand on the knocker, when our courage failed us, and we retreated. Many years afterwards I mentioned this circumstance to Boswell, who said, "What a pity you did not go boldly in! he would have received you with all kindness."'

Rogers commonly followed up this anecdote with another of the advice he gave, instead of a letter of introduction, to a young friend who was going to Birmingham, and had a similar desire to see Dr. Parr. The advice was to be collected from the result. 'Well, what did you do?' was the first question to the traveller on his return. 'Exactly as you told me. I knocked boldly at the door, and asked for Dr. Parr. I was shown into a parlour on the ground floor by a servant-maid. When the Doctor appeared, I looked steadily at him for a moment, and then said, "Dr. Parr, I have taken an inexcusable liberty, and I cannot complain if you order me to be kicked out of your house. On seeing your name upon the door, I could not make up my mind to pass the house of the greatest man in Europe without seeing him. I knocked, was admitted, and here I am!" The Doctor seized me by both hands in a kind of transport of welcome, fairly danced me up and down the room, and ended by keeping me to dinner on a roast shoulder of mutton.'

Rogers's admiration of Johnson never extended to his style,

and the most remarkable features of 'The Scribbler' are the correctness and ease of the language. The author of the 'Table Talk' has reprinted one of the worst Numbers by way of specimen. All are commonplace enough in point of thought and conception, nor would it be difficult to specify the very 'Ramblers' or 'Idlers' which the writer had in his mind's eye whilst composing them; but the one on 'Fashion' is written with a freedom and rhythmical flow which are rarely found in essayists of eighteen —

'Whether she (Fashion) heightened with a pencil the vermilion of her cheek, or clothed her limbs with a tight or flowing vest; whether she collected her ringlets in a knot, or suffered them to hang negligently on her shoulders; whether she shook the dice, waked the lyre, or filled the sparkling glass, — she was imitated by her votaries, who vied with each other in obsequiousness and reverence. All insisted on presenting their offerings; either their health, their fortunes, or their integrity. Though numbers incessantly disappeared, the assembly, receiving continual supplies, preserved its grandeur and its brilliancy. At the entrance I observed Vanity, fantastically crowned with flowers and feathers, to whom the fickle deity committed the initiation of her votaries. These having fluttered as gaily as their predecessors, in a few moments vanished, and were succeeded by others. All who rejected the solicitations of Vanity, were compelled to enter by Ridicule, whose shafts were universally dreaded. Even Literature, Science, and Philosophy were obliged to comply. Those only escaped who were concealed beneath the veil of Obscurity. As I gazed on this glittering scene, having declined the invitation of Vanity, Ridicule shot an arrow from her bow, which pierced my heart: I fainted, and in the violence of my agitation awakened.'

To judge from the type in which they were printed, and the places assigned to them in the columns of Mr. Sylvanus Urban, that practised judge of literary merit appears to have attached no great value to the lucubrations of 'The Scribbler,' and they were discontinued after September 1781. The author of the 'Table Talk' states that he was present when Mr. Rogers tore to pieces, and threw into the fire, a manuscript operatic drama, the 'Vintage of Burgundy,' which he had written early in life. 'He told me he offered it to a manager, who said, "I will bring it on the stage if you are determined to have it acted, but it will certainly be damned."' Unless this drama was composed wholly or in part between 1781 and 1786, we must conclude that this interval was employed in preparing for his first public appearance as a poet, which was not unlikely, considering the amount of *limæ labor et mora* that he was wont to devote to his compositions. The 'Ode to Superstition, with some other Poems,' was published in 1786. It was an eighteenpenny quarto of twenty-

six pages, after the fashion of the times, when the eye was relieved by 'rivulets of text running through meadows of margin.' He is reported as saying: 'I wrote it whilst in my teens, and afterwards touched it up. I paid down to the publisher 30*l.* to insure him from being a loser by it. At the end of four years, I found that he had sold about twenty copies.' However, 'I was consoled by reading in a critique on the Ode that I was "an able writer" or some such expression.'

Whoever lived much with him will remember, that any reference to the 'Ode,' was the inevitable prelude to the production of the volume containing the critique,—the 'Monthly Review,' December 1786. It began thus:—'In these pieces we perceive the hand of an able master. The Ode to Superstition is written with uncommon boldness of language and strength of diction. The author has collected some of the most striking historical facts, to illustrate the tyranny of the demon he addresses, and has exhibited them with the fire and energy proper to lyric poetry. The following stanzas are particularly excellent.' The reviewer then quotes, without remarking the resemblance, the very stanzas or strophes which are most palpably imitated from Gray's Bard. Dryden's magnificent lyrical burst was also copied in parts, and the result recalls the fable of the ambitious frog, or reminds us of 'all the contortions of the Sybil without one particle of her inspiration.' Almost the only lines which do not creak, groan and tremble with the strain, or which bear token of his subsequently matured preference for simple uninverted language, are the following:—

'Hark? who mounts the sacred pyre,
Blooming in her bridal vest:
She hurls the torch! she fans the fire!
To die is to be blest.
She clasps her lord to part no more,
And sighing, sinks! but sinks to soar.'

'Thou spak'st, and lo! a new creation glowed.
Each unhewn mass of living stone
Was clad in horrors, not its own,
And at its base the trembling nations bowed.
Giant Error, darkly grand,
Grasped the globe with iron hand.'

The wonder is, that whilst imitating Gray, Rogers was not irresistibly and exclusively attracted by the 'Elegy.' One would have thought that Rogers, of all others, would have been fascinated by the exquisite finish and sober grace of that incomparable performance. But it was easier to mimic the clamour

of the dithyrambic ode than to catch the pathos and simplicity of the 'Elegy' or the 'Ode to Eton College.'

Mr. Rogers's compositions down to this time, both in verse and prose, leave the impression that he was extremely anxious to write without having anything to write about. He had sharpened and polished his tools, and had acquired no slight dexterity in the use of them, but materials were altogether wanting. He had laid up no stock of thought, sentiment, or observation worthy of being worked up or moulded into form; and his attempts to compensate for this deficiency by artificial fire, borrowed movements, and forced enthusiasm, proved about as successful as those of the German baron who jumped over the chairs and tables to acquire vivacity. Rogers, however, was not to be dispirited by failure. He at length hit upon the right vein, and from the moment he discovered that he was destined to excel by grace, elegance, subdued sentiment, and chastened fancy — not by fervid passion, lofty imagination, or deep feeling, — his poetic fortune was made.

During the six years that elapsed before he again ventured into print, he visited Paris and Edinburgh, conversed with some who were acting as well as with those who were writing history, and indefinitely extended his knowledge of books, of external nature, of social systems, and of mankind. The first-fruits were the 'Pleasures of Memory,' published with the name of the author in 1792.

The epoch was fortunately hit upon or judiciously chosen. The old school was wearing out, and the new had not commenced. The poem struck into the happy medium between the precise and conventional style, and the free and natural one. The only competitor formidable from newly acquired popularity, was Cowper. Crabbe's fame was then limited: Darwin never had much: and Burns, incomparably the greatest poetic genius of his generation (1759–1796), was not appreciated in England in his lifetime, or something better than an exciseman's place would have been bestowed upon him. We are therefore not surprised at the immediate success of Rogers's second and better calculated experiment on the public taste. Yet with undeniable merits of a high order, it had little of the genuine inspiration of original genius. The strongest proof of its deficiency in this respect is that, although it has long taken its place as an English classic, none of its mellifluous verses or polished images are freshly remembered, like 'The coming events cast their shadows before,' of Campbell: or the 'Oh, woman in our hours of ease,' of Scott; or the 'Oh, ever thus from childhood's hour,' of Moore; or the 'He who hath bent him o'er the dead,' of

Byron; or the 'Creature not too bright or good,' of Wordsworth. Any zealous admirer of these writers will be ready at any moment to justify his or her admiration, by quoting passage after passage. Where is the zealous admirer of Rogers's poetry, who feels qualified, without adequate preparation, to recite six consecutive lines from the 'Pleasures of Memory?' Yet the most cursory reader will light upon many passages of great elegance of expression, impaired by unmeaning antithesis and incessant alliteration, and seldom relieved by originality of thought or novelty of metaphor. The commencement, and indeed almost everything rural or pastoral in the poem, is too redolent of Goldsmith; and in minute description, Rogers provokes compromising comparisons with Crabbe; but he has never been excelled in the art of blending fancy and feeling with historic incident and philosophical reflection, as in the passage beginning —

'So Scotia's Queen, as slowly dawned the day,
Rose on her couch, and gazed her soul away.'

The next line is spoiled by an inversion, and we pass on to —

'Thus kindred objects kindred thoughts inspire,
As summer clouds flash forth electric fire.
And hence this spot gives back the joys of youth,
Warm as the life, and with the mirror's truth.
Hence homefelt pleasure prompt the Patriot's sigh,
This makes him wish to live and dare to die.

And hence the charm historic scenes impart;
Hence Tiber awes, and Avon melts the heart;
Aërial forms, in Tempe's classic vale,
Glance through the gloom, and whisper in the gale,
In wild Vaucluse with love and Laura dwell,
And watch and weep in Eloisa's cell.'

The fondness for alliteration displayed in this poem attracted the attention of the critics; and Rogers used to say that a proposed emendation in the second of the following lines, which form the commencement of the second part, was the best suggestion he ever received from a reviewer —

'Sweet Memory, wafted by thy gentle gale,
Oft up the stream of Time I turn my sail.'

The critic's suggestion was that, to complete the alliteration, the line should stand thus —

'Oft up the stream of Time I turn my tail.'

The 'Pleasures of Memory' ends thus: —

'Hail, Memory, hail! in thy exhaustless mine
From age to age unnumbered treasures shine:
Thought and her shadowy brood thy call obey,
And Place and Time are subject to thy sway;
Thy pleasures most we feel, when most alone,
The only pleasures we can call our own.
Lighter than air, Hope's summer visions die;
If but a fleeting cloud obscure the sky;
If but a beam of sober reason play,
Lo, Fancy's fairy frost work melts away!
But can the wiles of Art, the grasp of Power,
Snatch the rich relics of a well-spent hour?
These, when the trembling spirit wings her flight,
Pour round her path a stream of living light;
And gild those pure and perfect realms of rest,
Where Virtue triumphs, and her sons are blest.'

These are the lines which Mackintosh, thereby giving the measure of his own poetic feeling, used to say were equal to the closing lines of the 'Dunciad.' This was like saying that Virgil's apostrophe to Marcellus is equal to Homer's battle of the gods, the style being essentially distinct; and the only real question is, whether any given degree of grace or sentiment can be placed on a level with the corresponding degree of grandeur or sublimity. We are by no means sure that, if it were necessary to challenge a comparison with Pope, we should not rather rely on one of the passages in which Rogers, by dint of finely-shaded language and felicitous illustration, invests the description of a familiar phenomenon in mental philosophy with the most seductive charms of sensibility and poetry. For example: —

'Ah! who can tell the triumphs of the mind,
By truth illumined, and by taste refined?
When age has quenched the eye, and closed the ear,
Still nerved for action in her native sphere,
Oft will she rise — with searching glance pursue
Some long-loved image vanished from her view;
Dart thro' the deep recesses of the past,
O'er dusky forms in chains of slumber cast;
With giant grasp fling back the folds of night,
And snatch the faithless fugitive to light.
So thro' the grove the impatient mother flies,
Each sunless glade, each secret pathway tries;
Till the thin leaves the truant boy disclose,
Long on the wood-moss stretched in sweet repose.'

Why verses like these should have failed to lay fast and durable hold on the public imagination, is a problem well worthy

of critical examination. The most plausible solution is suggested by their want of simplicity and spontaneity. Their linked sweetness is too long and elaborately drawn out for such a purpose; and the very symmetry and artistic finish of a production may militate against its general popularity. When Campbell complained to James Smith of not having been included in the 'Rejected Addresses,' he was politely assured that to parody his poetry was as impossible as to caricature his handsome and regular features. 'I should like to be amongst 'them for all that,' was his remark; and he was right, if he valued notoriety as well as solid fame; for what cannot be parodied will not be so often quoted, nor so freshly remembered. In the preface to the annotated edition of the 'Rejected Addresses,' Rogers and Campbell are placed on the same footing, and their common exclusion is justified on the same complimentary principle. To 'The Pleasures of Memory,' in addition to the invaluable service which it rendered literature by its purity of language and chasteness of tone, which immediately became the objects of improving imitation and elevating rivalry, must be assigned the honour of having suggested 'The Pleasures of Hope.'

Rather more than another lustrum was to elapse before Rogers had hived up enough for another publication. His 'Epistle to a Friend, with other Poems,' appeared in 1798. The 'Epistle' is a vehicle for conveying, after the manner of Horace and (in parts) of Pope, the writer's notions of social comfort and happiness, as dependent upon, or influenced by, the choice of residence, furniture, books, pictures, and companions, — subjects on all of which he was admirably qualified to speak. His precepts are delivered in a series of graceful couplets, and enforced by authorities collected in the notes. Of course, he is all for modesty, simplicity, and retirement, — what poet or poetaster is not? — with about the same amount of practical earnestness as Grattan, when he declared he could be content in a small neat house, with cold meat, bread, and beer, *and plenty of claret*; or as a couple from May Fair, who, when they talk of love in a cottage, are dreaming of a cottage like the dairy-house at Taymouth or Cashiobury. All Rogers wanted, was to be able to enjoy every pleasure or luxury he really cared about; and as he did not care about a numerous establishment or a large house, the model villa to which he invites his friend is of restricted dimensions —

'Here no state chambers in long line unfold,
Bright with broad mirrors, rough with fretted gold;'

Yet modest ornament with use combined,
 Attracts the eye to exercise the mind.
*Small change of scene, small space his home requires,
 Who leads a life of satisfied desires.'*

This strikes us to be what Partridge would call a *non sequitur*. Like the Presbyterian divine who, after praying that all the lady of the manor's desires might be gratified, judiciously added, 'provided they be virtuous,' — Rogers should have added 'provided they be limited.' The spendthrift who complained there was no living in England like a gentleman under forty thousand a year, would not have led a life of satisfied desires, with small change of scene, or small space to disport in.

Nothing in their way can be better than the fourteen lines in which the poet inculcates the wise doctrine, that engravings and copies from the best pictures and statues are far preferable to mediocre or second-rate originals. The ornaments of the rustic bath, also, are happily touched off, and the 'Description of Winter' is marked by the same delicate fancy which is displayed in the 'Rape of the Lock' on a different class of phenomena: —

'When Christmas revels in a world of snow,
 And bids her berries blush, her carols flow:
 His spangling shower when Frost the wizard flings,
 Or, borne in ether blue, on viewless wings,
O'er the white pane his silvery foliage weaves,
 And gems with icicles the sheltering caves,—
 Thy muffled friend his nectarine wall pursues' —

There is no disputing the eye for nature which fixed and carried off the image of the silvery foliage woven on the white pane. At one of his Sunday breakfasts, he had quoted with decided commendation Leigh Hunt's couplet on a fountain (in 'Rimini'), — also selected by Byron as one of the most poetical descriptions of a natural object he was acquainted with: —

'Clear and compact, till at its height o'er run,
 It shakes its loos'ning silver in the sun.'

'I give my vote,' said one of the guests, for

"*O'er the white pane its silvery foliage weaves*" —

And Rogers looked for a moment as if he were about to reenact Parr's reception of the flattering visitor at Birmingham.

Fourteen years elapsed between the publication of the 'Epistle to a Friend,' and 'Columbus,' which formed part of a new edition of his poems in 1812, and was followed by 'Jacqueline' in 1814. We look upon both these productions

as mistakes, especially the first, which is a kind of fragmentary epic, and deals with topics requiring the highest order of imagination to invest them with fitting grandeur and interest. When chasms are left in the narrative, and an author only professes to open glimpses into the past or the future, he can claim no allowance for Homeric slumbers, — for tameness of diction, or for extravagance of invention. Each detached scene or picture should be complete in its way, for the very reason that it is detached. Rogers, however, has done little more than versify, with less than his usual attention to metre and rhythm, the well-known events in the lives and adventures of Columbus and his companions, interspersed with imitations of Dante, Virgil, and Euripides. His machinery is an *unhappy* medium between Pope's and Milton's; and when he made an American deity, or angel of darkness, hight Merion, rise 'in pomp of plumage,' in the shape of a condor, to descend and 'couch on 'Roldan's ample breast' in the shape of a vampire, he delivered himself, bound hand and foot, into the hands of the scorner. How he could have read over the following passage of 'The Argument,' without becoming aware of his danger, would be a mystery to us were we less familiar with the weaknesses of authors when their offspring is concerned: —

'Alarm and despondence on board. He (Columbus) resigns himself to the care of Heaven, and proceeds on his voyage. Meanwhile the deities of America assemble in council, and one of the Genii, the gods of the islanders, announces his approach. "In vain," says he, "have we guarded the Atlantic for ages. A mortal has baffled our power; nor will our votaries arm against him. Yours are a sterner race. Hence, and while we have recourse to stratagem, do you array the nations round your altars, and prepare for an exterminating war." They disperse *while he is yet speaking*, and in the shape of a Condor, he directs his flight to the fleet. His journey described. He arrives there.'

We wish we could add that the conception is redeemed or exalted by the execution; but the perusal of the poem is rendered positively disagreeable by the breaks, the obscurity, and the constant straining after effect. The most successful contrivance is the use made of the trade-winds; the water-spouts of the New World, also, are felicitously introduced: —

'And see the heavens bow down, the waters rise,
And, rising, shoot in columns to the skies,
That stand, and still when they proceed, retire, —
As in the Desert burned the sacred fire,
Moving in silent majesty. — till Night
Descends and shuts the vision from their sight.'

The scorner speedily came forth in the guise of a candid friend. The late Lord Dudley (then Mr. Ward) reviewed 'Columbus' in the 'Quarterly Review' in a tone of calculated depreciation, made more incisive by the affectation of respect. The poet's feelings may be fancied when he read the polished quiz upon his deities and his condor, and was asked, 'what but 'extreme haste and carelessness could have occasioned the 'author of the "Pleasures of Memory" to mistake for verse 'such a line as —

' "There silent sate many an unbidden guest."'

This line will not be found in the later editions, but the two following are in the last —

'And midway on their passage to eternity.' (Canto 1.)

'That world a prison-house, full of sights of woe.' (Canto 12.)

Nor would Rogers have shown much indulgence for couplets like these by another : —

'Right through the midst, when fetlock deep in gore,
The great Gonzalvo battled with the Moor.'

'He said, he drew : then at his master's frown,
Sullenly sheath'd, plunging the weapon down.'

The first of these might lead a superficial or ill-informed reader to suppose that the great Gonzalvo was a Centaur; and the second is much like saying —

'Swallowed the loaf, gulping each morsel down.'

Ward had greatly aggravated his offence by communicating with his intended victim on the subject of the criticism during its composition; and he well merited the characteristic retaliation which it provoked —

'Ward has no heart, they say; but I deny it.
He has a heart, and gets his speeches by it.'

According to the author of the 'Table Talk,' Rogers confessed to having written this epigram, 'with a little assistance 'from Richard Sharp.' One day, he adds, while Rogers was on bad terms with Ward, Lady D. said to him, 'Have you seen 'Ward lately?' 'What Ward?' 'Why, our Ward, of course.' 'Our Ward! — you may keep him all to yourself.'

Ward was not a man to be behindhand in this kind of contest; and his adversary's cadaverous complexion afforded as ample material for jocularities as his own alleged want of heart. Indeed, Jack Bannister remarked that more good things had been said and written on Rogers's face than on that of the

greatest beauty. It was Ward who asked him why, now that he could afford it, he did not set up his hearse; and it was the same sympathising companion who, when Rogers repeated the couplet, —

‘The robin, with his furtive glance,
Comes and looks at me askance,’

struck in with, ‘If it had been a carrion crow, he would have looked you full in the face.’

Mackintosh made a gallant effort in this Review (No. 43. Nov. 1813) to neutralise the corrosive sublimate of Ward’s article; but impartial opinion concurred in the main with the less favourable judgment, and even the *Vision* (Canto 12.), which both agreed in praising, is not free from the prevalent faults of the poem, — obvious effort, abruptness, and obscurity.

Matters were not much improved by the publication, two years later (1814), of ‘*Jacqueline*,’ in the same volume with ‘*Lara*,’ which suggested the notion of an innocent maiden choosing a high-bred rake for her travelling companion. If she preserved her virtue, she was tolerably sure to lose her reputation; and

‘Pretty Miss Jacqueline,
With her nose aquiline,’

afforded fine sport to the wits and to her noble yoke-fellow amongst the rest. The ‘*Corsair*’ had already got his Kaled, a young lady who did not stand upon trifles and wore small clothes. How, in a corrupt age, could Jacqueline hope to obtain a preference by dint of the gentle virtues, even though

‘Her voice, whate’er she said, enchanted;
Like music, to the heart it went.
And her dark eyes, — how eloquent!
Ask what they would, ’twas granted.’

Some years since, a story got about touching an application from an American lady of distinction for a ball-ticket for a female friend who was staying with her. The request was politely declined, and the applicant wrote to express her surprise at the slight put upon a young lady ‘who, in her own country, was more in the habit of granting favours than of asking them.’ ‘She must be like my *Jacqueline*,’ said Rogers, when he heard the story; ‘for Byron would always have it that the line —

“Ask what *they* would, ’twas granted,”

‘did not necessarily refer to her eyes.’

We had some hopes of *Jacqueline*, when she left her paternal abode at midnight ‘a guilty thing and full of fears,’ or she

might have made a sensation by getting drowned, like Lord Ullin's daughter, when

'One lovely arm was stretched for aid,
And one was round her lover.'

But when, after so much preliminary weeping and melancholy, it turns out that her departure was *pour le bon motif*, and that D'Arcay's intentions were all along honourable: when she returns safe and sound, in person and reputation, hanging on the arm of a young husband, to ask and obtain an aged father's blessing, — readers, with palates vitiated by more stimulating food, might be excused for exclaiming like Sheridan when the servant threw down the platewarmer without damage to its contents — 'Why, — it, sir, have you made all that noise for 'nothing?'

Rogers was, but we really think had no great cause or right to be, very angry at the brief notice taken of this poem in Mr. George Ellis's review of the 'Corsair' and 'Lara' (in the 'Quarterly Review,' vol. ii. p. 428.), as 'the highly refined, 'but somewhat insipid, pastoral tale of "Jacqueline." Lady Byron is reported to have told Rogers in 1851, at Brighton, that her liege lord, on reading Ellis's article, had said, 'The man's a fool. "Jacqueline" is as superior to "Lara," as Rogers is to me.' We might suspect a double meaning in these words, as in Porson's remark that 'Madoc will be read when Homer and Virgil are forgotten.' But Lord Byron had said nearly the same thing in the preface to the joint publication; and in his Diary of Nov. 23. 1813 (published by Moore), after saying that 'Scott is undoubtedly the monarch of Parnassus, and the 'most English of bards,' he continues: 'I should place Rogers 'next in the living list. I value him more, as the last of the 'best school; Moore and Campbell both third. At the same time, he could hardly have helped seeing that 'Jacqueline' did not belong to the best school (Pope's): and that to couple this poem with 'Lara' was as suicidal or self-sacrificing an act in Rogers, as Byron would have committed, had he consented to print his 'Hints from Horace' (which he himself originally preferred to 'Childe Harold') in the same volume with 'Human Life.'

In 'Human Life,' published in 1819, Rogers was himself again. In it and by it, in our opinion, his genius, if not his fame, reached the culminating point. The subject, or rather range of subjects, exactly suited him; and in this, the masterpiece of his matured powers, he occasionally combines the worldly wisdom of Horace, the glancing philosophy of Pope, the tender melancholy of Goldsmith, and Cowper's mastery

over domestic scenes and affections, with an elevation and comprehensiveness of view which have been rarely, if ever, attained by either of them. The similarity in parts to Schiller's 'Song of the Bell' is certainly striking; but the common character of the subject, and the widely different style of versification, completely repel all suspicion of plagiarism.

Nothing can be happier than the rapid introductory sketch of the four epochs — the birth, the coming of age, the marriage, and the death, of the proprietor of the old manor-house; for example:—

'And soon again shall music swell the breeze;
Soon issuing forth, shall glitter through the trees,
Vestures of nuptial white; and hymns be sung,
And violets scattered round; and old and young,
In every cottage porch with garlands green,
Stand still to gaze, and, gazing, bless the scene.
While her dark eyes declining, by his side,
Moves in her virgin veil, the gentle bride.'

Spenser himself never painted with words more distinctly; though when the Faery Queen was read aloud to an old lady deprived of sight, she remarked that it was as if a succession of pictures had been held up before her. Admirably, again, is indicated that instinctive sense of immortality, — that vague longing for something better than the evanescent realities of life, — by which the noblest minds are stimulated and disturbed unceasingly. We refer the reader to the passage beginning —

'Do what he will, he cannot realise
Half he conceives, the glorious vision flies.
Go where he may, he cannot hope to find,
The truth, the beauty, pictured in his mind.'

The expansion and effusion of heart, with the delicious interchange of thought and feeling, which follow the acceptance of the lover by his future wife, are thus described: —

'Then come those full confidings of the past;
All sunshine now, where all was overcast.
Then do they wander till the day is gone,
Lost in each other; and when night steals on,
Covering them round, how sweet her accents are!
Oh when she turns and speaks, her voice is far,
Far above singing! but soon nothing stirs
To break the silence, joy like his, like hers,
Deals not in words. And now the shadows close,
Now in the glimmering, dying light she grows
Less and less earthly! As departs the day,
All that was mortal seems to melt away,
Till, like a gift resumed as soon as given,
She fades at last into a spirit from heaven.'

Schiller takes the comparatively prosaic view of marriage, as the death of sentiment, and the grave of romance.* Rogers strikes into a more original and (all things considered) perhaps truer vein. At least for the credit of poor human nature, we will hope so: He bids the young bridegroom to regard his bride, as 'a guardian angel o'er his life presiding;' and warns both of them in lines that deserve to be written in letters of gold over every hearth, that —

'The soul of music slumbers in the shell,
Till waked and kindled by the master's spell;
And feeling hearts, touch them but lightly, pour
A thousand melodies unheard before.'

As we proceed from love and marriage to the closing scene, the death-bed, our admiration is still, with few pauses or interruptions, on the ascending scale: —

'When on his couch he sinks at last to rest,
Those by his counsel saved, his power redress'd,

Come and stand round — the widow and her child,
As when she first forgot her tears and smiled.
They who watch by him see not, but he sees,
Sees and exults — Were ever dreams like these?
Those who watch by him, hear not; but he hears,
And Earth recedes, and Heaven itself appears!'

The four concluding lines are genuine poetry. They will bear any test or criterion, and will fare best by being tried by Wordsworth's, — the extent to which the imagination blends itself with the scene supposed to be passing, and realises it to the mind's eye.

The first part of 'Italy' was published anonymously in 1822; and the secret must have been tolerably well kept for a period, since the 'Literary Gazette' confidently attributed the authorship to Southey. The poem was subsequently completed at intervals; and in its finished state, offers a rich repast to the scholar, the virtuoso, and the lettered traveller. No one would have exclaimed more enthusiastically, or with less call for factitious warmth, than Rogers: 'Far from me, and my friends, be such frigid philosophy as may conduct us indifferent and unmoved over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue;' and, go where he would, his

* 'Mit dem Gürtel, mit dem Schleier,
'Reisst der schöne Wahn entzwei.'

(*Das Lied von der Gloche.*)

memory was stored with every description of image or incident, that could evoke, or harmonise with, the genius of the place.

There is a great deal more to see and feel in Italy, than objects or impressions that the classic student can alone, or best, appreciate. She has been three times the mistress of the world,—by Arms, by Art, by Faith; and her mediæval annals teem with the genuine romance of history. Venice, Padua, Ferrara, Bologna, Florence, Rome, Naples,—each of these names opens a separate treasure-house of associations; and to enjoy and fully profit by his tour, the traveller should have read Guicciardini, Giannone, Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio, Vasari, besides Pliny, Horace, and Virgil; to say nothing of a trained eye for the masterpieces of painting, sculpture, and architecture. Rogers had enough of all for an accomplished traveller, and perhaps more than enough for the poet who was to celebrate what he saw. His mind was obviously overlaid by his acquired knowledge: his invention was stifled by his memory: when he wished to record an impression, he involuntarily reverted to what an admired author had said on the same subject; and we strongly suspect that what really charms so many cultivated readers of this poem, is that they so frequently find their favourite passages reproduced with a certain air of novelty. Thus the fine passage beginning

‘O Italy, how beautiful thou art!’

recalls Filicaja’s famous sonnet; and

‘The very dust we tread, stirs as with life,’

comes too near

‘Pause, for thy tread is on a nation’s dust.’

His reflections on entering Rome are tame for poetry, and will not bear a comparison with Alison’s (in his ‘Essay on Taste’), although conveyed in the humbler vehicle of prose. Rogers is more at home in the Campagna of Rome, at Venice, on approaching Genoa from the sea, or on the Alps, in ascending and descending which he is inspired with what strikes us as the finest and truest of his descriptive passages.

‘Italy’ was the last of Rogers’s formal and deliberate appeals to the public; although down to his ninetieth year he occasionally wrote verses, and, whilst his mental powers lasted, he was unceasingly occupied in polishing his couplets and correcting or enriching his notes. A bear keeping itself alive by sucking its paws, was suggested as a parallel case, and was repeated to him. The real culprit, on being charged with the simile,

coolly assigned it to Luttrell, who laughingly consented to accept it 'with its responsibilities;' and it is by no means a bad illustration of the manner in which Rogers coddled and dandled his literary productions and reputation to the last. The result is that he has left in the shape of notes, or episodic narratives (like *Montorio*, and the *Bag of Gold*, in 'Italy'), the choicest collection of anecdotes and quotations, and some of the most exquisite pieces of prose composition in the language. Where do we find more happily expressed than in the introductory paragraphs of '*Marco Griffoni*,' a train of reflection which recent events have forced upon mankind all the world over?

'War is a game at which all are sure to lose, sooner or later, play they how they will; yet every nation has delighted in war, and none more in their day than the little republic of Genoa, whose galleys, while she had any, were always burning and sinking those of the Pisans, the Venetians, the Greeks, or the Turks: Christian and infidel alike to her.

'But experience, when dearly bought, is seldom thrown away altogether. A moment of sober reflection came at last: and after a victory the most splendid and ruinous of any in her annals, she resolved from that day and for ever to live at peace with all mankind; having in her long career acquired nothing but glory, and a tax on every article of life.'

Mackintosh used to cite the short essay on 'National Prejudices' in 'Italy,' as perfect both in thought and style. The following paragraphs will enable the reader to estimate the justness of this commendation. The immediate topic is the prevalence of assassination at Rome:—

'It would lessen very much the severity with which men judge of each other, if they would but trace effects to their causes, and observe the progress of things in the moral as accurately as in the physical world. When we condemn millions in the mass as vindictive and sanguinary, we should remember that, wherever justice is ill-administered, the injured will redress themselves. Robbery provokes to robbery: murder to assassination. Resentments become hereditary; and what began in disorder, ends as if all Hell had broke loose.

'Laws create a habit of self-restraint, not only by the influence of fear, but by regulating in its exercise the passion of revenge. If they overawe the bad by the prospect of a punishment certain and well-defined, they console the injured by the infliction of that punishment; and, as the infliction is a public act, it excites and entails no enmity. The laws are offended; and the community for its own sake pursues and overtakes the offender; often without the concurrence of the sufferer, sometimes against his wishes.

'Now those who were not born, like ourselves, to such advantages, we should surely rather pity than hate; and, when at length they

venture to turn against their rulers, we should lament, not wonder at their excesses; remembering that nations are naturally patient and long suffering, and seldom rise in rebellion till they are so degraded by a bad government as to be almost incapable of a good one.'

One of Rogers's peculiar fancies was that all the best writers might be improved by condensation; and it was vain to warn him that to strip Jeremy Taylor or Burke of what he called redundancies overlaying the sense, was like stripping a tree of its blossoms and foliage, with the view of bringing out the massive roundness of the trunk. 'There,' he exclaimed one evening, after displaying one of Burke's noblest effusions (in which every word has its appointed task) reduced to less than one half of its original dimensions, — 'there, concentrated as it now is, 'it would blow up a cathedral.' 'Not,' he added after a short pause, 'that Burke would like it to be used for such a purpose.' In a note to the last canto of 'Columbus,' may be seen a specimen of this system of condensation; the famous passage in which the Angel addresses Lord Bathurst, being reduced to little more than a *caput mortuum*. It was a constant source of triumph to him that he had told within the compass of a moderate paragraph, an anecdote to which Wordsworth devotes twenty-three lines of verse, and Mr. Milnes twenty-eight. It stands thus in Rogers's prose version: —

'You admire that picture, said an old Dominican to me at Padua, as I stood contemplating a Last Supper in the refectory of his convent, the figures as large as the life. I have sat at my meals before it for seven and forty years; and such are the changes that have taken place among us — so many have come and gone in the time — that, when I look upon the company there — upon those who are sitting at that table, silent as they are — I am sometimes inclined to think that we, and not they, are the shadows.' (*Italy*, p. 312.)

There was one consequence of having printed his best anecdotes to which Rogers submitted reluctantly. He was loth to surrender the privilege of relating them; and he was comically perplexed between the pleasure of having told what was accepted as new by the company, and his disappointment at finding that his cherished notes had been forgotten or never read at all. 'You don't seem to know where that comes from,' became at last his too frequent reproach to a friend, who knew all his notes by heart, yet listened to them with an air of interest. 'I will show you whether I do or not,' was the rejoinder; and during their two or three next meetings, he invariably gave the reference to each story as it was told. Rogers could not bear this, and a compromise was effected; he agreeing to give his auditor

credit for the knowledge which had only been suppressed from courtesy.

A portion of the 'parting word' which he addressed to the readers of 'Italy,' will form an apt introduction to our remarks on those features of his character and elements of his reputation which must be learnt and studied, apart from, and independently of, his writings:—

'Nature denied him much,
But gave him at his birth, what most he values;
A passionate love for music, sculpture, painting,
For poetry, the language of the gods,
For all things here, or grand or beautiful,
A setting sun, a lake among the mountains,
The light of an ingenuous countenance,
And what transcends them all, a noble action.
Nature denied him much, but gave him more;
And ever, ever grateful should he be,
Though from his cheek, ere yet the down was there,
Health fled; for in his heaviest hours would come
Gleams such as come not now; nor failed he then,
(Then and through life his happiest privilege)
Full oft to wander where the Muses haunt,
Smit with the love of song.'

Nature did not give him a passionate love for anything, animate or inanimate—

'Not his the wealth to some large natures lent'
Divinely lavish, even when misspent;
That liberal sunshine of exuberant soul,
Thought, sense, affection, warming up the whole.'

What she gave him—and a rich endowment it is—was an exquisite sensibility to excellence, or (what is nearly the same thing) the power of deriving gratification from the most refined objects of human enjoyment: and he devoted his long life to the cultivation of this faculty till it reached the highest degree of perfection to which taste, without enthusiasm and cultivated with an Epicurean aim, can be deemed capable of attaining.

So striking a confirmation of our own theory of his character has just reached us from an accomplished friend, who knew and loved him, that we are tempted to quote a part of it:—
'I believe no man ever was so much attended to and thought of, who had so slender a fortune and such calm abilities. His God was Harmony; and over his life Harmony presided sitting on a lukewarm cloud. He was *not* the poet, sage, and philosopher people expect to find he was; but a man in whom the tastes (rare fact) preponderated over the passions, who defrayed the expenses of his tastes as other men make outlay for

'the gratification of their passions. He did nothing rash. I am sure Rogers as a baby never fell down unless he was pushed; but walked from chair to chair in the drawing-room, steadily and quietly, till he reached the place where the sunbeam fell on the carpet. He must always have preferred a lullaby to the merriest game of romps; and, if he could have spoken, would have begged his long clothes might be made of fine mull muslin instead of cambric or jacquenot; the first fabric being of incomparable softness, and the two latter capable of that which he loathed, starch.'

Everything around and about him spoke the same language and told the same story. The voluminous catalogue of his accumulations has been recently perused by thousands; and his treasures have been laid bare for weeks to the inspection of connoisseurs under every disadvantage of confusion; yet (making due allowance for things, which, if they ever belonged to him, had been flung aside into drawers or cupboards,) the universal impression has been astonishment at the judgment, knowledge, forbearance, and eye for beauty throughout the whole range of art, displayed by the collector. It was said of a celebrated lawyer, that he had no rubbish in his head: it might have been said of Rogers (judging only from what met the eye) that he had no rubbish in his house. Varied as were his stores, they were not heaped one upon another, or thrown into incongruous heaps: his pictures, statues, bronzes, vases, medals, curious books, and precious manuscripts, simply supplied the place of the ordinary ornamental furniture of a gentleman's house; and there was nothing beyond their intrinsic excellence to remind the visitor that almost every object his eye fell upon was a priceless gem, a coveted rarity, or an acknowledged masterpiece. In this respect, as in most others, the superiority of the tenant of 22. St. James' Place to the fastidious lord of Strawberry Hill, shone conspicuous.

It should also be remembered that Rogers was at no time overburdened with superfluous wealth; and that sixty years since the patronage of art and literature was confined to the most opulent of our nobles and landed gentry; who devoted their thousands per annum to furnish a gallery, with the same indiscriminating prodigality with which their less polished compeers proceeded to form a racing stud. There were no railway kings, or Liverpool merchants, or Manchester manufacturers, to bid for Wilsons or Gainsboroughs, as they now bid for the productions, as fast as they can be finished, of Landseer, Leslie, Millais, Mulready, Hart, Roberts, Stansfield, or Maclise; nor, under any circumstances, would it be easy to over-estimate the beneficial influence of a judge and occasional purchaser, like Mr. Rogers,

mingling familiarly with artists, distinguishing genuine originality from its plausible counterfeit, encouraging the first faint struggles of modest merit, and controlling the extravagance into which genius is too often hurried by its characteristic rashness or self-confidence. Although his limited house-room and fortune commonly restricted his personal acquisitions to objects of known value, he had an almost unerring eye for coming success and celebrity. 'I envy and admire your courage 'in buying Turners,' was his remark to Mr. Munro of Novar, when that gentleman, in well-founded reliance on his own taste and knowledge, ventured to anticipate the verdict of posterity and Mr. Ruskin.'

The impression left on guests of taste, refinement, and sensibility is admirably described in the following lines by one of the most courted and esteemed of them :—

'Who can forget, who at thy social board
Hath sat, and seen the pictures richly stored,
In all their tints of glory and of gloom,
Brightening the precincts of thy quiet room ;
With busts and statues full of that deep grace
Which modern hands have lost the skill to trace ;
Fragments of beauty, perfect as thy song
On that sweet land to which they did belong, —
'Th' exact and classic taste by thee displayed ;
Not with a rich man's idle fond parade,
Not with the pomp of some vain connoisseur,
Proud of his bargains, of his judgment sure ;
But with the feelings kind and sad, of one
Who thro' far countries wandering hath gone,
And brought away dear keepsakes, to remind
His heart and home of all he left behind.'*

Amongst his 'fragments of beauty,' were some female hands and feet in marble, carefully preserved under glass cases which it was treason to remove. One evening after dinner, when the male guests rejoined the ladies in the drawing room, a beauty in the full flush of rank and fashion, whose lightest caprice was law, called to him to come and look at her feet, and he was not a little amused to find that she had disposed a pair of his marble models under her drapery so as to make them occupy the place of her own feet; and (barring nudity and immobility) they might have realised the tempting vision of Suckling :—

'Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice stole in and out,
As if they feared the light.'

* The Dream, and other Poems. By the Honourable Mrs. Norton.
p. 180.

The illustrated edition of 'Italy' was, we believe, the first instance in which (since Boydell's time) first class artists were engaged without regard to expense for such a purpose. It was speedily followed by a corresponding edition of the 'Poems'; and every succeeding reprint of Rogers's works has been enriched by engravings or vignettes from drawings or designs by the first of modern English painters, including Edwin Landseer, Eastlake, Turner, Stothard, and Calcott. Many of these are quite perfect in their way; and the author superintended the preparation of these illustrations with the same care with which he polished his own verses. The two first illustrated editions of 'Italy' and the 'Poems' cost the author about 15,000*l.*, and there was a period when the speculation threatened to be a losing one. Turner was to have received 50*l.* a piece for his drawings, but on its being represented to him that Rogers had miscalculated the probable returns, the artist (who has been ignorantly accused of covetousness) immediately offered to take them back; and it was eventually arranged that he should do so, receiving 5*l.* a piece for the use of them.

Rogers's musical taste was a natural gift, the result of organisation, and partook very slightly of the acquired or conventional quality. He delighted in sweet sounds, in soft flowing airs, in tunes linked with pleasing associations, and in simple melodies, rather than in complicated harmonies. He would have agreed with the critic, who on being informed that a brilliant performance just concluded was extremely difficult, ejaculated, 'I wish it had been impossible.' Amongst Italian composers, Bellini was his favourite. Although he was a constant attendant at the concerts of Ancient and sacred music, he had slight relish for the acknowledged masterpieces of Handel, Beethoven, or Mozart. When he dined at home and alone, it was his custom to have an Italian organ-grinder playing in the hall, the organ being set to the Sicilian Mariners' air and other popular tunes of the South. He kept nightingales in cages on his staircase and in his bedroom, closely covered up from the light, to sing to him. The morning was the time when he enjoyed music most: he would then listen for hours to female voices, and we need hardly add that he especially delighted in what may be called rather the musical recitation than the singing of Moore. Nothing annoyed him more than to hear the songs he loved profaned by inferior execution. 'Can you stay and bear it?' was his muttered remonstrance to a friend, whom he fairly dragged out of the room when an accomplished amateur was throwing as much soul as he could muster into —

'Give smiles to those who love you less,
But keep your tears for me.'

On another occasion, a breakfast party, one of the guests sang one of Moore's songs in Moore's presence to the evident discomposure of the poet. 'Well,' said Rogers, 'I have seen 'the bravest men of my time: I have seen Nelson, Wellington, 'and Ney, but our friend is the bravest of them all.'

One of the few passages of Shakspeare which he heard or repeated with complacency was:—

'Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low; an excellent thing in woman.'

Natural sweetness of tone, however, did not satisfy him either in reading or singing. One of his female acquaintance, whose voice is singularly rich and musical, relates that he once asked her to read out some MS. verses of Moore's or Byron's which were pasted on the fly-leaf of one of his books. What he called her sing-song mode of reading so irritated him, that he snatched the paper out of her hands and (to use her own words) read it aloud himself most touchingly and musically.

Mr. Rogers was hardly cold in his grave, when the book named at the head of this article appeared under the auspices of his confidential publisher, Mr. Moxon. On its announcement, our hopes rose high. If we despaired of another Boswell, we anticipated something not inferior to Hazlitt's 'Conversations 'with Northcote'; and ample materials might have been accumulated by a judicious note-taker for an entertaining and instructive volume, which would have done justice to the 'Talk' it aspired to record. We regret to be obliged to say that this book is in no one respect a creditable one; and the circumstance of its having been brought out anonymously throws the entire responsibility on the publisher, Mr. Moxon, whose long intimacy with Mr. Rogers ought to have made him more sensible of what was due to the memory of a benefactor.

In the first place, we denounce the dishonesty of printing as the 'Table Talk of Samuel Rogers' the half-remembered and garbled contents of sundry well-known copy-books, in which his recollections were set down in his own condensed and felicitous language. We allude particularly to his notes of conversations with Horner, Tooke, Grattan, Fox, Erskine, the Duke of Wellington, &c., which, we presume, are now in the possession of his executors, and some time or other will be accurately given to the world. As well might a note-keeping friend carry off an imperfect recollection of an original work that had been read to him in manuscript, and publish an alleged abstract of it for profit.

In the second place, we impugn the qualifications of the

compiler for his self-imposed task; for he has repeatedly made Rogers use the very phraseology he notoriously disliked, and fall into errors of which he would have been ashamed.

For example:—

‘I paid five guineas (in conjunction with Boddington) for a *loge* at Tooke’s trial. It was the custom in those days (and perhaps is so still) to place bunches of strong-smelling plants of different sorts at the bar, where the criminal was *to sit* (I suppose, to purify the air from the contagion of his presence!) This was done at Tooke’s trial: but, as soon as he was brought in, he indignantly swept them away with his handkerchief. The trial lasted six days. Erskine (than whom nobody had ever more power with the jury, — he would frequently address them as “his little-twelvvers”) defended Tooke most admirably.’ (p. 128.)

Rogers never spoke of having taken a *loge*, or a box either, on such an occasion. So nice an observer must have seen that bunches of strong-smelling plants or flowers were placed upon the cushions of the judicial bench as well as at the bar where the criminal *stands*; and he never could have understood Erskine as saying that he actually addressed a jury as ‘his little-twelvvers.’

The repartee given to Dunning (p. 56.), which was quite inapplicable to Lord Mansfield, is an old joke from Anstey’s ‘Pleader’s Guide’; and if Rogers (see p. 49.) really described Lord Ellenborough as endowed with ‘infinite wit,’ he probably gave some more convincing examples than the joke about Lord Kenyon’s ‘laying down’ his pocket-handkerchief, or than a touch of coarse humour like the following:—

‘A lawyer one day pleading before him, and using several times the expression “my unfortunate client,” Lord Ellenborough suddenly interrupted him: “There, sir, the court is with you”’

It was a young lawyer in his first case. He began, ‘My Lords, my unfortunate client. My Lords, my unfortunate client.’ ‘Proceed, sir,’ said Lord Ellenborough, ‘*so far* the court is quite with you.’

To tell correctly the well-known story of the wig would require more space than it is worth; and this compiler’s version of a shorter one will sufficiently illustrate his infelicity as a carrier of good things.

‘The English highwaymen of former days (indeed, the race is now extinct) were remarkably well-bred personages. Thomas Grenville, while travelling with Lord Derby, and Lord Tankerville, while travelling with his father, were attacked by highwaymen; on both occasions, six or seven shots were exchanged between them and the highwaymen; and when the parties assailed had expended all their

ammunition, the highwaymen came up to them, and took their purses in the politest manner possible.' (p. 198.)

According to Mr. Grenville, whom Rogers always conscientiously repeated, after the travellers had delivered up their purses, the highwaymen said, 'What scoundrels you must be, to interfere with gentlemen about their business on the road.' Mr. Grenville (and Rogers after him) used to follow up the story, by relating how, one night when he was walking down Hay Hill, he heard cries of 'stop thief,' and saw a man on horse-back dash down the steps of Lansdowne Passage, and escape; adding that, to prevent this happening again, the present iron bar was put up.

The following is another of Mr. Grenville's stories, which Rogers used to repeat correctly, and which the author of the 'Table Talk' has spoiled:—

'I have often heard the Duke of York relate how he and brother George (George the Fourth), when young men, were robbed by footpads on Hay Hill. They had dined that day at Devonshire House, and then gone home to lay aside their court dresses, and afterwards proceeded to a house of a certain description in the neighbourhood of Berkeley Square. They were returning from it in a hackney coach, late at night, when some footpads stopped them on Hay Hill, and carried off their purses, watches, &c.' (p. 162.)

The footpads were a party of their own wild set. It was a repetition of Prince Hal and Poins's frolic, except that royalty was passive instead of active this time; and the two princes showed the white feather so ludicrously, that the pretended footpads thought it best to pocket the booty and keep their own secret. The learned in French *ana* will remember that a similar trick was once attempted with Turenne, who showed his habitual courage and presence of mind. 'If you had succeeded in frightening me,' was his cool remark on the avowal of the frolic, 'I would have killed you and myself within the hour.'

The remarks on Mrs. Barbauld, attributed to Fox, are so vague and wide of the mark, that it is difficult to imagine Rogers repeating them without specifying their inaccuracies. Her 'Life of Richardson,' which Fox praises, was written in 1804. Her 'Books for Children' were written before the late Lord Denman, her pupil, had attained his fourth year. The 'First Lessons' were composed at an earlier period, for her adopted son, Charles Aikin. She wrote no more children's books when she had no children to educate; nor was it 'waste of talents' at any time to write such children's books as hers. When she had left off writing from domestic anxiety, Rogers urged her to re-

sume her pen; and he used a powerful incentive when he told her that Fox had pronounced her to be the first prose writer in the language.

During the closing years of his life, Rogers often told the same story with variations, and a duly qualified reminiscence might be expected to preserve the best version. The compiler of this book has commonly managed to select the worst. Let his account of the visit to Coleridge (p. 203.) be compared with the following from another source:—

‘Wordsworth and myself,’ said Rogers, ‘had walked to Highgate to call on Coleridge, when he was living at Gillman’s. We sat with him two hours, he talking the whole time without intermission. When we left the house, we walked for some time without speaking—“What a wonderful man he is!” exclaimed Wordsworth. “Wonderful,” indeed,” said I. “What depth of thought, what richness of expression!” continued Wordsworth. “There’s nothing like him that ever I heard,” rejoined I,—another pause. “Pray,” inquired Wordsworth. “did you precisely understand what he said about the Kantian philosophy?” R. “Not precisely.” W. “Or about the plurality of worlds?” R. “I can’t say I did. In fact, if the truth must out, “I did not understand a syllable from one end of his monologue to “the other.” W. “No more did I.”’

At p. 287. we find, ‘When his physician advised him to take a walk upon an empty stomach, Sydney Smith asked “upon whose?”’ The advice was to take *exercise*; and the joke is older than Sydney Smith; in justice to whom it should be added that he always indignantly repudiated the *foie gras* theory of Heaven attributed to him in the same passage.

At p. 288. Rogers is made to say, ‘Witty as Smith was, I have seen him at my own house absolutely overpowered by the superior *facetiousness* of William Bankes.’ This is preposterous. William Bankes certainly possessed extraordinary powers of conversation, but they were not in the facetious line, and he was no match for Sydney Smith. What Rogers said was that Bankes ‘got the first innings’ and kept it through two courses. The same gentleman once performed a similar exploit at Apsley House at a party made expressly for Sir Walter Scott. On this last occasion, whenever Bankes paused, a well-known reviewer (the agreeable individual whom the late Lord Rokeby christened the Bona Contradictor) struck in, and the result was, that the Author of Waverley’s voice was never heard at all. Unless (which was a rare occurrence) Sydney Smith became irritated, he was essentially well bred, and any one gifted with a loud voice and ready utterance might have talked him down.

Indications are not wanting that the compiler was not on such

intimate terms with Rogers as he would fain lead the purchasers of this volume to believe. Thus:—

‘At one time, when I gave a dinner, I used to have candles placed all round the dining room, and *high up*, in order to show off the pictures. I asked Smith how he liked this plan. “Not at all,” he replied, “*above* there is a blaze of light, and below, nothing but darkness and gnashing of teeth.”’ (p. 287.)

Any one who ever dined at Rogers’s must surely have remembered that the room was lighted by sconces fixed in the wall, and that the light, which was not ‘*high up*,’ was reflected from the pictures.

To demonstrate all the demerits of this book, would be to re-write half of it at least. Its merit or utility consists in the aid or stimulant it may supply to the recollections of others, and in its conveying some notion of the kind of conversation in which Rogers delighted. His choice of topics, if not his mode of treating them, may be collected from it. These were books, pictures, morals, manners, literary history, the drama, men and women of genius,—anything or everything but the idle gossip, the unideal chatter, half made up of proper names, in which the idle population of London contrive to occupy their time. A morning spent at his breakfast-table was almost invariably well spent. Vacant-minded and uncongenial was the man or woman who did not come away wiser or better.

Goethe says that one capital mode of preserving the mind healthful and the taste pure, is to begin the day by reading some good poetry, hearing some good music, and contemplating a fine picture. This is what Rogers literally did, and induced his guests to do. Most days when the party was small and disposed to linger over the intellectual portion of the entertainment, he would send for his favourite authors, and read aloud the passages he had marked, pausing at times to note the changes in his own or the popular appreciation. If a fine passage was alluded to by others, ‘Find it for me,’ was the word; and ‘Edmund,’ the most intelligent of improvised librarians, was despatched for the volume. ‘That lad,’ remarked Rogers, ‘would find not only any book *in* the house, but I begin to think, any book *out* of the house.’

Without going so far as Byron, who one day said to Moore, ‘Well, after all, Tom, don’t you think Shakspeare was some-thing of a humbug?’—Rogers had little real admiration for the greatest of poets: and he frequently read aloud from Ben Jonson’s ‘Discoveries’:—‘I remember the players have often mentioned as an honour to Shakspeare, that in his writings, whatsoever he penned, he never blotted out a line. My

'answer hath been, "Would he had blotted out a thousand!"' Rogers always laid a strong emphasis on the concluding sentence. He one morning challenged the company to produce a passage from Shakspeare which would not have been improved by blotting; and after picking many beautiful specimens to pieces, he was with difficulty silenced by the one beginning —

'How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank.'

A single inharmonious or superfluous word, like the crumpled rose-leaf on the couch, made him restless and captious, and his canons of criticism were fatal to most first-class poetry. He was constantly holding up to censure the remark of a brilliant and popular writer, that there is always something shadowy and vague in the very highest productions of the imagination; yet surely the very essence of sublimity is to be undefined and limitless —

'What *seemed* its head,
The likeness of a kingly crown had on.'

He is reported, we believe correctly, as saying, — 'When I was travelling in Italy, I made two authors my constant study for versification, — Milton and Crowe.' Yet Crowe's versification is commonly inharmonious, his descriptions are laboured, and his thoughts forced. The truth is, Rogers had little or none of the analytical or self-examining faculty, so indispensable in criticising either books or men. He bestowed praise or censure as he was pleased or displeased, without reflecting that when an impression is what the Germans call 'subjective,' it is a most deceptive test of merit or demerit in the object. Thus he once challenged his guests to produce a better verse than —

'Those who came to scoff, remained to pray;'

which has no one distinctive quality of poetry; and he could hardly be brought to admit the poetic superiority of another line in the same passage: —

'As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale and midway leaves the storm.'

Yet one of his own verses —

'And Earth recedes, and Heaven itself appears —'

is instinct with the same description of vitality.

In reading, he followed Bacon's maxim; to read much, not many things: *multum legere, non multa*. He used to say, 'When a new book comes out, I read an old one.' He often invited popular authors to his house, and spoke to them of their

writings, without having read a page of them. His first acquaintance with the many admirable creations of Mr. Dickens's genius was 'Little Nelly.' One of the last compositions which he read slowly and carefully, and praised emphatically, was the Duke of Newcastle's dispatch to Lord Raglan on the Battle of the Alma.

'Be it mine,' writes Gray, 'to lie all day long on a sofa and read eternal new novels of Marivaux and Crebillon.' This having been quoted at one of Rogers's breakfasts, at which three persons were present besides himself, he asked all in succession whether they had read 'Marianne.' They all replied in the negative. 'Then I will lend you each a copy,' and the three copies were immediately produced. He strongly denounced modern French novels. At a breakfast party, consisting of two gentlemen, and two young ladies of sixteen and seventeen with their governess, he produced Scribe's 'Tonadillas'; and after expatiating on the moral tendency of the first story, gave the two volumes to the young ladies to take home with them. The next morning, one of the male guests informed him of the true character of the book, all except the first story being in the most corrupting style of a corrupt school. He started off to redeem his error, but his fair friends had gone into the country and judiciously carried 'Tonadillas' along with them. 'You will never,' he vowed, 'see a modern French novel in my house again.'

He often read from his *Notes* Rousseau's profession of 'un goût vif pour les déjeuners. C'est le tems de la journée où nous sommes le plus tranquilles, où nous causons le plus à notre aise.' It was a current joke that he asked people to breakfast by way of probation for dinner; but his breakfast parties (till the unwillingness to be alone made him less discriminating) were made for those with whom he wished to live socially, and his dinners, comparatively speaking, were affairs of necessity or form. Even in his happiest moods, he was not convivial: his spirits never rose above temperate: he disliked loud talking or laughing; and unless some distinguished personage, or privileged wit, was there to break the ice and keep up the ball, the conversation at his dinners not unfrequently flagged. It seemed to be, and perhaps was, toned down by the subdued light, which left half the room in shadow and speedily awoke the fairer portion of the company to the disagreeable consciousness that their complexions were looking muddy and their toilettes the opposite of fresh. After making every allowance for this drawback, however, his dinners were justly reckoned amongst the pleasantest in Town; and all the

diaries of (or relating to) the celebrated characters that have figured on the stage of London life during the last fifty years, bear ample testimony to the fact. Moore's and Byron's alone commemorate remarkable parties enough to give their host immortality as an Amphytrion, and they show, moreover, that he never fell into the weakness of which he is made ('Table Talk,' p. 175.) to accuse Bishop Marlay, that of 'giving great dinners chiefly to people of rank and fashion, foolish men and foolish women.' Here are two extracts from Byron's Diary for 1814:—

'Sunday, March 6. On Tuesday last dined with Rogers: Madame de Staël, Mackintosh, Sheridan, Erskine, and Payne Knight, Lady Donegall and Miss R. there. Sheridan told a very good story of himself and Madame de Recamier's handkerchief. Erskine a few good stories of himself only.

'March 10th. Thor's day. On Tuesday dined with Rogers, Mackintosh, Sheridan, Sharpe. Much talk and good, all except my own little prattlement. Set down Sheridan at Brookes's, where, by the by, he could not well set down himself, as he and I were the only drinkers.'

Rogers used to relate that, when Madame de Staël first arrived in England in the fulness of her fame, she was invited to one of the large evening parties at Lansdowne House; and after deliberating on the best mode of making her *début*, she requested him to stand with her in a conspicuous portion of the chief saloon, so that she might be first seen by the London world of fashion and politics in close communion with literature.

During the last half of his life, most foreigners of distinction, with many who had no claim on his notice beyond avowed admiration or curiosity, made a point of getting introduced to him, and an introduction almost always implied an invitation to breakfast. He was partial to Americans, both out of gratitude for his popularity in the United States, and because they did not compel him to speak French, in which he never conversed fluently or at his ease. The author of the 'Table Talk' has transferred to Talleyrand's dinner-table a brief colloquy with Lamartine, which Rogers always used to mention as having occurred at one of his own breakfasts.

'Lamartine is a man of genius, but very affected. Talleyrand, when in London, invited me to meet him, and placed me beside him at dinner. I asked him, "Are you acquainted with Beranger?" "No: he wished to be introduced to me, but I declined it." "I would go," said I, "a league to see him." This was nearly all our conversation: he did not choose to talk. In short, he was so disagreeable, that, some days after, both Talleyrand and the Duchess di Dino apologised to me for his ill-breeding.' (p. 253.)

Circumstantial as is this version, we question its authenticity. Rogers, not allowing for the literary and political feuds of Paris (although he had lived in times when a Tory poet would not willingly have remained in the same room with a Radical), eagerly inquired of Lamartine, who doubtless thought himself a more legitimate subject of interest, what sort of a man Beranger was, and what he was about. '*Je ne le connais pas,*' said Lamartine. '*Je vous plains,*' rejoined Rogers.

He was still more unlucky with August von Schlegel, whom he asked if, since Goethe's death, there had been any poets in Germany. 'I am a poet,' was the indignant response.

Most appropriately might Rogers have exclaimed with Horace —

'Quicquid sum ego, quamvis
Infra Lucili censum ingeniumque, tamen me
Cum magnis vixisse invita futebitur usque
Invidia.'

The solid advantages of such a position are undeniable. The privilege of mingling in daily and familiar intercourse with the most eminent men and women of the age, and of going at once to the fountain-head for every description of knowledge, is a proud and enviable one; and in labouring hard for it, Rogers is not to be confounded with the mere lover of titles and fine company for their own sake. A cursory reference to the obstacles he had to surmount at starting, will serve the double purpose of illustrating his character, and of claiming for him the credit which is his due, for his subsequent exertions to level or lower the artificial barriers between the aristocracy of birth and rank and that of genius and intellect.

We learn from Moore that, when Sheridan came to Town with his first wife, it was a subject of anxious debate whether the son of a player could be received at Devonshire House, although that player was by birth and education a gentleman. An excuse is suggested by Miss Berry when, referring to the society which she had seen as a girl, she says:—'Authors, actors, composers, singers, musicians, were all equally considered as profligate vagrants. Those whose good taste, or whose greater knowledge of the world, led them to make some exceptions, were implicated in the same moral category.*' She adds in the next page:—'It was not till late in the reign of George III., that sculptors, architects, and painters (with the single ex-

* *England and France. A comparative view of the social condition of both countries.* By the Editor of Madame du Deffand's Letters, vol. ii. p. 42.

‘ception of Sir J. Reynolds) were received and formed a chosen part of the best and most chosen society in London.’

This statement is somewhat over-coloured, particularly so far as authors are concerned; although the lives led by some of the most eminent (Fielding for example), and the early struggles of others (as depicted in Johnson’s life of Savage), gave plausibility to the charge of profligacy and vagrancy. But it is an undoubted fact that successful authorship did not constitute a recommendation to the best society till long after Rogers had aspired to become a leading member of it; and his first cautious advances were made rather in the character of a liberal host than of a popular poet.* The completion of his house in St. James’s Place, in which he sought, not unsuccessfully, to carry out the views developed in his *Epistle to a Friend*, was probably the commencement of his career as a Mæcenas, a dinner-out and a dinner-giver of the first water. Yet some of the most distinguished of his connexions were formed at an antecedent period; and one of his best stories was of a dinner given by him, when he occupied chambers in the Temple†, to Fox, Sheridan, Erskine, Perry (of the *Morning Chronicle*), and other Whig notables.

The dinner had been ordered from the Mitre Tavern and was to arrive by instalments.‡ The appointed hour was past, yet not a dish had made its appearance. ‘I quietly stole out,’ continued Rogers, ‘and hurried to the Mitre. “What has become of my dinner?” I asked. “Your dinner, Sir, — your dinner is for to-morrow.” I stood aghast, and for a moment plans of suicidal desperation crossed my brain: when the tavern-keeper relieved me from my perplexity, by saying that he had so many dinners on hand, that mine, if ever ordered, had escaped his recollection altogether.’ “Many dinners on hand have you? then if you will send me the best dish from each of them, I will pay you double; and if you won’t, you shall never see my face again.” As I was a good

* See for example in Moore’s *Life of Byron*, or *Memoirs of Moore*, vol. viii. p. 97-98, the manner in which the reconciliation dinner for Moore and Byron was made up, Rogers not being then acquainted with the noble poet.

† His chambers were in Paper Buildings, and had been occupied by Lord Ellenborough. A new range has since been erected on the site.

‡ On the occasion of the Temple dinner, to which Sydney Smith was invited to meet Theodore Hook, he exclaimed as he came in: ‘I knew I was in time; for though the turtle had the start of me, I fairly headed the turbot.’

'customer, he chose the more prudent and profitable alternative ; and after an hour's waiting, my guests were seated and served. " And how did the dinner go off ? " " Oh, very well : they ' got a bad dinner, but they got a good story to tell against me. " The conclusion was characteristic ; for he himself would at any time have been consoled for a bad dinner by a good story against the host or the company.

There is another remarkable entry in Byron's Diary for Nov. 22. 1813 :—

'Rogers is silent,—and, it is said, severe, When he does talk, he talks well ; and, on all subjects of taste, his delicacy of expression is pure as his poetry. If you enter his house—his drawing room—his library—you of yourself say, this is not the dwelling of a common mind. There is not a gem, a coin, a book thrown aside on his chimney-piece, his sofa, his table, that does not bespeak an almost fastidious elegance in the possessor. *But this very delicacy must be the misery of his existence. Oh, the jarrings his disposition must have encountered through life !*

This leads us to the consideration of a well-known peculiarity in his mental construction, or acquired habits, which, strange to say, no one would so much as guess from the 'Table Talk'—namely, his mode of looking at, or placing, everything and everybody in the most disadvantageous point of view. Franklin, in his autobiography, mentions a gentleman who, having one very handsome and one shrivelled leg, was wont to test the disposition of a new acquaintance by observing whether he or she looked first or most at the best or worst leg. Rogers would have forfeited all chance of this gentleman's esteem at starting. Yet there was something irresistibly comic, rather than annoying or repulsive, in the pertinacity and ingenuity with which he indulged his caustic humour. We will give a few instances ; but the look, the manner, the tone of voice, and the precise emphasis laid on particular words, cannot be transferred to paper. So uncertain is testimony, and so frail is memory, that even the accuracy of the expressions can rarely be guaranteed.

'Is that the contents you are looking at ?' inquired an anxious author, who saw Rogers's eye fixed on a table or list at the commencement of a presentation copy of a new work. 'No,' said Rogers, pointing to the list of subscribers, 'the *discontents*.'

Rogers, as may be believed, was one of the earliest of Landseer's innumerable admirers. He was known to have spoken highly of the picture of a Newfoundland dog, entitled 'Portrait of a Distinguished Member of the Royal Humane Society.' On Landseer expressing his gratification, Rogers said : 'Yes, 'I thought the ring of the dog's collar well painted.'

He was returning from a dinner at — House with a friend, who began expatiating on the perfection of the hospitality which they had just enjoyed. ‘Did you observe how he helped the ‘fish?’ said Rogers.

He had lent 800*l.* to Moore, and as the fact was gratefully bruited about at the time, and is duly recorded in the published Diary, there was and is no harm in Rogers’s or our allusion to it. ‘When he repaid me the money,’ said Rogers, he exclaimed, ‘“There, thank God, I do not now owe a farthing in the world. “If he had been a prudent man, he would have reflected that “he had not got a farthing

On entering Moore’s parlour at Sloperton, and seeing it hung round with engraved portraits of Lord Grey, Lord John Russell, Lord Lansdowne, &c., Rogers remarked, ‘So, I see ‘you have all your *patrons* about you.’ ‘A good-natured man,’ characteristically observed Moore, when he told the story, ‘would have said *friends*.’

When he was speaking of some one’s marriage in his usual tone, he was reminded that the friends of the bridegroom were very much pleased at it. Rogers replied, ‘He’s a fortunate ‘man then, for his friends are pleased, and his enemies delighted.’

Whenever a disagreeable man, or one whom he disliked, married a pretty woman, he would say, ‘Now we shall have ‘our revenge of him.’

He spoke to Mrs. H. one day of Lady — with extreme admiration and apparent cordiality; he then left the room, and Mrs. H. remarked that she had never heard Rogers speak so well of any one before. The door opened, and Rogers thrust in his head with the words, ‘There are spots on the sun though.’

When a late member for a western county and his wife were stopped by banditti in Italy, Rogers used to say, ‘The banditti ‘wanted to carry off P — into the mountains; but she flung ‘her arms round his neck, and rather than take her with them, ‘they let him go.’

This kind of malice, however, was a venial offence in comparison with the cross things which he sometimes addressed to people to their faces without the shadow of a provocation; and it is these which have given rise to so many animated controversies about his goodness of heart. The discussion is strikingly analogous, in one essential quality, to the tilting match touching the colour of a shield. He presented the white side of his disposition to those he liked, and the black side to those he disliked; both likings and dislikings being often based on no sounder principle than that which proved fatal to Dr. Fell. Hence the

fervent abuse of one faction, and the equally fervent laudation of another. Only what his eulogists fail to see, or unfairly refuse to admit, is, that no extent of kindness or courtesy to an object of preference is an excuse for unkindness or discourtesy to an object of antipathy, to say nothing of the social offence of an annoying or rude remark in company. Good breeding requires delicacy of perception enough to know what is pleasing or displeasing to those with whom we mix, as well as good nature and good temper enough so to use our knowledge as never to cause an unpleasant feeling, or even to revive a disagreeable association. Rogers was eminently gifted with the instinctive tact in question, but his use of it varied with his mood; and there were times when he was both wayward and exacting to an unjustifiable extent, — when all his gentler emotions were ‘like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh.’

One of his female favourites had made a little dinner for him, in which, she fondly hoped, all his tastes and fancies had been consulted. After a glance round the table, he remarked that the fish was out of season.

At a bachelor dinner where the attendance was scanty, he refused the two or three things that were offered him, till the solitary waiter had left the room. ‘Won’t you eat anything, Mr. Rogers?’ asked the host. ‘I will take some of that *pie*’ (pointing to a *vol-au-vent*), ‘when there is anybody to give it to me.’

He bitterly repented of these two *escapades*, when, shortly afterwards, he was left out of a succession of small dinners to punish him, and was told ‘the reason why’ by one of the presiding beauties. The redeeming feature was that when (as Mr. Jarndyce, would say), the wind was in the east, he was no respecter of persons, and distributed raps on the knuckles without ceremony to all alike, — to the strong and the weak, the big and the little, the rich and the poor, the proud and the humble. Indeed, it is no more than justice to him to say, that he was commonly conciliated by humility, and was more especially irritated by self-confident people in high health and high spirits, who took their share of the conversation, and forcibly broke in upon the monopoly of attention which he claimed or expected. His sense of humour made Sydney Smith’s fun irresistible, and it was his pride to have so distinguished a guest at his table; but there was no love lost between them, and Rogers was all the bitterer in their incidental passages of arms from the consciousness of being (in Spenserian phrase) overcrowded. Thus, at a dinner at the late Lord S — —’s, at which both were present, Sydney Smith, by way of falling in with the

humour of the company,—mostly composed of Meltonians and patrons of the turf, offered a bet, and added, ‘If I lose, I will pay at once in a cheque on Rogers, Toogood, and Company,’ which was then the name of the firm. ‘And it shall be paid,’ said Rogers, in his bitterest tone, ‘*every iota of it*,’—alluding to Sydney Smith’s supposed reply, much censured for its levity, on being asked whether he believed the whole of the Thirty-nine Articles. When Rogers told the story, he justified himself on the ground that Sydney Smith ‘meant to take advantage of their being in fine company to run him down as a tradesman.’ When Sydney Smith mentioned it, he declared that he had fallen into an involuntary error from not calculating on the depths of human weakness, and that the notion of giving offence never so much as crossed his mind.

It should be added that Rogers had a morbid aversion for what he called ‘dog and horse men.’ He had omitted to observe how completely the coarseness and ignorance which was supposed, or at least declared by novelists and dramatists, to mark the country gentlemen of his youth, have been rubbed off and refined away by increased facilities of intercourse and the resulting cultivation of all classes.

Although a little jealous of Luttrell’s superior fashion (of which an instance is given in the ‘Table Talk,’ p. 233.), Rogers’s favourite amongst the wits and talkers in repute was the author of ‘Letters to Julia,’ and the most refined of their common contemporaries (admitting Sydney Smith’s far larger grasp and higher vocation) will approve the selection. There could not be a more fascinating companion than Luttrell—so light in hand, so graceful in manner, so conciliating in tone and gesture, with such a range of well-chosen topics, and such a fresh, sparkling, and abundant spring of fancy to play upon them. When his poem (nicknamed ‘Letters from a Dandy to a Dolly’) was published, a crack critic began a review of them by suggesting that the author had, as it were, cut up his gold-egg-laying goose by printing his entire stock in trade as a joker. Never critic made a greater mistake. Luttrell’s sources of amusement were inexhaustible, and they were without alloy. To him belong some of the best *mots* recorded in ‘Moore’s Diary;’ and Rogers accurately described his peculiar manner when he said, ‘Luttrell is indeed a pleasant companion. None of the talkers whom I meet in London society can slide in a brilliant thing with such readiness as he does.’

Rogers treated Moore much as Johnson treated Goldsmith,—rated him soundly when present for not attending better to his own interests, and did not always spare him when absent, but

would suffer no one else to utter a word against him. In allusion to his restlessness, Rogers used to say, 'Moore dines in one place, wishing he was dining in another place, with an opera-ticket in his pocket which makes him wish he was dining nowhere.' Moore's Diary abounds with practical proofs of Rogers's unceasing liberality and unobtrusive charity. It also contains one valuable testimony of a rarer kind:—

'Rogers stayed more than a week [at Bowood, Dec. 1841]. Still fresh in all his faculties, and improved wonderfully in the only point where he ever was deficient, temper. He now gives the natural sweetness of his disposition fair play.'

It appears from one of Moore's letters to Lady Donogal, published in his 'Memoirs,' that he had suffered severely at a preceding period from Rogers's carping humour and fault-finding propensity,—

'Rogers and I had a very pleasant tour of it, though I felt throughout it all, as I always feel with him, that the fear of losing his good opinion almost embitters the possession of it, and that, though in his society one walks upon roses, it is with constant apprehension of the thorns that are among them. . . . He has left me rather out of conceit with my poem, "Lalla Rookh" (as his fastidious criticism generally does), and I have returned to it with rather an humbled spirit; but I have already altered my whole plan to please him, and I will do so no more, for I should make as long a voyage of it as his own "Columbus," if I attended to all his objections. His general opinion, however, is very flattering: he only finds fault with every part of it in detail; and this, you know, is the style of his criticism of characters;—an excellent person, but—.' (Aug. 21. 1812; vol. viii. p. 114.)

'Your description of Rogers,' replies Lady Donegal, 'is too like him. How vexatious it is that a man who has so much the power of pleasing and attaching people to him should mar the gifts of nature so entirely by giving way to that sickly and discontented turn of mind, which makes him dissatisfied with everything, and disappointed in all his views of life. Yet he can feel for others; and notwithstanding this unfortunate habit he has given himself of dwelling upon the faults and follies of his friends, he really can feel attachment; and to you, I am certain, he is attached, though I acknowledge that the thorn sometimes make one wish to throw away the roses, and forego the pleasure to avoid the pain. But with all his faults I like him, though I know he spares me no more than any of his other dear friends.' (Aug. 28. 1812; vol. viii. p. 118.)

Her sister, Miss Godfrey—whose letters betoken a high degree of cultivation and refinement, superadded to a lively fancy, a kind disposition, and the most winning truthfulness—writes about the same time—

'We see Rogers often in the morning, but he does not dine here,

as we have only one room that we can inhabit at present, and we have not yet dined with him. I sometimes like him very much, and sometimes I think him so given up, body and soul, to the world, and such a worshipper of My Lords and My Ladies, that I think it a great waste of any of my spare kind feelings, to bestow them upon him. Love without a coronet over it goes for nothing in his eyes. However, he amuses me, and I had rather be on kind terms with him than not. Bab [Lady Donegal] is more his than I am: she sees him with kinder eyes, and shuts them oftener to his failings.' (Vol. viii. p. 140.)

Rogers was unceasingly at war with the late Lady D. One day at dinner she called across the table: 'Now, Mr. Rogers, 'I am sure you are talking about me' (not attacking, as the current version runs). 'Lady D.,' was the retort, 'I pass my life 'in defending you.'

Although fashion is tolerably discriminating upon the whole, and commonly exacts an entrance-fee in sterling or current coin of some sort (either merit or celebrity) from all who are not born and bred within her hallowed precincts, still individuals may now and then be seen there whose position is as puzzling as that of Pope's fly in amber:—

'The thing we know is neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil it got there.'

For this anomalous species, Rogers professed the most unmitigated contempt; and their usual resource, industrious flattery, was worse than wasted on him. One evening when, leaning on the arm of a friend, he was about to walk home from an evening party, a pretentious gentleman of this description made a desperate attempt to fasten on them, and prefaced the meditated intrusion by saying that he never liked walking alone. 'I should 'have thought, sir,' said Rogers, 'that no one was so well satisfied with your company as yourself.'

If he had done no more than check pushing presumption, or expose fawning insignificance, his habitual severity of comment would have caused no reflection on his memory; but it became so formidable at one time, that his guests might be seen manœuvring which should leave the room last, so as not to undergo the apprehended ordeal; and it was said of him with more wit than truth, that he made his way in the world, as Hannibal made *his* across the Alps with vinegar. His adoption of a practice which ran counter to all his avowed theories has been accounted for by the weakness of his voice, which, it was argued, induced him to compel attention by bitterness,—like the backbiters described by Lord Brougham, 'who, devoid of force to wield the sword, 'snatch the dagger, and steep it in venom to make it fester in

‘the scratch.’ This solution is unjust to Rogers, who was not driven to procure listeners by such means. It, moreover, exaggerates a failing which was common to the wits of his earlier days, both in France and England. Three-fourths of the good things attributed to Voltaire, Beaumarchais, Chesterfield, Selwyn, Sheridan, Walpole, Wilkes, and their contemporaries, would have found appropriate place in the ‘School for Scandal;’ and before condemning Rogers on the evidence of those to whom the black side of his character was most frequently presented, we must hear those whose attention was constantly attracted to the white side.

One female reminiscent, nurtured and domesticated with genius from her childhood, writes thus:—

‘I knew the kind old man for five-and-twenty years. I say kind advisedly, because no one did so many kind things to those who, being unable to dig, to beg are ashamed. The sharp sayings were remembered and repeated because they were so clever. There are many as bitter, no one so clever. He was essentially a gentleman, by education, by association—his manners were perfect. Once, when breakfasting with him, upon taking our seats he called my daughter to his side, thus obliging a young man to leave his place; feeling that this was not courteous, he said, “I ask you to move” because I love your parents so dearly that I feel as if you were my “son.”

‘He not only gave freely and generously, but looked out for occasions of being kind. My father once saw him, and he asked after a mutual acquaintance—“How is K——?” The reply was—“As well as a man with nine children and a small income can be;” the next day Mr. Rogers sent him fifty pounds. A friend once asked him to assist a young man at college; he gave immediately twenty pounds, and after leaving the house returned to say, “There is more “money to be had from the same place, if wanted!” We ought to observe how much all that appears from time to time tells to his credit in the various Memoirs, &c. You find him always a peace-maker, always giving wise counsel, generous and kind.’ (*Private MS.*)

The author of ‘The Winter’s Walk,’ after alluding to ‘the keen point of many a famed reply,’ proceeds:

‘But by a holier light thy angel reads
The unseen records of more gentle deeds,—
And by a holier light thy angel sees
The tear oft shed for humble miseries,
Th’ indulgent hour of kindness stol’n away
From the free leisure of thy well-spent day,
For some poor struggling son of Genius, bent
Under the weight of heartsick discontent.

And by that light’s soft radiance I review
Thy unpretending kindness, calm and true,

Not to me only ; but in bitterest hours
To one whom Heaven endowed with varied powers.

By sorrow weakened, by disease unnerved,
Faithful at least the friend he had *not* served;
For the same voice essayed that hour to cheer
Which now sounds welcome to his grandchild's ear ;
And the same hand, to aid that life's decline,
Whose gentle clasp so late was linked in mine.'

Few readers can require to be reminded of the closing scenes in the 'Life of Sheridan,' when Rogers advanced 150*l.* (not the first of the same amount, says the biographer) to procure the expiring orator the poor privilege of dying undisturbed.

'Oh, it sickens the heart to see bosoms so hollow,
And friendships so cold, in the great and high born ;
To think what a long list of titles may follow
The relics of him who died friendless and lorn.
How proud they can flock to the funeral array
Of one whom they shunned in his sickness and sorrow,
How bailiffs may seize *his* last blanket to day
Whose pall shall be held up by nobles to-morrow.'

But it cheers the heart to see one neither great nor high-born stepping forward to prevent that last blanket from being seized ; and, 'in the train of all this phalanx of Dukes, Marquesses, Earls, Viscounts, Barons, Honourables, Right Honourables, Princes of the Blood, and First Officers of the State, it was not a little interesting to see walking humbly, side by side, the only two men who had not waited for the call of vanity to display itself,—Dr. Bain and Mr. Rogers.*'

When some one complained in Thomas Campbell's hearing, that Rogers said spiteful things : 'Borrow five hundred pounds of him,' was the comment, 'and he will never say one word against you until you want to repay him.' He told a lady (the reminiscent before quoted) that Campbell borrowed 500*l.*, upon the plea that if he had that sum, it would do him a good service.† Three weeks afterwards he brought back the money, saying that he found it would not be prudent to risk it. 'At this time,' added Rogers, 'I knew that he was every day pressed for small sums.'

Here is an exemplarily kind action followed up by unexceptionably kind words. We could fill pages with other well-authenticated instances of his considerate generosity. They have come to light gradually ; and it is a remarkable fact

* Moore's 'Life of Sheridan.'

† This is the loan mentioned in Moore's 'Memoirs,' vol. vii.

that, whilst he was annually giving away large sums, his name figured little in subscription lists. He may have been acting all along rather from calculation than from impulsiveness, from head not heart. He may have been following Paley's counsel, who recommends us to cultivate our better feelings by almsgiving if only with a view to our own self-complacency. Or he may have been simply more fortunate in his experimental benevolence than the nobleman who, on being advised to try doing a little good by way of a new pleasure, replied that he had tried it already and found no pleasure in it. To what does this analysis of motive *à la Rochefoucauld* amount after all? Surely, to seek and find happiness in doing good, is to be good. Admitting that the mere voluptuary, and the general benefactor, have each the same end, self,—still the difference in the means employed will constitute a sufficiently wide and marked distinction between the two. When we have calmly computed how much good might be done daily, how much happiness diffused, without the sacrifice of a wish or caprice, without the interruption of a habit, by thousands of the richer classes who never turn aside to aid the needy or elevate the lowly,—when we have done this, we shall then be in a fitting frame of mind for estimating the superiority of a man who had arrived at just conclusions regarding the real uses of superfluous wealth, and acted on them.

'Sir,' said Adams, 'my definition of charity is, a generous disposition to relieve the distressed.' 'There is something in that definition,' answered Mr. Peter Pounce, 'which I like well enough; it is, as you say, a disposition, and does not so much consist in the act as in the disposition to do it.' There are plenty of Peter Pounces in our society. What we want are the Allworthys, or the worldly philosophers, on whose tombstones may be read without provoking a smile of irony: 'What I spent, I had; what I gave, I have; what I saved, I lost.' We commend this epitaph to the attention of the *millionnaire* who has been accused of wishing to invest the accumulations of more than half a century in one big bank-note and carry it out of the world with him. When (see 'Table Talk,' p. 51.) Lord Erskine heard that somebody had died worth 200,000*l.*, he observed, 'Well, that's a very pretty sum to begin the next world with.' Rogers had reserved for the *next* world just one-eighth of that sum, exclusive of the contents of his house,—not enough, had his income from the Bank failed, to enable him to enjoy the comforts which age, infirmity, and confirmed habits had made necessary to him in *this*.

The robbery which took place a few years ago, seemed likely

at first to expose him to a trial which he had never had to encounter. It served, on the contrary, to show the generous confidence and attachment of his friends. So soon as the news of the robbery got abroad, one nobleman placed 10,000*l.*, a second 30,000*l.*, and a third (a merchant prince) 100,000*l.* at his disposal. He bore this robbery, which might have led to very serious consequences, with great equanimity, and said it had done him good,—by the chastening effect of adversity, and by bringing out the good qualities of his friends. It was after repeating Pope's line,—

‘Bare the mean heart that beats beneath a star,’

that he one day mentioned, by way of qualification, the munificence and promptitude with which noble as well as simple had hurried to aid and sympathise with him.

The best accessible specimens of his epistolary style will be found in the eighth volume of ‘Moore’s Memoirs,’ edited by Lord John Russell, who says that Rogers himself selected those of his letters which were to be published. They are evidently written with the scrupulous care which marks everything he undertook; and we will answer for it that his love-letters, should they ever come to light, will bear internal evidence of having been composed on a diametrically opposite principle to that recommended by Rousseau, who says that the writer should begin without knowing what he is going to say and end without knowing what he has said. Three or four of Rogers’s letters relate to ‘Columbus.’ He writes to consult Moore as to which of sundry very ordinary verses is the best, telling him, on one occasion, that half of a particular line has received the sanction of Sharp and Mackintosh, and anxiously requiring to be informed if he agreed with them. Never, probably, since the Roman Senate was summoned to consult about the boiling of a turbot, was the importance of the subject more ludicrously contrasted with the solemnity of the reference.

One of the most pleasing of these compositions is that (p. 95.) in which he gives an account of the family of a brother who had retired from the Bank with an ample fortune, and was really living the life of rural enjoyment which the poet affected to think the acme of felicity. In another (p. 79.) he avows a confirmed dislike to letter-writing. The notes which he wrote in the common commerce of the world are models of conciseness and calligraphy. If ever handwriting corresponded with and betrayed character, it was his;—neat, clear, and yet not devoid of elegance. ‘Will you breakfast with me to-morrow? S. R.,’

was his pithy invitation to a celebrated wit and beauty. 'Won't I? H. D.' was the congenial response.

There is no good likeness of him. The fact is, he would never allow one to be taken. He preferred that by Lawrence, because it was the most flattering. There is one designed and drawn on stone by an amateur artist (Lady Morgan's niece, Mrs. Geale) in 1838, which would have been excellent, had she ventured to give him his actual age at the time. Dantan's caricature bust is hardly a caricature, and for that very reason he held it in horror. One day Moore was indiscreet or malicious enough to say that a fresh stock had been sent over, and that he had seen one in a shop window. 'It is pleasant news,' said Rogers; 'and pleasant to be told of it by a friend.'

The accident which deprived him of the power of locomotion was the severest of trials to a man of his active habits and still extraordinary strength; for he delighted in walking, and thought his health depended upon the exercise he took in this way. Not long before, he had boasted of having had a breakfast party at home, — then gone to a wedding breakfast, where he returned thanks for the bridesmaids, — then to Chiswick, where he was presented to an imperial highness, — dined out, — gone to the Opera, — looked in at a ball, and walked home, — all within the compass of fourteen hours. 'When I first saw him after his fall,' writes the lady already quoted, 'I found him lying on his bed, which was drawn near the bed-room window; that he might look upon the Park. Taking my hand, he kissed it, and I felt a tear drop on it, and that was all the complaint or regret that he ever expressed. Never did he allude to it to me, nor, I believe, to any one.'

One day, between six and seven, when he was just going to dinner, hearing a knock at the door, he desired his faithful and attached servant, Edmund, to say, not at home. 'Who was it?' he inquired. *E.* 'Colonel ———, sir.' *R.* 'And who is Colonel ———?' *E.* 'The gentleman who upset you, sir, and caused your accident.' *R.* 'It is an agreeable recollection, did he come to refresh it?' *E.* 'Oh, sir, he calls very often to inquire for you.' *R.* 'Does he? then if he calls again, don't let him in, and don't tell me of it.' The gallant officer was (at worst) the innocent cause of the mishap; for as his brougham was passing at an ordinary pace, Rogers, who was about to cross, suddenly checked himself, lost his balance, and fell with his hip against the kerb-stone.

When some one was speaking of a fine old man before Swift, he exclaimed, in a spirit of melancholy foreboding, 'There's no such thing as a fine old man; if either his head or his heart

'had been worth anything, they would have worn him out long ago.' Till near ninety, Rogers was a striking exception to this rule. He then gradually dropped into that state, mental and bodily, which raises a reasonable doubt whether prolonged life be a blessing or a curse —

'Omni
Membrorum damno major dementia, quæ nec
Nomina servorum, nec vultus agnoscit amicûm,
Cum quæis præteritâ cœnavit nocte, nec illos
Quos genuit, quos eduxit.'

Although his impressions of long past events were as fresh as ever, he forgot the names of his relations and oldest friends whilst they were sitting with him, and told the same stories to the same people two or three times over in the same interview. But there were frequent glimpses of intellect in all its original brightness, of tenderness, of refinement, and of grace. 'Once driving out with him,' says a female correspondent, 'I asked him after a lady whom he could not recollect. He pulled the check string, and appealed to his servant. "Do I know Lady M——?" The reply was, "Yes, sir." This was a painful moment to us both. Taking my hand, he said, "Never mind, my dear, I am not yet reduced to stop the carriage and ask if I know *you*."

To another female friend, who was driving out with him shortly after, he said, 'Whenever you are angry with one you love, think that that dear one might die that moment. Your anger will vanish at once.'

During the last four or five years he was constantly expatiating on the advantages of marriage. 'It was a proud, a blessed privilege,' he would repeat, 'to be the means, under Providence, of clothing an immortal soul in clay.' He introduced and pursued this theme without respect to persons, and not unfrequently recommended matrimony to married people who would have lent a readier ear to a proposal of separation or divorce. In explanation of the rumours circulated from time to time in his younger days respecting his own attempts to confirm precept by example, he said, 'that whenever his name had been coupled with that of a single lady, he had thought it his duty to give out that he had been refused.' On his regretting that he had not married, because then he should have had a nice woman to care for him, it was suggested, 'How do you know she would not have cared for somebody else?'—an awkward doubt at all times.

His own version of his nearest approximation to the nuptial tie was, that, when a young man, he admired and sedulously

sought the society of the most beautiful girl he then, and still, thought he had ever seen. At the end of the London season, at a ball, she said: 'I go to-morrow to Worthing. Are you coming there?' He did not go. Some months afterwards, being at Ranelagh, he saw the attention of every one drawn towards a large party that had just entered, in the centre of which was a lady on the arm of her husband. Stepping forward to see this wonderful beauty, he found it was his love. She merely said: 'You never came to Worthing.'

In the case of most men over whom the grave had closed so recently, we should have refrained from such minuteness of personal detail, however curious or illustrative. But the veil had been removed from the private life of Rogers long before we approached the sanctuary; and we are not responsible for the profanation, if it be one. His habits, his mode of life, his predilections, his aversions, his caustic sayings, his benevolent actions, have been treated like common property as far back as the living generation can remember. They have been discussed in all circles, and have occasionally appeared (with varying degrees of accuracy) in print. Now that monarchs have left off changing their shirts at crowded *levées*, we should be puzzled to name any contemporary celebrity who, whether he liked it or not, had been so much or so constantly before the public as Rogers. He knew everybody, and everybody knew him. He spoke without reserve to the first comer, and the chance visitor (haply some 'penciller by the way') was admitted to his intimacy as unwarily as the tried friend. This argued a rare degree of conscious rectitude and honourable self-reliance; and in estimating his character, in balancing the final account of his merits and demerits, too much stress cannot be laid on the searching nature of the ordeal he has undergone. Choose out the wisest, brightest, noblest of mankind, and how many of them could bear to be thus pursued into the little corners of their lives?—'all their faults observed, set in a note-book, 'learned and conned by rote?' Most assuredly, if the general scope and tendency of their conduct be no worse, they may, one and all—to borrow the impressive language of Erskine—'walk through the shadow of death, with all their faults 'about them, with as much cheerfulness as in the common 'path of life.' But if great virtues may not atone for small frailties, or kind deeds for unkind words, 'they must call upon 'the mountains to cover them, for which of them can present, 'for Omniscient examination, a pure, unspotted, and faultless 'course?'

- ART. V.—1. *A Cry from the Desert*. London: 1707.
2. *Nouveaux Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire des Trois Camisards, où l'on voit les Déclarations du Colonel CAVALLIER*. London: 1708.
3. *Memoirs of the Wars of the Cevennes*. By J. CAVALLIER. London: 1726.
4. *Histoire des Troubles des Cevennes, ou de la Guerre des Camisars sous Louis le Grand*. Par A. COURT. Villefranche: 1760.
5. *Histoire des Pasteurs du Désert*. Par NAPOLEON PEYRAT. Paris: 1842.
6. *The Pastors of the Wilderness*. London: 1851.

‘DRIVEN from their native villages,’ says Gibbon in describing the fiercest and most fanatical of the African sects of Christianity*, ‘the leaders of the Circumcellions assumed the title of captains of the saints; and the well-known sound of “Praise be to God,” which they used as their cry of war, diffused consternation over the unarmed provinces of Africa. They engaged, and sometimes defeated, the troops of the province, and in the bloody action of Bagai, attacked in the open field, but with unsuccessful valour, an advanced guard of the imperial cavalry. The Donatists, who were taken in arms, received, and they soon deserved, the treatment which might have been shown to the wild beasts of the desert. The captains died, without a murmur, either by the sword, the axe, or the fire; and the measures of retaliation were multiplied in a rapid proportion, which aggravated the horrors of rebellion, and excluded the hope of mutual forgiveness. In the beginning of the present century, the example of the Circumcellions has been renewed in the persecution, the boldness, the crimes, and the enthusiasm of the Camisards; and if the fanatics of Languedoc surpassed those of Numidia by military achievements, the Africans maintained their fierce independence with more resolution and perseverance.’

The allusion contained in the last sentences of this paragraph is, in our own time and country, hardly understood. It relates to one of the most curious episodes of French history. We know of no wilder story than that of the revolt of the Cevennes, and of no stranger career than that of Jean Cavallier, the prin-

* Gibbon's ‘Decline and Fall,’ cap. xxi.

cial leader of the insurgents. A baker's apprentice in one year, he treated in the next on equal terms with the greatest marshal in France; and he resigned the characters of a priest, a prophet, and a worker of miracles for a commission in the army of Queen Anne. The circumstances of his life give a certain unity to the wild scenes in which he was the principal actor. Unless they are viewed in some such relation, they leave upon the mind a vague impression of confused bloodshed and horror. The contemporary chronicles (now very scarce) are described by M. Peyrat as a dreary list of murders and executions. His own work, though written with much warmth of imagination and local knowledge, is for a similar reason very hard to remember; and the same is true in a still greater degree of the impartial and accurate history of the famous Protestant Pastor Antoine Court, in reading which, 'it requires,' says Gibbon, 'some attention to discover the religion of the author.'

Jean Cavallier was born at Ribaute, near Anduze, in Languedoc, in the year 1685. His parents were Protestant peasants, and he was brought up first as a shepherd, afterwards as a baker. When he was but a year old the edict of Nantes was revoked. The new law provided that all Protestants should bring up their children as Catholics, and that, if they failed to do so, the children should be taken from them, and educated in convents. Cavallier's father sent his son, for six years together, to the Catholic parish school; the bishop who officiated at his confirmation, pleased by his intelligence, proposed to enter him at a Jesuit college, in which he might be instructed in the higher branches of education. This scheme was, however, frustrated by his mother, who used in the evening to make him read the Bible, and books of controversy, and sometimes took him to the conventicles, which were held in the Cevennes by the Protestants. Some of these meetings were presided over by the famous Claude Brousson, who was driven from his profession as an advocate at the age of forty, and adopted that of a wandering preacher. After preaching for many years in all parts of France, he was hanged and broken on the wheel at Montpellier, on the 4th of November, 1695. Brousson was a pious and sober-minded person, and it is probable that the meetings at which he officiated were free from extravagance; but other scenes were enacted amongst the Protestants, all mention of which Cavallier avoids, although he had probably participated in them.

Ever since the year 1689, Dauphiny and Languedoc had been infected by an epidemic fanaticism, the manifestations of

which strangely resembled the extravagances of our own Mormonites and clairvoyants. The revocation of the edict of Nantes was followed by the forcible conversion of such of the nobility as still remained Protestant. The only persons who retained their creed were poor and uneducated. Their position made them an easy prey to fanaticism. Jurieu's Book on the Revelations, published in 1686, produced an immense effect upon them. It appointed the year 1689 for the revival of Protestantism in France, and predicted the approaching downfall of the whole Catholic hierarchy. A man named Du Serre, who lived on the same mountain which was honoured, in 1846, by the apparition of our Lady of Salette, established a sort of school of the prophets. His instruments of education seem to have been knavery and animal magnetism, by means of which he made his pupils fancy that they received Divine revelations. Similar causes must, however, have been at work over a great extent of country, for prophets began to see visions, and to dream dreams, with one consent, from the Jura to the Gulf of Lyons. In 1689 no less than three partial insurrections took place. For fourteen years the excitement continued. Some piece of table-land was chosen on the top of one of the hills of Languedoc, so that the approach of any troops could be seen in time for the meeting to disperse. Then a ring was formed around a prophet or prophetess, who lay on the ground screaming and sobbing, shedding hysterical tears, and writhing in semi-voluntary convulsions. The oracle sometimes announced that a temple of white marble would fall in the valleys of the Cevennes, ornamented with pillars bearing golden chaplets, and inscribed with the tables of the law. Sometimes it applied to Languedoc the visions of Joel, and foretold the approach of the day of the Lord, and the advent of the great people and strong, before whom the earth should quake, and the heavens tremble, the sun and the moon be dark, and the stars withdraw their shining. Nothing could exceed the intensity of the impressions thus produced on the common people. Even little children were infected, and began to prophesy. The government anticipated the '*Défense à Dieu*' of the next generation, and made parents criminally responsible for the inspiration of their families. The prophets were broken on the wheel, the congregations were subjected to military execution. In one night the troops massacred eighteen persons at a prayer-meeting near Uzès, and fifteen others at Fornac. Four men and four women were hanged at Pont de Montvert, and the town was threatened with destruction. Horror spread the fascination in all directions. Many even of the subordinate officials began to

experience its power, and the victims and authors of the delusion formed a mass which daily became more and more homogeneous.

In the midst of such scenes young Cavallier passed the first sixteen years of his life. The impression which they made upon him may be inferred from his subsequent history. His language and his actions both show his bitter hatred of Popery, but his love for Protestantism was by no means commensurate with it. His understanding was as shrewd as his courage was high, and his not very honest silence as to the fanaticism of his countrymen, shows what he thought of it in after life. At sixteen, such thoughts had probably not taken very deep root. At a time of life at which feelings and opinions radically contradictory may be simultaneously indulged, his imagination may well have been captivated by the wildness of the scenes, which his understanding may even then have been beginning to despise. He was at any rate precociously intimate with human nature, and had seen the wildest manifestations of some of its strongest passions. His attendance on conventicles had taught him, as it had taught many of the Protestant peasantry, how to avoid pursuit, and had, it would seem, given him great knowledge of the country. From the constant movements of troops and militia throughout Languedoc, he had acquired considerable familiarity with the rudiments of military discipline.

In the year 1702, the government were well prepared for any outbreak of the Protestants. The Intendant of Languedoc, Guillaume Lamoignon de Baviile, who ruled the province with almost absolute authority, had taken every precaution in his power to secure a speedy victory, if a victory were needed. Roads had been made for the first time through the Gévaudan and the Vivarais. Commanding positions had been levelled for the use of cavalry and artillery. The States of Languedoc voted eight regiments of regular troops, and 40,000 militia were enrolled, and drilled every Sunday. Alais St. Esprit and St. Hippolyte were fortified by the compulsory labour of all the masons, smiths, carts and horses, for thirty miles round. In the midst of these preparations young Cavallier became an object of suspicion to the priest of his parish. The clever lad, who had been noticed by the bishop of the diocese, began to give up his attendance at mass, to betray an acquaintance with some of the arguments in use among the Protestants, and to be suspected of attending conventicles. Finding that his father ran some risk of being imprisoned on his account, he put himself under one of the guides, who at that time made it their business to assist refugees in flying from the country, and

reached Geneva, in the company of about thirty other persons, on a similar errand. There he remained for some time working at his trade as a baker.

This period was an eventful one in the history of Languedoc. The continued Protestantism of the mass of the population of many of the provinces of the south and west, was attributed to the ignorance of the Catholic clergy. To remedy this, missionaries were sent to effect what the parish priests were not able to perform. The missions of the Gévaudan were under the superintendence of a certain Abbé du Chayla, Archdeacon of the High Cevennes. This man had been in early life a missionary in Siam, where it is said he had himself undergone persecution. He had returned to France with the famous Eastern Embassy to Louis XIV., and had been appointed Inspector of the Missions of the Cevennes on account of his resolute character. He executed his commission strictly,—converting his cellars into prisons, in which the prisoners were confined in stocks by the wrists and ankles in a kneeling position. He made them hold burning coals in their hands, and twisting oiled tow round their fingers, lighted them like lamps. This conduct, coupled with accusations of perverting his authority for the gratification of his licentiousness, had made him unpopular, and as the war in the summer of 1702 had drained Languedoc of troops, he was exposed to considerable danger.

Whilst at Geneva Cavallier heard that his parents had been sent to prison, for refusing to go to mass. He returned to France in hopes of obtaining their release—it does not appear how. He found that they had been set at liberty, in consideration of a recantation, for giving which he reproached them in the bitterest terms, telling his mother that he was sorry that he should have to bear witness against her at the Day of Judgment. The same evening one of his friends asked him to go to a conventicle held at a place called *Alte fage* (*alta fagus*), on the top of Mont Bongés. After the sermon, the congregation were informed that Du Chayla had taken a party of emigrants prisoners, and had confined them in the cellar of a house, which is still standing, in the little town of Pont de Montvert, about six miles from the place where they then were. They were then addressed by a prophet known, from his frequent revelations, as ‘*Esprit*’ *Scguier*. With his tall thin figure, his long hair, and his wild eye, he looked like one of the ancient Druids, who had prophesied and preached at *Alte fage*, when Nismes and Arles were still Roman colonies. He told his hearers that the Lord had bidden him deliver their brethren from captivity, and exterminate the archdeacon of Mo-

loch. Solomon Coudere and Abraham Mazel, the prophets, spoke to the same effect. The latter in particular had been warned by a vision:—‘My brethren, I had a vision, and I saw ‘black oxen, very fat, browsing on the plants of a garden; and ‘a voice said unto me, “Abraham, drive away those oxen;” and ‘when I did not obey, the voice said again, “Abraham, drive ‘away those oxen.” Now the garden is the Church of God, ‘and the black oxen are the priests, and the word is the Eternal, ‘who has ordered me to expel them from the Cevennes.’

About fifty of the congregation assembled at the same place for the next night; twenty had fire-arms, and the others scythes and axes. After being harangued and blessed by their leader, they descended from the summit of *Alte fage*, and crossed the *landes* and forests which divide it from Pont de Montvert, singing as they went the 74th Psalm, which tells how the holy places were broken down with axes and hammers, and calls upon the Lord to pluck his right hand from his bosom, and to consume the enemy. At about ten o'clock at night, Du Chayla heard the sound of their psalmody, as they moved in quick time across the waste, and up the street of the town, and commanded his guard of militia to go out to reconnoitre. Before his orders could be obeyed, Seguiet's troop entered the town, called as they passed to the inhabitants to stand back from the windows, surrounded the house in which were Du Chayla and the prisoners, and demanded their liberation. This being refused, they broke open the doors of the prison, and, enraged at the sight of the wrists and ankles of their friends half dislocated and swollen, commenced an attack. The militia fired; one of the Protestants was killed, and another wounded. Then a cry arose to burn the Priest of Baal, and his troops with him, and furniture was heaped against the staircase and lighted. The militia, after receiving absolution from the archdeacon, escaped by the window, but their leader fell, and broke his thigh. He tried to hide himself behind some bushes, but his enemies found him out. ‘We have you, damned persecutor,’ cried Seguiet. ‘My ‘friends,’ answered his victim, ‘if I am damned, do you wish ‘to damn yourselves too?’ He received fifty-two wounds, of which twenty-four were mortal. His murderers, says Antoine Court, ‘found neither flesh enough to stab, nor life enough ‘to take.’ All night long the inhabitants sat up in their houses, afraid to sleep or go out. All night long the Camisards knelt round the body of the murdered man, singing psalms, undisturbed except by the crackling of the flames of the burning house and the murmurs of the Tarn among the masses of rock which obstruct this part of its course.

Encouraged by his success, Seguier determined to commit the Protestants irrevocably. He executed, as he said, the judgments of God. That is to say, he murdered all the priests he could find, and burnt down the *château de la Devèze*, massacring all the inhabitants, for refusing to give up some arms which had been stored there. Large bodies of militia, and some troops, were marched into Pont de Montvert; and a certain Captain Poul, who had formerly distinguished himself against the Vaudois or Barbets, defeated the insurgents, and made Seguier his prisoner.

His interrogatory was as follows:—‘What is your name?’ ‘Pierre Seguier,’—‘Why do they call you *Esprit*?’ ‘Because the spirit of the Lord is upon me.’—‘Where is your domicile?’—‘In the desert—soon in heaven.’—‘Beg pardon of the king.’ ‘We have no king but the Eternal.’—‘Do you repent of your crimes?’ ‘My soul is a garden full of shades and springs of water.’ His right hand was cut off, and he was burnt alive. His last words, as preserved by popular tradition, were, ‘My brethren, wait, and have patience in the Lord; for the desolation of Carmel shall flourish, and the desert of Lebanon shall blossom like the rose.’ The insurgents, deprived of their leader, were chased from one wood to another by the troops, ‘like so many foxes by a pack of dogs;’ but by degrees the vigilance of the government relaxed, and the fugitives had time to settle their plans.

The courage which Cavallier had displayed in the recent events, in which he had taken a conspicuous, though a subordinate, part, and a promise which he had obtained from a large number of young men in his own neighbourhood, to put themselves under his command at the resumption of hostilities, secured him the second place in the army. The first was assigned to a person whose career was less brilliant, though his character was more remarkable—Roland Laporte. He was a man of inflexible firmness, of great prudence, foresight, and self-command, he had some political knowledge, and possessed to an extraordinary degree the faculty of inspiring his followers with strong personal affection. He was twenty-five years of age, a vine-dresser of Lower Languedoc, and a member of a family famous in the annals of local persecution. During the autumn and winter of 1702, Roland, Cavallier, and their associates chose the scene, and matured the plans, of the insurrection.

The hills of the Ardennes, the Vosges, the mountains of Auvergne, the Cevennes, and the Pyrenees, are the great watershed of France, from the eastern and northern slopes of

which the streams fall off into the Rhine, the Rhone, and the Mediterranean, whilst they flow, towards the south and east, into the Loire, the Garonne, the British Channel, and the Bay of Biscay. The northern extremity of the Cevennes lies about half way between Lyons and Montpellier, immediately to the south of the town of Mende. Mende is about thirty miles to the north of St. André de Valborgne, which is about forty miles to the north of Montpellier. Each of these towns stands at the apex of an irregular triangle of hills, of which the northern group is called the Hautes, and the southern the Basses, Cevennes. This district occupies a remarkable position, both in the physical and in the political geography of France. It is a continuation of the great volcanic formations of Auvergne. The mountains still bear traces of their origin, even to the least scientific eye. They are a succession of wild hills and gorges, covered alternately with rough pastures and forests of beech and chestnut, and strewn with masses of lava. Though few of them rise above the height of 5000 feet, they contain the sources of several of the great rivers of France,—the Lot, the Allier, the Tarn, and the Loire; and of some of the principal feeders of the Rhone, such as the Ardèche, and the two Gardons. The mountains and forests oppose great obstacles to the movements of regular troops; and their staple products, cattle, and the chestnuts with which they supply France, are singularly fitted for the support of irregular forces. At the commencement of the eighteenth century, there were no roads in the district except those lately constructed by Bâville. The villages were numerous, though solitary, and, as the snow lay for months together in the winter, the inhabitants passed their time indoors, weaving the fleeces of their sheep into a rough kind of cloth, which was largely exported both to the north and south of Europe.

The population was distinguished by many peculiarities from the bulk of the French nation. Their district—the Gévaudan—was the northernmost county of Languedoc. Their language was that Langue d'Oc, from which the province had derived its name, — a name which in earlier times had applied to a great part of the south-east of France. In this district the Camisards* hoped to organise a war of partisans, which might become important if the allies should gain any decisive advantage over the king of France. They raised a force of

* Camisards, from *Camisa* the Languedocian for *Chemise*. The name has the same meaning as that of the Irish Whiteboys. The insurgents were also called Barbets, from the name given to the Vandois. Their own name for each other was 'Enfants de Dieu.'

3000 men, distributed into five legions or regiments, two of which were posted on two parallel ranges of hills to the south, two others in their rear, and the fifth still further north. These positions they habitually maintained; leaving them only as the purposes of the insurrection required. The general plan of their operations was to provoke the troops and militia to act on the offensive, and to attack them as soon as they were entangled in an unfavourable position. After a victory they spread alarm over a wide district of country, appearing at many different points at once, and deceiving the enemy as to their number by the quickness of their motions: after a defeat, they disappeared in parties of three or four, and rejoined each other, by paths known to few beside themselves, at given points in the heaths and woods of their native mountains. The plain of Languedoc, from the foot of the mountains to the sea-coast, was their field of battle; the mountains of the Cevennes their stronghold and magazine.

To recruit this force was the least of their difficulties. They judged, as the event showed very wisely, that a small force was more easily managed and less easily attacked than a large one. The numbers were maintained at the same level throughout the whole war. The soldiers differed widely from the inhabitants of the centre and south-west of France, from whom our popular notions of the French character are principally derived. In character, as in language, they much resembled the Spaniards. They were a fierce passionate race, dogged in their opinions, and stubborn in their conduct. They would fight without fear, discouragement, or plans; as their ranks were thinned by battle, they were recruited by persecution, and the disappointment of their hopes of extending the insurrection only heightened its intensity in its original theatre. They hoped to meet with such successes in Languedoc as to encourage the Protestants of Montpellier, Nismes, the Vivarais*, and Dauphiny to rise in a general insurrection. Having thus opened the communications with the Savoy frontier and the sea-coast, they might be assisted by the forces of Prince Eugene, or by the English fleet.

In the meantime, the most pressing problem which they had to solve, was how to arm, and equip, the force upon which their plans depended. A regular commissariat was established. The

* The Vivarais and the Gévaudan were the two northern counties of Languedoc. They occupied the relative positions of the East and West Ridings of Yorkshire respectively. The Vivarais was separated from the Gévaudan by the Ardèche, and from Dauphiny by the Rhone.

mountains of the Cevonnes are full of caves. They were carefully surveyed and explored, but their locality was concealed from all but those to whom it was necessary to communicate it. The most airy, and the driest among them, were set apart for hospitals; others for arsenals, others for magazines of provisions, and others for workshops. Some of them combined all these characters. One of them is thus described:—

‘The first objects found there were wounded men, lying in cots of boards, with which the rock was wainscotted. Further on were thirty sacks of corn, a quantity of meal, a heap of chestnuts, another of beans, sacks of vegetables, twenty barrels of wine, fifteen mule loads (*charges*) of brandy, and huge sides of bacon hung from the roof. Next came the surgery,—drugs, ointment, lint, surgical instruments; and last of all, the arsenal,—pikes, guns, pistols, fifteen quintals of manufactured powder, sulphur, saltpetre, willow charcoal, mortars, and mills to make more, . . . with a great number of saws, axes, forks, bills, scythes, and other matters, useful for life or death.’

But it was not enough to store up the provisions which the mountains afforded. The government caused all the mills to be destroyed, and all the villages to be watched, so that the insurgents might neither be able to grind their corn nor to buy clothes, shoes, or ammunition. All these precautions were either foreseen or defeated. A great part of the insurgents were artisans. They built watermills on the most retired streams, and windmills on the most lonely mountain tops. Others carried on their trade in the intervals of warfare, especially the workers in iron, who repaired the arms of the combatants, and the tailors and shoemakers, who employed themselves continually on the coarse cloth and leather which were the staple products of the district. Even gunpowder was manufactured in the hills, for the country produced saltpetre in abundance, and afforded plenty of willows to make charcoal. A certain quantity was bought at Nismes and Montpellier, and more at Avignon. Balls were procured by melting down the leaden roofs and bells of the churches, and all the pewter utensils on which the insurgents could lay their hands.* The first thing done after a battle was to strip the bodies of the dead of all that could be useful. Clothes, arms, and ammunition were carefully collected, and carried to certain fixed

* The wounds given by pewter bullets were peculiarly deadly, and exposed the Camisards to the charge of poisoning their balls; but they never had recourse to pewter till their stores of lead were spent.

depôts, whence they were moved to the caves in which they were to be stored.

The expenses of the insurrection were defrayed by confiscating the taxes of the districts in which the insurgents were powerful; by the voluntary contribution of the Protestant villages; by the subscriptions of the secret partisans of the rebellion; and, above all, by intercepting the stores of the government forces. In addition (apparently) to what they made themselves, one of the *legions* spent 800 livres a month in shoes, the whole of the insurgent forces about 30,000 livres year, so that 'all the shoe-makers in the villages were kept continually at work by order of Roland, who paid them very well.' It was one of their boasts that they lived entirely without plunder.

Upon the completion of these preparations, interrupted and succeeded by a few trivial skirmishes, the striking of the first blow of importance was committed to Cavallier, and executed by him with characteristic audacity and success. The garrison of an old feudal hold, the Château de Servas, had incurred the indignation of the Camisards by the zeal with which they watched their movements, and the cruelty with which they massacred several of their nocturnal assemblies. Their fortress was so strong, that, in the religious wars of the preceding century, it had resisted a siege of twelve days by the Duc de Rohan. Cavallier laid an ambuscade for a party of troops on march to Italy; between Alais and St. Esprit killed them all, put on the uniform of the commanding officer, and dressed his men in those of the soldiers. He then picked out six Camisards of ferocious appearance, one of whom was wounded and covered with blood; he handcuffed them, and gave them in charge of their companions as if they had been taken prisoners. Thus disguised, he sent the head man of a neighbouring village to tell the commandant of Servas that he was the nephew of M. de Broglie (commander of the forces in Languedoc), and the bearer of orders from him and from Bâville, that he had beaten the Camisards, and taken six of them prisoners, and that he wished to leave them at the castle. The governor, on receiving the message, hastened to welcome Cavallier, and after a glance at his *feuille de route* (taken from the officer who had been killed) readily took charge of the pretended prisoners. He gave their supposed captor an invitation to supper, which, after some pressing, was accepted. Whilst the meal was cooking, the governor showed his guest over the fortifications, and congratulated him on the security which they would afford to the prisoners. The supper was laid on the

table, and eaten with much gaiety; the Camisards one by one came into the room, under different pretences, carrying their guns in their slings. When enough of them had entered, their leader made a sign. The garrison were seized, disarmed, and put to death. 'Thus,' says Cavallier, 'were punished their cruelties.' Having taken possession of the arms, ammunition, and provisions, and set fire to the place, the Camisards departed. At the distance of half a league they heard a report, and looking back saw the castle blown into the air by the explosion of the magazine which had escaped their researches.

This adventure proved to Bâville that he had been mistaken in considering Seguier's outbreak as a mere *feu de paille*. The rebels called the Protestants to arms, exacted the taxes, and confiscated the church property. Fléchier, the famous Bishop of Nîmes, was so alarmed that he compared himself to Queen Esther: 'Traditi sumus, ego et populus meus, ut conteramur, et jugulemur, et pereamus.' The states of Languedoc voted a levy of thirty-two companies of Catholic fusiliers, and a regiment of dragoons, and Bâville obtained considerable reinforcements from Toulon and Roussillon. Amongst them were a number of Irish refugee officers.

Whilst these preparations were being made for their destruction, the Camisards were employed in keeping their Christmas (1702) with great solemnity. Cavallier preached to his troops, and after the service they all communicated, except those whom the prophets were moved to set aside as unworthy. The prayers were not finished when the congregation was attacked by 600 militia and fifty mounted nobles. Posting himself on a small hill, Cavallier waited to be attacked. 'We trembled,' says he, 'at our small numbers. The commandant of Alais came straight against us, but he did not act as a good general should, for he began the action with the cavalry instead of the infantry.' The fire of the Camisards drove the horse over the foot, and the royal forces, after losing 100 men, fled in confusion to Alais, hastened by the musketry of their enemies, who sang as they followed them, 'Kings with their armies did flee and were discomforted.' Here the insurgents obtained a large supply of arms and ammunition, a mule loaded with cords intended to hang the prisoners, and a great number of uniforms which they used as disguises.

Their next expedition was directed against the little town of Sauve, about twenty miles from Nîmes, and at this time a fortified place. It was determined to surprise it, and 200 men were sent against it under the command of the Brigadier Catinat. They were dressed in the militia uniform, and their

commander wore that of a colonel. They obtained admission, and were drawn up in the market-place. M. de Vibrac, one of the co-seigneurs of the town, invited the *soi-disant* colonel and two of his officers to dinner. The invitation was accepted, and Catinat placing himself by Madame de Vibrac, who was young and handsome, addressed to her such gallantries as his education amongst the studs and grooms of the Delta of the Rhone (where in his youth he had been a stable boy) led him to consider appropriate to the character which he was sustaining. No doubt the expression of his admiration was far more emphatic than graceful. Madame de Vibrac was at first astonished, but soon horror-struck, at the thought that she was at table with three Camisard officers, and she and her husband listened, with a ludicrous mixture of terror and confusion, to the loutish compliments of their guest. During the dessert a servant announced the approach of a body of troops to the gates of the town. Delighted at an opportunity of getting rid of her suspicious visitors, Madame de Vibrac begged them to go and see what was the matter, as the troops might be Camisards coming to surprise the place. 'Ne craignez rien : j'y cours, Madame,' said Catinat, and returned to the walls. On his appearance the guard asked if he expected any militia? He said that he did not. 'There certainly are some soldiers coming.'—'They must be Camisards: let them come on, you shall see how I'll receive them.' The cloud of dust advanced, Catinat drew up his 200 men in order of battle, and the people were admiring their supposed defenders, when they heard the sound of the sixty-eighth psalm raised by the advancing column, and at the same instant saw the muskets of the supposed militia levelled at them. In a few moments the town was in the hands of the insurgents.

The alarm caused by the surprises of Servas and Sauve was heightened almost to a panic by a victory gained by the Camisards over no less a person than the military commandant of the district, the Comte de Broglie. The action took place in the neighbourhood of Nismes. During the absence of Cavallier from his troops on a visit to that place to buy powder, Catinat, the taker of Sauve, and Ravanel his inseparable companion, were left in command. Next to Roland and Cavallier, they were the most conspicuous of the insurgents. Ravanel was a carder of cloth, thirty-years old, thick-set, dark, with a bull-dog muzzle (*à moustle de bouledogue.*) He was an old soldier of the regiment of Rouergue and had his hide (*cuir*) scored with sabre cuts. He lived only on brandy, tobacco, fighting, and psalm-singing.' Abdias Morel, nicknamed Cati-

nat, from his admiration of the marshal of that name, under whom he had served, was tall and athletic with a fierce and sunburnt face, '*doux avec cela comme un brebis.*' He was as fierce in attack as Ravapel was indomitable in retreat. It was on the 12th of January that the Camisards, under these commanders, were attacked by the Comte de Broglie near the Val de Banc. The Camisards received the royal troops with a fire so sharp that the militia and infantry were thrown into confusion; Poul, the captor of Segnier, charged at the head of his men to restore them to confidence, but a young miller, called Samuelet, who had come to pray, and who remained to fight, brought him down with a stone from a sling. 'Mount, captain, 'mount!' shouted the dragoons, but Catinat rushed on the dying man, killed him with a sabre cut on the head, mounted a Spanish horse, and armed himself with an Armenian sabre, for which his victim was noted, and charged the dragoons with a courage approaching to insanity, shouting as he went that they might eat their cock (*Poul*), now that he was plucked for them. The dragoons, panic-struck, followed the foot, and the royal forces entered Nismes in wild confusion, closely pressed by the Camisards, and spreading panic through the town, which contained a large number of Protestants. Cavallier mixed with the crowd collected on the esplanade, to gaze at the smoke, and listen to the firing. He was not recognised, and next day took his departure on his mule, with a bag of powder at the croupe of his saddle, in the company of a body of troops, who were sent out to bring in De Broglie, from a village where he had taken refuge after his defeat. The soldiers remonstrated with their companion on his imprudence in travelling alone, in such a disturbed district. He answered that he had never hurt the Camisards, and that he hoped they would not hurt him.

These successes warranted Roland in attempting to extend the theatre of his operations; he therefore determined to send Cavallier on an expedition to the Vivarais, the district which separates the Cevennes from the Rhone. It was full of Protestants, and lay between two rivers, the Rhone on the east, and the Ardèche on the west. Cavallier set out on his expedition with 800 men and 30 mules. The snow lay on the ground, and the Ardèche was swelled with floods, which then as now baffled the science of engineers, and terrified the surrounding district. On the approach of the Camisards, the Comte de Roure, who guarded the fords and ferries of the Ardèche, at the head of the militia of the Bas Vivarais, eager to crush the rebels unassisted, was so unwise as to cross the river with a considerable part of his forces, in hopes of surprising the insurgents. His intention,

however, was discovered; he fell into an ambuscade, and lost 500 men out of 560. Still Cavallier was unable to force the passage of the Ardèche, and returned to the scene of the action. Here he fell, in his turn, into an ambuscade laid for him by the Brigadier Julien, who arrived the day after the defeat of the Comte de Roure. The Camisards were dispersed, with the loss of 200 men. Catinat and Ravanel contrived to rally some of their forces, and to rejoin Roland, but Cavallier lost his way in the wood, and was tracked by his footsteps in the snow. At one time the soldiers walked over his head as he cowered under a hollow bank. At another he threw them off his trail by wading down a half-frozen stream. After incredible hardships he contrived to rejoin his commander.

The central government were by this time fully alive to the importance of the revolt. The command in Languedoc was given to the Marshal de Montrevel, and his troops were reinforced to the following amount. One marshal of France, 3 lieutenant-generals, 3 *maréchaux de camp*, 3 brigadiers, 3 regiments of dragoons, 25 battalions of foot, a regiment of marines, some Irish refugees, 600 Miguelets, 32 companies of fusiliers, and about 40,000 militia, in all 60,000 men well supplied with artillery. Roland and Cavallier had but 3000 men to oppose to these forces, but by breaking up their troops into small platoons, and by directing their operations against a vast number of isolated points, they so harassed and bewildered their antagonists, that Montrevel estimated their number at 20,000. The little town of Genouillac was taken by storm five times in four weeks, besides being sacked twice and burnt once. 'A hundred persons, 30 churches, 140 houses, châteaux, portions of villages, or villages, disappeared as in a whirlwind.' The platoons marched between the bodies of royal troops, and appeared on the fronts, flank, and rear at the same time. On one occasion the rebels were brought to action, and suffered considerable loss in the valley of Pompignan; but, at another place, 400 of them cut their way through the midst of 4000 of the royal army, to a rising ground, where they kept their enemies at bay, until the night enabled them to disperse, and slip through their ranks unnoticed.

Tired of a war in which it seemed equally difficult to find the enemy, or to conquer him when found, Montrevel determined on a great effort. Three powerful columns of troops advanced towards a common centre from the north, the south-west, and the south-east. They chased Cavallier from the plain of Languedoc to the northern extremity of the Cevennes, and thence back again to the plain of Languedoc, without bringing

him to action. At length he halted for the night with 1500 men at the Tour de Bellot near Alais, and at no great distance from the point from which he had commenced his retreat. The Tour de Bellot had formerly been a feudal manor; at this time it was a sheep farm, in the midst of which stood the tower, then a pigeon house, from which it derived its name. The tower was surrounded by a court-yard, and the court-yard by a wall. After placing a guard of sixty men in the neighbourhood, the Camisards to the number of about 1500 lay down to sleep in the barns, out-houses, and tower. The owner of the place (who bore the ill-omened name of Guignon—Bad-luck) was a spy of the Brigadier Planque, to whom he gave notice of Cavallier's arrival. Planque, marched out of Alais with 4000 men, whom he divided into two columns, one under his own command, the other under that of an officer named Tarnaud. He escaped the notice of the Camisard sentries until he was close upon them. The guard had just time to give the alarm, and to rush into the building. Cavallier and the other leaders sprang to their feet, and followed by about 400 men made a desperate charge on the head of the column commanded by Planque. Such was the fierceness of the attack that the Catholics retreated far enough to allow 400 more of the Camisards to issue from the buildings; but, after a fight 'so fierce' that heaven and earth seemed on fire, the insurgents were driven across a ravine, which was probably in former times the moat of the château. In the meantime, Tarnaud's column was coming upon the scene of action, and Planque's column saw it advancing through the darkness, from the quarter in which Cavallier had retreated. In the confusion caused by a renewed attack of Cavallier's, Tarnaud's men were mistaken for disguised Camisards, and a furious attack upon them commenced. The whole was now confusion. The two Catholic columns, and the Camisards, were all mixed together, and each of the three bodies considered and treated the other two as enemies. In the meantime the Camisards who had not been able to leave the tower, kept up a furious fire on all alike, being directed in their aim by the flashes of the guns, the cries of the combatants, and the groans of the wounded. At last, either the dawn, or the rising of the moon, put an end to the confusion. The columns of Planque and Tarnaud recognised each other, and Cavallier was driven across the moat. Seeing that it was impossible to help those of his party who still remained in the tower, he effected his retreat in good order. The whole of the Catholic forces now directed their attack against the tower and its small garrison. By degrees the court-yard was won,

but the Camisards in the tower fought till their ammunition was exhausted, and then kept off their opponents with stones. Planque contrived to set the buildings on fire with hand grenades, and the remaining Camisards were burnt alive, singing psalms to the last. They had fought from midnight till 8 A.M. Planque lost nearly 1200 men killed and wounded. The Camisards 411 killed, of whom 293 were killed or burnt in the farm, and 118 killed on the banks of the moat.

By some unknown means the spy Guignon was discovered and condemned to death. The Camisards under arms, and with the prophets at their head, knelt round him, praying for his soul. He begged to be allowed to embrace his two sons, who were present, and who had formed part of the troops which he had betrayed. They refused and disowned him. He was beheaded.

After this dearly bought success, the marshal de Montrevel allowed nearly six months to pass without any serious undertaking. But though he did not take the field, he did not altogether neglect his duty.

On Palm Sunday 1703, '200 or 300 women, children, and 'old men of Nismes, were praying at the house of a man named 'Mercier, near the gate of the Carmelites. Their psalms soon 'discovered their retreat to the lieutenant of police, who informed Montrevel. He was then at table, and was probably 'heated with wine. He rose in a fury, and invested the mill 'with a battalion. The soldiers broke open the door, and sword 'in hand rushed upon the terrified multitude, but the marshal, 'growing impatient at the slow operation of the sword, determined to have recourse to fire; thereupon the flames enveloped 'the house, from which deep groans arose. The poor wretches 'broke out of the burning mill, most of them wounded, bloody, 'blackened and gnawed (*rongés*) by the fire, and like shrieking 'spectres, but the soldiers pushed them back, at the point of the 'bayonet, into the furnace, in which they were consumed.' One girl had been saved by one of the marshal's servants. She was hanged on the spot, and the servant would have been hanged also, but for the intercession of some sisters of mercy.

In the meantime Flechier was holding a service at the cathedral. Hearing the tumult and the musket shots, the bishop and his congregation supposed that the Camisards were attacking Nismes. The service was interrupted, the doors barricaded, and 'Flechier ne se trouva pas en état de parler à 'son troupeau;' whereupon the Abbé de Beaujen, whom the bishop requested to supply his place, preached on the text,

'Why are ye afraid, O ye of little faith'? When Flechier was told what was going on, the service was resumed.

Anxious to extend the benefit of this example, Montrevel issued an *ordonnance* ordering the inhabitants '*de courir sur aux Camisards*.' This set in activity all the robbers and murderers of the province, and furnished them with legal authority. For their better regulation, they were formed into three regiments called the Florentins or Camisards noirs, and put under the command of an old soldier named La Fayette, who had taken orders and retired to a hermitage. For the encouragement of these recruits a papal bull was obtained, which recited 'that the accursed race of the ancient Albigenses had risen in arms against the church and their sovereign,' and which, 'in order to engage the faithful to exterminate the cursed race of heretics and sinners, enemies in all ages of God and of Caesar,' offered plenary absolution to all who should join the holy militia formed for the extermination of the said heretics and rebels and should be killed in the combat.

In addition to these resources, lists were made by the priests of all the suspected persons in their parishes; the men named in them were sent to the galleys, and the women and children to prison. This measure drove the able-bodied men into the ranks of the insurgents, and placed at their disposal all the resources which would have been required for the old and feeble.

When he considered that the time for more active operations had arrived, the marshal took counsel with Bâville and Julien. Julien was a very distinguished officer. He was a native of Orange, and by birth a Protestant, and had been a page to William III. He was now displaying all the hatred of a renegade against the adherents of his old faith. He was of opinion that the whole population was Camisard, the women more than the men, and the little children more than the women. That therefore the best plan would be to burn all the villages, and kill all the inhabitants. In this view he was supported by Montrevel and the Bishops. Bâville agreed to the destruction of the towns, but thought it advisable to allow the inhabitants to leave them: but the clergy, and Julien, supported their former opinion, calling the attention of Bâville to the fact, that it would exhaust the troops to destroy nearly 500 villages in the winter time, and that the nobles and clergy would take amiss the destruction of the *chateaux* and convents; that these objections did not apply to the proposed course of killing the population, which would be at once more expeditious and more popular. Bâville, however, overcame their opposition; his plans were adopted, and, on the 14th September, 1703, a decree appeared

calling out all the militia of the Gévaudan, to destroy, and if necessary to burn, all the villages in the Hautes Cévennes, a district sixty miles long by about thirty broad; and appointing certain towns of refuge, to which the inhabitants were ordered to remove themselves.

Thus far neither the military genius of Cavallier, nor the foresight and constancy of Roland, had been able to invest the rebellion with the character of civil war. Notwithstanding the resources which they had organised, and the victories which they had gained, they had not shown themselves equal to the task of giving a political direction to the revolt. A new ally now joined them, who seemed to be distinguished by the very qualities in which they were deficient. To the west of the Cévennes lies the Rouergue.* It was surrounded on all sides by provinces full of Protestants or *nouveaux convertis*, and was altogether drained of troops and militia. The most conspicuous person in it was Antoine de Labourlic de Guiscard, the youngest son of the Marquis Labourlic de Guiscard, formerly under tutor of Louis XIV. His early life had not been creditable, and, both from personal and political feeling, he bitterly hated the king. Aware of the discontents which had been produced by excessive taxation, and the suppression of local privileges, he had watched the growth and progress of the revolt of the Cévennes, with the hope of making it the means by which he might effect a revolution. From his old feudal castle of Varcilles, near Rhodéz, he issued anonymous addresses to the Protestants, to the troops, and to the militia, pointing out to them the necessity for union between Protestants and Catholics, troops, militia, and insurgents, to put an end to the exorbitant taxation which was ruining the nation, to convoke a free meeting of the States General, and to crush the intolerance, which was oppressing alike the Protestants and the liberal Catholics. After denouncing the king as weak and superstitious, and the most ignorant of men, he concludes: 'Our cause then is common, my dear brethren; we have one common oppressor. Let us cry Liberty! Liberty! Let us loudly demand free States General, such as they once were; and let our cruel Prince find himself abandoned by all his subjects at once.' Besides circulating these writings, Labourlic, under pretence of fearing an attack from the Camisards, fortified his castle and

* The original edition of the Memoirs of the Marquis de Guiscard, with some other curious matters relating to the war of the Cévennes, has been published in the 11th volume of the 'Archives Curieuses de l'Histoire de France, par Cimber et Danjou.'

collected arms. He also communicated with 500 persons, who engaged to join him at a given time and place, in order to take possession of Rhodéz and Milhau. They hoped to raise on the road the Protestants, the *nouveaux convertis*, and the Catholic malcontents, to join the Cevenols on the east, and to take possession of Montauban and Toulouse on the west. In short, Labourlie's plan was to give a political aspect to the insurrection, and to spread it over the whole of the South of France, from the Alps to the Ocean, resting, at both of the extreme points, on frontiers where the foreign powers, then allied against France, might assist him with supplies or by landing refugee regiments.

He had not as yet entered into direct communication with the Camisards for fear of compromising himself prematurely, but it is probable that Roland was aware of the fact that some movement in the Rouergue was in contemplation, and that he formed the determination, which during the winter he executed, of attempting, on the one side, to communicate with Admiral Shovel, then cruising in the Gulf of Lyons, and of sending forces, on the other, into the Rouergue.

Towards the end of September 1703, the different schemes of Roland, Labourlie, and Bâville were ready for execution. Julien and the Comte du Peyre marched into the Cevennes, at the head of an overwhelming force, and destroyed far and wide every town, village, and human habitation, except the appointed towns of refuge, in the midst of the rains and frosts of approaching winter. The Camisards, feeling that they could not cope with the masses of troops concentrated in the mountains, threw themselves on the plain, mad with rage, and drunk with enthusiasm. They entered the villages shouting, 'Kill! kill! fire and sword! Lord help us to slay the idolaters.' The villages were burnt, the populations massacred, and, if we are to believe Elie Marion, Aiguevives took fire of itself, and consumed at their curses, as the captains of fifty and their fifties were consumed at the curse of Elijah. Through flaming villages, and churches whose God they defied to protect his people and his altars, Cavallier and his men pushed their way from the rugged hill tops of the Cevennes, to the long line of dreary swamps which border the French shores of the Mediterranean. The Camisards were in great force, and had with them 300 horses of the Delta of the Rhone, which still retain marks of the Arab blood introduced amongst them in the times of Languedocian independence. They hoped to communicate with the English fleet under Admiral Shovel, though they had no precise information as to its movements. Catinat had organised the cavalry, and Cavallier counted the hours which must elapse before the

moment when he might load his horses with warlike stores, bring his convoy in safety to his strongholds, and, recruiting his army with as many men as he could equip, spread the insurrection through the Vivarais into Dauphiné, and through the Rouergue to the Pyrenees and the Atlantic ports. Admiral Shovel sent two ships, under Captain Harris, to within a short distance of Maguelonne, laden with the arms and money, which would enable the Camisards to try the experiment on which so much depended. As the short autumn evening closed in, the steeples and towers of Montpellier were crowded with anxious faces, turned towards the sea, and the heretic vessels which it bore. All night long the English look-outs swept with their glasses the long low line of sandbanks, which separates the tideless waters of the gulf from the dull lagoons which border them. And all night long the Camisard patrols, as they looked out to sea from the dikes and causeways along which they marched, wondered at the strange lights swinging from the English topmasts, which they supposed to belong to lighthouses or to fishing boats. The English found no one to meet them; and the Camisards, owing to the vagueness of their information, did not understand the signals. When morning dawned, Harris stood out to sea without landing his stores, and the Camisards withdrew, leaving Montrevel, who arrived in furious haste from Alais, to line the coast with troops, and to remove the whole population beyond the reach of corruption or of invasion. The vigilance of Bâville had averted this danger. He arrested the agents charged to acquaint the Camisards with the English signals. One of them kept his secret, and was broken on the wheel at Alais. The other confessed under the torture, and saved his life and his enemies by his weakness. The danger from the English was over, but the danger from the conspiracy of the Rouergue was still impending. It was averted by the savage stupidity of Catinat, who was sent to command the auxiliary forces, and by Roland's want of precise information as to Labourlie's plans. Catinat not only came before Labourlie was ready, but, forgetting that his allies were mostly Catholics, he entered the towns with the cry of '*Mort aux prêtres !*' he cut down crucifixes, he burnt churches, and, as might have been expected, his follies were soon brought to an end by a defeat, in which he lost all his men, and from which he contrived to regain the Cevennes with a single companion.

Labourlie was less imprudent, but equally unfortunate. He had been so successful in his endeavours to make people believe that his preparations were directed against the Camisards,

that the Lieutenant du Roi, the Comte de Pujol, having been warned of the existence of the conspiracy amongst the noblesse of the province, asked Labourlie himself to preside over a meeting which was convened to deliberate on the subject. The president with some rudeness called upon the Lieutenant du Roi's informant to explain himself. He did so with so much clearness that Labourlie perceived that he knew all the secrets of the conspiracy, except that he was not aware that the meeting, which he was addressing was presided over by the head of it. Having discussed the measures which it would be necessary to take in order to frustrate the schemes of the man who presided over the discussion, the meeting separated, and Labourlie betook himself to England.

Henceforth the insurrection was confined within its own territories, and its defeat became a mere question of time. 'But its last were also its most formidable efforts. Cavallier wasted the whole plain of Languedoc with fire and sword, and after every new act of reprisals, offered up prayers, amidst the ruins of the villages which he burnt, that the king's heart might be turned from evil counsellors. This produced the recall of Julien from his devastation of the mountains to the defence of the plain, but as soon as he and part of his troops had evacuated the Cevennes, Roland and other Camisard chiefs attacked the troops who had been left, and Julien had to return more quickly than he had departed, abandoning the plain of Languedoc to Cavallier, who throughout the whole winter inflicted a series of humiliations upon the royal forces. The Marquis de Vergetot, with the regiment of Royal Comtois, and forty Irish officers, was defeated at the Mas des Horts. The Marquis de Fimarçon, with the regiment of dragoons which bore his name, and a battalion of foot, was defeated at Nages. The Camisards were led to the charge by a prophetess eighteen years of age, who rushed to the assault armed with a dragoon sabre, and shouting, 'Kill, kill! The sword of the Lord 'and of Gideon!'

The greatest of Cavallier's victories took place at Devois de Martignargues (*devia Martis aggeru*). La Jonquière, with 500 or 600 marines, and some companies of dragoons, came upon the Protestants encamped behind a ravine. Cavallier's troop only was visible. He was posted across the road; Ravanel and Catinat were in ambush in the wings. 'Courage, my men,' cried La Jonquière; 'here are the fellows who have given us 'all this trouble;' and with his dragoons in front, and his grenadiers in flank, he marched to the attack, and fired a volley. By Cavallier's orders his men throw themselves on

their faces. Thinking that he had caused a prodigious slaughter, La Jonquière advanced confidently, but the Camisards sprang to their feet uninjured, and in a few minutes a storm of musket balls filled the ravine with a mass of men and horses wounded and dying. In the midst of the confusion the two wings appeared in the woods, and the dragoons, grenadiers, and marines were driven with a horrible slaughter over each other in the thickets in which they were entangled. The horse broke through the *mêlée*, and some of them escaped, but the marines lost 450 men, after inflicting upon their adversaries a loss of 12 wounded. Amidst the mass of bodies, a knot of 33 officers, a colonel, and a major, still continued to resist. They indignantly refused quarter, and were killed to a man.

The Marquis de Lalande was nearly as unfortunate as La Jonquière. Roland laid wait for him on the banks of the Gardon. From three sides at once huge rocks rolled down on his men from the cliff, 'and above the roar of the musketry the clash of the stones, and the cries of the conquered, rose the psalmody of the conquerors redoubled by the echoes.' They sang as usual the sixty-eighth psalm, 'Let God arise and let his enemies be scattered.'

In the meantime Julien completed his operations in the Cévennes. Four hundred and sixty-six villages were laid waste, and a space of sixty miles in length by about thirty in breadth was filled with ruins, and deprived of all its inhabitants, except the few who could find refuge in caves and other hiding places. But in the meantime the defeats of La Jonquière and Lalande had overthrown the credit of Montrevel, and he was recalled. He determined to show the insurgents 'how he took leave of his friends.' Hearing that they were much elated at his recall, and meditated some great stroke, he circulated false reports as to the road which he meant to take. The reports reached Cavallier, who placed himself in a position either to surprise the town of Montpellier, or else to intercept the marshal. Montrevel suddenly left the road on which he had been travelling, and contrived to place himself, with 1800 men, in the rear, and to the north, of the Camisard leader. Colonel Grandval was in front of him to the south, other forces under Menou cut off his retreat to the west, and Lalande with about 5000 men was stationed at Alais, to intercept the fugitives. He was supported by the Camisards Noirs, or Catholic volunteers, under the Hermit La Fayette. Thus Cavallier was surrounded by three corps, amounting to upwards of 6000 men, whilst his line of retreat was intercepted by as many more. The insurgent forces against whom this army was drawn out

amounted to no more than 1200. They were, however, the best appointed body which the Camisards had ever brought into the field. Three hundred were cavalry under the command of Catinat. Fifty, splendidly dressed in scarlet, acted as a body guard to Cavallier. Amongst these were several English, men 'driven by that passion for adventures which 'devours their countrymen.' Cavallier himself wore a magnificent uniform, and rode a horse which had belonged to La Jonquière, the colonel of the regiment of marines which he had exterminated. It was on the 15th April 1704, that, after a long march, the troops lay down to rest near the mill of Langlade, about five miles from Nismes. Their repose was suddenly broken by the attack of Fimarçon's dragoons, but Catinat's cavalry had lain down with their arms passed through their bridle reins; they remounted, and chased the dragoons before them to the south. A regiment of foot, drawn up across the road, enabled the horse to rally, and forced Catinat after a sharp skirmish, to retreat. He retired before his antagonists for a whole hour until he rejoined Cavallier. As the dragoons and infantry approached, the Camisards fell on their knees, and, for almost the last time, sang the psalm of battle, 'Let God arise and let his enemies be scattered.' On a hillock, Daniel Gui the prophet and six prophetesses stood and prayed. As the enemy approached, they advanced towards them, crying 'Child of the devil, ground your arms'—but Grandval charged with the foot, and ordered the dragoons to close in on the wings. His horse was shot dead. His men fell in all directions: suddenly troops were seen, advancing on the left, and on the rear of the Camisards. They were the troops of Montrevel. With a presence of mind, which marshal Villars afterwards declared to have been 'worthy of 'Cæsar,' Cavallier ordered his men to wheel to the right, before the dragoons could surround them. Grandval charged with the bayonet, to stop his way, but none of them, says Cavallier, 'came within a sword's length of us.' Bursting through all obstacles, the Camisards crossed the ravine, and during their momentary respite, deliberated on the road to be taken. A countryman, who was either unlucky or treacherous, suggested the road to the west—to Nages. It was adopted, and the Camisards retreated for two miles, under the fire of a superior force, which they returned with great effect. In front of Nages the road was barred by Menou. They broke through his forces, and entered the town, but it was only to find new enemies; for the hills on the north, south, and west were occupied by fresh troops, whilst their pursuers were closing

in from the east. It had been remarked by his followers, that Cavallier's head had been turned by his successes. Danger restored to him all his presence of mind. Taking off his splendid dress, he put on the clothes of a common soldier, and told his men, shortly and emphatically, that if they lost heart they would be taken, and broken on the wheel. That their only chance was 'to charge over those fellows' bolliies' (*de passer sur le ventre à ces gens là*), and that they must close up, and follow him. The men marched against their enemies with fixed bayonets, and the lines closed with a horrible shock. The soldiers stabbed, and struck each other. Cavallier himself was recognised: a dragoon burst through the *mélée*, and seized him. One of his guards cut the man's arm in half at the wrist, with a single blow. Another took his place: Cavallier shot him through the head. By such efforts the Camisards cleared the way; but behind the first line was a second, in the midst of which was a bridge over a brook, guarded by a squadron of dragoons. Catinat and Ravanel rallied the remains of the horse, and, charging the dragoons, swept across the bridge. In their retreat they forgot their leader, who was only rescued by the presence of mind of his brother—a child of ten years of age. The boy acted as his *aide-de-camp*, and rode by his side on a little pony, armed with pistols and a sword proportioned to his age. Seeing the danger, he threw himself and his horse across the bridge, presented a pistol at the men, and shouted? 'Children of God, what are you about? Keep along the bank: charge the enemy: bring off my brother.' Some of them returned, and rescued their leader. Beyond the bridge lay a water meadow, where the fight was continued. Every ditch, and every tree, formed a cover. At last the Camisards passed the marsh and a second bridge, and took refuge under the shadow of the night in the wood of Cannes. For three miles south from Langlade to Vergéze, and for three miles west from Langlade to Nages, the roads were strewed with dead bodies. At Langlade, at Nages, and at the bridge behind Nages, they lay in heaps. No prisoners were taken. Montrevel's only trophies were seventy-two horses, four sumpter mules, and five drums, which had belonged to La Jonquière's corps. Each party lost about 500 men killed, but after six hours' fighting in the open field, against odds of nearly six to one, the insurgents effected their retreat through the midst of their enemies.

The great resources at the command of Montrevel enabled him to follow up this blow. Roland was defeated at Brenoux, on the day of the battle of Nages. Another body of insurgents

was defeated at the same time at the Pont de Montvert, and Cavallier was overtaken in his retreat by Lalande, and suffered a second defeat at Euzet. This was in its consequences even more serious than the defeat at Nages; for, after the battle, his magazines and hospital were discovered in a cave, in a neighbouring forest. The soldiers knocked out the brains of the wounded men, Lalande burnt the village, killed the population, and re-entered Alais in triumph, with long rows of Camisards' cars spitted on the swords of his troops.

The recall of Montrevel coincided with the opening of the disastrous campaign of 1704. Marshal Villars would obviously have been the proper person to take the command of the army which was defeated at Blenheim; but his noisy ostentation had caused his great talents to be underrated, and his quarrel with the Elector of Bavaria had put him into a sort of semi-disgrace. The miscarriage of Montrevel afforded an escape from the alternative of not employing him at all, or giving him that appointment to which he was entitled. It was a happy thing for England, that Villars was not in the place of Tallard, for he was the very incarnation of the popular English notion of a Frenchman. Vain, noisy, and accustomed to act with as much courage and capacity as he usually attributed to himself in his conversation, he was one of the many people who refute the popular fallacy that every captain Bobadil is a coward. He knew that he was very able, and very brave, and was extremely fond of telling other people that such was the case. Louis XIV. apologized for giving him so obscure a command, by assuring him that, to pacify the Cevennes would do more service than to win three pitched battles on the frontier.

Impressed, as he says, with a conviction that the cruelty of the authorities was one of the principal causes of the obstinacy of the insurrection, Villars came to his government, bent upon trying the effect of an opposite course of policy. In this resolution he was strongly confirmed by a Protestant noble, D'Aigalliers, who offered, on the part of himself and his fellow nobles, to negotiate if possible, to fight if necessary. Roland was overjoyed at the prospect of negotiation, hoping that he should gain time to re-organise his resources, for he had determined not to accept any other terms than the re-establishment of the Edict of Nantes. He accordingly deputed Cavallier to act as his plenipotentiary. Thus far nothing had occurred to diminish the brilliancy of his career. Whilst still a mere boy he had won battles, in spite of the superior numbers and discipline of the troops opposed to him. His defeats had been even more creditable to him than his victories, for they had enabled him to display almost unparalleled

presence of mind and variety of resource. He was now to be subjected to a different set of trials. He was, as he admits himself, entirely unfit for the office of Ambassador. D'Aigalliers, and the brigadier Lalapde, flattered his vanity by promising that he should have the command of a regiment of Protestants, to be formed from the insurgents, and that the Protestants should be tolerated, or at any rate allowed to emigrate. But it was insinuated he must accept these proposals as matter of favour, in order to spare the king the humiliation of treating with a subject; and he was persuaded to write a letter to Villars, confessing in the humblest terms the error of which he had been guilty in revolting at all, and placing himself at the marshal's disposal. He did not perceive that, by writing such a letter, he put himself in the power of his correspondent, who could at any time ruin him in the eyes of his associates by producing it, and by disavowing the concessions in consideration of which it had been written, but which were not expressed in the letter itself, and that he might thus be reduced to accept whatever terms might be imposed upon him.* Having obtained this letter, Villars admitted Cavallier to an interview with him at Nismes, to treat openly upon the conditions upon which the insurgents should submit. Thus he first made use of the point of honour as a means of extorting a written submission from his adversary, and then gave up the point of honour, in order to place him in a false position, and so reduce the insurgents to accept less favourable terms than they would otherwise have agreed to.

Cavallier entered Nismes with extraordinary pomp. 'He wore a fawn-coloured gold-laced *juste au corps*, scarlet waistcoat and breeches, an ample muslin cravat, a hat with a broad brim, and a white plume.' He was attended by his body guard, who kept off the crowd, and, when he arrived at the place of conference, he drew them up opposite the marshal's guard, 'affecting an entire equality in all respects.' The conference took place in the garden of a convent, where the theatre now stands. It was conducted by Cavallier on one side, and Bâville and Villars on the other, and lasted two hours. Cavallier was reproached by Bâville for his insurrection. He answered sharply that Bâville's own cruelties were the cause of it. High words passed

* This is M. Peyrat's version of the negotiation, compiled from the Memoirs of Villars and Cavallier, and from the contemporary historians. We are inclined to believe it to be accurate, as M. Peyrat has followed the plan of embodying all which is told by either party in one narrative. The account of Villars is so much compressed as to be likely to mislead, but that of Cavallier is positively disingenuous.

between them, but Villars interfered, telling Cavallier that it was with him that he was to treat. The conference between them ended by an agreement that Cavallier should put his demands into writing. The marshal was much struck by the young chief's appearance. 'He was,' says he, 'only 'twenty-two' (he was only nineteen), 'and looked eighteen. 'He was surprisingly firm and sensible.' After the negotiation the negotiators continued some time in conversation upon the means by which the rebellion had been maintained: Cavallier's behaviour was during the conference singularly characteristic of the boyish vanity, which, in him, mixed with so much that was great. 'Le jeune Camisard affectait coquettement d'offrir souvent 'du tabac, et de regarder l'heure pour montrer sa riche tabatière, 'sa montre d'or, et une bague ornée d'une superbe émeraude.' Shortly afterwards Cavallier put his demands into writing, and sent them to Villars. They were reduced into the form of a treaty, and signed by the Marshal and Bâville on one part, and Cavallier and Daniel Gui the prophet (called Daniel Billard), on the other part. The principal articles were, liberty of conscience, on condition that the Protestants should build no temples; the release of Protestant prisoners from the galleys; the return of the refugees; and the formation of a Camisard regiment of 2000 men, of which Cavallier was to be the colonel. Cautionary towns had been demanded, but were refused. Cavallier felt that without them he had no security for the performance of the conditions, but, compromised as he was by the letter which he had written to Villars, he signed, saying that he knew that he should be disavowed by Roland, and by his own followers.

This treaty is one of the most curious incidents in the history of the reign of Louis XIV. The absence of all security for its observance was a fatal objection to its acceptance. The Camisards would have entirely misconceived the character of the king if they had supposed that such a treaty would in any degree curb his policy. They were not in a condition to receive, nor was he in a condition to give, the guarantees which would have been necessary to make such an agreement binding. The re-establishment of the Edict of Nantes by such hands, and at such a period, was a mere dream. The nation had rejected Protestantism too emphatically, to be capable of any *bonâ fide* toleration of it. Under the circumstances, the best policy of the Camisards would probably have been emigration. The government could have wished for nothing better than to supply the Protestant population of the Cevennes with the means of seeking those asylums which Holland, Prussia, and England eagerly offered to them.

Whatever might be Cavallier's conduct, Roland was neither to be seduced nor deceived. He refused to think so badly of his nation as to admit the belief that it was no longer worthy of his devotion. When emigration was earnestly pressed upon him by D'Aigalliers, he declared that he would never emigrate; that Almighty God had planted him and his countrymen in Languedoc to dwell there, and that the king might exterminate them if he could, but that he should never expel them.

Villars thought that Cavallier would be able to induce his companions to follow his example, and assigned the town of Calvisson for their quarters until the complete execution of the treaty. The Camisards entered it to the number of 700 men. Their prayers and psalms gave immense scandal to the authorities. They wished the marshal to put a stop to them, but he wisely followed the advice of the Archbishop of Narbonne, 'Bouchons nous les oreilles et finissons.' After about a week, the interview between Roland and Cavallier, upon which Villars had counted, took place. Cavallier tried to prevail on his commander to accept the treaty. He refused, accompanying his refusal with bitter reproaches. 'You are mad: you forget that I am your commander; you ought to die of shame. I will have nothing to do with you. You are a vile agent of the marshal: tell him that I will die sword in hand, or get the re-establishment of the Edict of Nantes.' Cavallier returned to Nismes to inform the marshal of Roland's intractability. Villars bid him return to Calvisson, and see whether he could not bring over his troop; but he found that Ravanel had taken his command in his absence, and he was received with violent reproaches. The Camisard drums beat, and the troops marched for the Cevennes; Cavallier watched them as they passed, trying to bend their resolution alternately by threats and by entreaties. Some few turned back after him, but the rest followed Ravanel towards the mountains, brandishing their arms, and crying, 'The sword of the Lord! the sword of the Lord!' Cavallier retired sadly to the cottage of one Lacombe, to whose daughter he was to have been married, and wrote soon afterwards to put himself at the disposition of the marshal. Roland in the meantime recruited his troops, and replenished his stores. He fought an action at Pont de Montvert, in which neither party gained much advantage. It was the last action of the war of the Cevennes, and took place just two years, after the insurrection had commenced, by the murder of Du Chayla at the same place.

Some days afterwards, Roland, with eight others, were surprised by fifty dragoons, at the Château de Castelnau.

They had just time to mount their horses, but were soon overtaken. Roland took his stand under an old olive tree, and shot dead three of his assailants, with three shots of his blunderbuss. He was just drawing the first of a row of pistols, which he carried, when he was himself shot through the heart. Three of his companions had already escaped. The other five threw themselves on his body and allowed themselves to be taken 'like lambs.' The dead body and the five prisoners were carried to Nismes; there throughout the whole of the 16th of August, the corpse, tied by the neck to a cart drawn by oxen, was dragged through the streets, amidst an immense crowd, amongst whom were Flèchier, and four other bishops. In the evening, the bishops assisted at the execution of the five prisoners, who, after having all their limbs broken in two places by the executioner, were left, stretched upon wheels, to die around the fire in which the body of their leader was consumed. The same day was fought the battle of Blenheim. We may appreciate the importance of the Camisard insurrection if we consider what would have been the fate of that battle, if the army detained by Roland in the Cevennes, had been under the orders of Marshal Villars on the Danube.

The desertion of the most able, and the death of the best, of their leaders completely disorganised the Camisards. The leaders made their own terms, and one after another emigrated into Switzerland, accompanied by large or smaller parties of their followers. Ravel alone swore solemnly that he would never leave Languedoc. He kept his oath. The others descended from their mountains, and appeared before Villars, 'Báville, the Bishops; and the furious populace of Nismes, bold, haughty, and indifferent.' With all his pride, Villars could not but sympathise with their magnanimity and vigour. Flèchier saw in them nothing but 'gueux, gens grossiers, malfaits et féroces.'

So ended the war of the Cevennes. If Cavallier had had as much constancy as his commander, it might, in the events which happened, have ended very differently. At the crisis which succeeded to the battle of Blenheim, even a small additional impetus might have produced extraordinary results. If the Camisards had held out a very few months longer, they would have thrown open the whole of the south of France from the Rhone to the Atlantic to a foreign invasion. Cavallier had been led to throw away a great opportunity by vanity and despondency. His vanity was gratified. Villars sent for him to Nismes, and presented him to his wife, who told him that she was very glad to see him there, as she should not have wished

to fall in with him elsewhere. Sentinels were posted at the door of his lodgings, who served at once as a restraint on his freedom and as a guard of honour. It was necessary to clear the way when he walked out, and crowds collected to listen in the street when he and his Camisards sang psalms. As he was unable to fulfil his engagement to form a Camisard regiment, he could not, according to the terms of the treaty, be sent to serve in Spain. The king therefore gave orders that he should be sent with his men to Macon, in Burgundy, there to wait for further directions.

In his memoirs, published more than twenty years afterwards, Cavallier gives a curiously *naïve* account of his journey. At Valence the bishop invited him to dinner, and asked him which of the Catholic dogmas were repugnant to his reason. Cavallier referred to transubstantiation, purgatory, &c.; whereupon the bishop quoted Ambrose and Jerome, and his opponent texts of Scripture, until the argument was concluded by the bishop's drinking to his guest's health and conversion. 'At Lyons,' say the memoirs, 'we stayed a day, which gave me time to visit the famous castle of Pierre Encise, the beautiful church of St. John, and the celebrated clock, which is one of the wonders of the world. From Macon, Cavallier wrote to Chamillard, the minister of war, that he had important revelations to make to the king. He was accordingly sent for to Versailles.' Although orders had been given to keep his journey a secret, it became known at Paris that he was in the town, and in the words of St. Simon, 'le peuple était si avide de voir ce rebelle, que c'était scandaleux.' He was at last introduced to the king, who asked what he had to tell him. Cavallier answered by describing the persecutions which had caused the revolt, contrary, as he declared, to the royal orders and intentions. He said that, if the promises made by Villars were kept, the Protestants would willingly serve in the army. At the reference to Villars' treaty Louis angrily forbade all mention of it. He then charged the Camisards with burning churches, killing priests, &c. Cavallier pleaded that what they had done was by way of reprisals, and referred in particular to the burning of the mill at Nismes. The king said he had never heard of that, and asked the minister what it meant. He replied that 'it was only some set of vagabonds whom M. de Montrevel had punished.' The interview ended by Cavallier's refusing to become a Catholic, on which he was dismissed with an admonition to behave better for the future.

Lavallè, a sort of king's messenger, showed the young general over Versailles. It being, says Cavallier, the day on

which the Duchess of Burgundy first received company after the birth of the Duke of Brittany, 'all the waterworks were set a-going, and the court in the utmost magnificence.. I was astonished at the beauty of the place, which, after the woods and mountains I had been used to, seemed like an enchanted palace.' From Versailles Cavallier returned to his men at Macon, whence they were ordered to march to Brissac near Colmar; but as he received warning that the king intended to immure him by a *lettre de cachet*, he found means to make his escape across the frontier into Switzerland, whence he crossed the Alps, and took service with the army of Prince Eugene in the north of Italy.

The interest of Cavallier's life ends where that of most men begins. He was not twenty when he left Languedoc, yet little remains to be told of his fortunes. He united the most romantic of careers with the least romantic of characters. Hard, keen, perfect master of himself and his resources, he went through one of the most marvellous series of adventure upon record, without, as far as we can tell, testifying, or even feeling, any kind of emotion whatever. Nothing could display his character in this particular more strongly than his behaviour to the Camisard prophets.

In the beginning of the year 1708, Cavallier, then in Spain, whither he had gone in command of a regiment formed of refugees, was appealed to in a controversy, in which his name occupied the most prominent place. Amongst the persons who took shelter in England after the revolt of the Cevennes, were three men, named Durand Ege, Elie Marion, and Cavallier of Sauve. The last, by his own account, a cousin of Jean Cavallier. They began to spread abroad the most extraordinary stories as to the war of the Cevennes, and the miracles and prophecies of which it had been the occasion. According to their account, the leaders had either been themselves inspired in all that they had done, or had acted by the advice of inspired prophets, who told them when to march, when to refrain from marching, where to place sentinels, where to leave the camp unguarded, who were to be killed, who to escape, and who to be taken prisoners, in approaching actions. In these scenes Jean Cavallier had, it was asserted, borne a leading part. He had conducted worship, he had prophesied, he had received revelations, he had presided when miracles were publicly performed. In their retreats in London the Camisards attempted to renew the fanaticism which had been so powerful, and to re-enact the miracles which had been so frequent, in the Cevennes. For a considerable time they succeeded in attract-

ing that kind of attention which usually rewards impostors. At last they, and one of their English disciples, John Lacy by name, published simultaneously the French account of the miracles of the Cevennes, entitled the 'Théâtre Sacré,' and its English edition, the 'Cry from the Desert.' This book consists of a string of wild stories of miracles, supposed to have been performed in the course of the insurrection by various historical persons. In itself it would have seemed to most English readers simply contemptible, but it is referred to by M. Peyrat and M. Martin as a valid historical document, and it is, as might have been expected, M. Eugène Sue's *cheval de bataille*. M. Peyrat quotes it on all occasions, speaking with mysterious reverence of 'l'extase,' and of the abnormal and transcendental energies which the soul displays under its influence. We do not, however, altogether reject the evidence of the 'Théâtre Sacré.' It agrees far too closely with the admissions of the Catholic authorities, with those of Cavallier himself, and with the recorded symptoms of other persons under a similar influence, such as the *convulsionnaires* thirty years later, and the somnambulists of our own day, to be entirely discarded.

In one of his declarations which we have already quoted, Cavallier goes on to say, 'The many other surprising things which passed were only the pure zeal which these poor people had when they saw their holy religion, which they supposed to have been extinguished, born again. I say surprising, because persons who, without injustice to them, might be called idiots, prayed in a manner which could not be believed by those who did not see them.' 'J'ai vu,' says Marshal Villars, 'dans ce genre des choses que je n'aurais jamais crues, si elles ne s'étaient passées sous mes yeux — une ville entière, dont toutes les femmes et les filles paraissaient possédées par le diable. Elles tremblaient, et prophétisaient publiquement dans les rues. Je fis arrêter vingt des plus méchantes, dont une eu la hardiesse de prophétiser durant une heure devant moi. Je la fis prendre pour l'exemple, and renfermer les autres dans les hôpitaux.' He also says, 'Jusque dans les prisons ils retournaient à leur fanatisme quand ils croyaient n'être vus.' The testimony of Brueys* (the famous comic author converted by Bossuet from Protestantism) is somewhat similar. He was employed to investigate the subject on the

* His report upon the matter is published in the 11th vol. of the 'Archives Curieuses sur l'Histoire de France, par Cimber et Danjou.'

first outbreak of fanaticism in Dauphiny. Though he asserts that the phenomena originated in the merest fraud, he distinctly admits that many of the prophets believed themselves to be inspired. Under these circumstances the evidence of the 'Théâtre Sacré' may be admitted as to the habits and ways of thinking and speaking prevalent amongst the Camisards.

Nothing sets the shrewd, somewhat sceptical character of Cavallier in a clearer light, than his energetic disclaimer of any kind of supernatural power or agency. After passing through the midst of an indescribable outbreak of fanaticism, he retained a degree of coolness upon that as upon other subjects altogether extraordinary. The only passage in his memoirs which relates to this subject is very creditable to him. It shows that his keen sense, unassisted by any theological knowledge or speculation, had led him to the very conclusion to which most persons in our own time seem to have arrived upon the question of such miracles. 'We owed our success,' he writes, 'to Divine Providence, who orders all things, and sustained us in our greatest calamities, working continual miracles in our favour; and amongst the rest it is very remarkable that sometimes we perceived our enemies so disheartened that they could not resist us though four to one in number. This I can say, that it was not by our valour that we overcame them, although their troops were all disciplined, and we but militia without order, but there was this difference between us, that we fought for the truth and our liberties, and they for a tyrant who had violated both human and divine laws against his faithful subjects.' The miracle which most deeply impressed Cavallier was not any mere portent or prodigy, but the power which he believed to be given by God to truth and justice of enabling the weak to overcome the strong. It would have been well for himself and his followers if his other language and conduct had never belied this belief. Men who thought and wrote thus were no fanatics. Their language may have been ignorant and wild, but their conduct showed that what they understood by Divine Providence ordering all things was neither fanatical nor unintelligible.

From the period of the controversy with Marion and Fage, our notices of Cavallier are only occasional. He was employed on several occasions, with more or less distinction, under the Allies. His most remarkable exploit was at the battle of Almanza, where his regiment and one of the French regiments under Marshal Berwick, recognising each other, closed without firing and fought hand to hand with such desperate fury, that out of more than 1500 men of whom the two regiments were

composed, less than 300 escaped. He was also sent on several expeditions which were intended to revive the insurrection of the Cevennes. All of them failed, after more or less bloodshed. The most important took place about a year after the death of Roland. A plot had been made, in which Ravel and Catinat were the principal conspirators. They meant to put to death Bâville, to seize the other authorities, to raise a force of 10,000 men, to take possession of Montpellier and other towns on the Gulf of Lyons, and to give them up to the English. The conspiracy was discovered just in time to prevent its explosion, and the leaders in it were burnt alive, as it was thought that that 'would take longer' than quartering them by horses, which had been originally intended. The pile, which was erected over night, was damped by the rain, and was composed of green wood; owing also to the favourable direction of the wind, Catinat lived a long time, and suffered greatly. The execution of Ravel was not so successful; he died quickly, and Bâville prevented the judges from tearing out his tongue with hot pincers.

Labouric was concerned in this conspiracy. His fate is well known. Being detected in double treason to Queen Anne and Louis XIV., he stabbed Harley Lord Oxford with a pen-knife at the Council Board in Whitehall, and was himself mortally wounded by the other Privy councillors.

After the peace Cavallier continued to live in England; he married Madlle. Dunoyer of Nîmes, and became by marriage, says M. Peyrat, 'great grandson of the famous Calvinist professor Samuel Petit, nephew of the fathers Colin and Lachaise the confessors of Henry IV. and Louis XIV., and almost the brother-in-law of Voltaire.' In 1726 he published the memoirs from which we have quoted so largely. They are severely criticised by M. Peyrat, who says that they are written as if the events he had passed through had seemed like a dream to him. It is true that the arrangement of the book is very bad, but the story is so intricate, and so broken up by petty details, as to require more education than Cavallier possessed to make it even intelligible. Some parts of it are shown by M. Peyrat's researches to be positively disingenuous. Such are his accounts of the negotiation with Villars, and the description of the organisation of the commissariat, and other resources of the insurgents, of which he takes the whole credit to himself, to the entire exclusion of Roland. The style is very characteristic in its shrewdness and energy, and in the curiously self-satisfied manner in which the story is told. He died in 1740. In the

report sent by Marshal Villars to the French ministry upon the insurrection he is thus described:—

‘He is a peasant of the lowest class; he is not twenty, and looks only eighteen; he is short and not striking in his appearance, qualities necessary for the people, but he has surprising firmness and good sense. It is certain that, to keep his men under command, he often punished them capitally. I said to him yesterday, “Is it possible that, at your age, and without a long habit of command, you found no difficulty in frequently executing your own men?”—“No, sir,” said he, “when it seemed to me just.”—“But of whom did you make use to inflict the punishment?”—“Any one to whom I gave the order. “Nobody ever hesitated to obey my commands.” I think you will be surprised at this. He has made also many arrangements for his subsistence, and draws up his forces for action as well as well-educated officers could. I shall be fortunate if I can detach such a man from them.’

Villars was not the only person who bore witness to Cavallier’s genius. ‘I confess,’ says Malesherbes*, ‘that this warrior who, never having served, found himself a great general by the gift of nature alone; this Camisard, who on one occasion dared to punish crime, in the presence of a ferocious troop, which subsisted only by means of similar crimes; this rude peasant, who, admitted into good society at the age of twenty, assumed its manners, and gained its love and esteem; this man who, accustomed to a life of excitement, might have been naturally intoxicated by his success, and yet had enough philosophy to enjoy, for thirty-five years, a tranquil private life,—appears to me one of the rarest characters transmitted to us by history.’

The remarks of Villars are the result of his personal observation, and as such are curious, and probably just, but we cannot agree with the panegyric of Malesherbes. Cavallier’s reputation rests entirely on a single exploit achieved in very early youth. Most other persons of whom the same could be said died whilst their reputation was still fresh, and before it had been tested by their subsequent career. Such was the case with Gaston de Foix, Joan of Arc, and Chatterton. Cavallier lived to be upwards of fifty years of age, and passed the last thirty years of his life in almost unbroken obscurity. It is true that circumstances did not favour his subsequent rise, as they had favoured his early distinction. He was a man of low birth, of few connexions, a refugee, and a soldier of fortune, in an age eminently aristocratic. It may seem strange at first sight that

* Quoted in the *Biographie Universelle*, art. *Cavallier*.

these circumstances should have overpowered the energies of one who had overcome difficulties so much more formidable. The qualities, however, which he displayed in his youth were remarkable rather for their intensity than for their rarity. The problems which a general, especially a 'guerrilla' chief, has to solve, are not usually above the capacity of very ordinary minds. The circumstances under which they are to be solved make the real difficulty of the solution. If all the facts which were before Wellington at Salamanca were laid before any ordinary person, and if he had ample time to consider the question, he might very possibly arrive at Wellington's conclusions; but not one man in a million would have arrived at them in a moment, in the midst of killed and wounded, under the fire of two armies, and oppressed by the consciousness of all the importance of the decision. It is like a sum, which any one can work out on paper, but hardly any one in his head. The coolness, self-possession, and decision necessary for such a purpose are often found in connexion with the highest intellectual capacity, but they by no means imply it. They are quite consistent with a narrow understanding, great ignorance, and the absence, not only of ambition, but of capacity for high and generous aims in life.

It is clear from his memoirs, if indeed he is responsible for more than their form, that Cavallier never supplied the deficiencies of his education. It is probable that he remained to the end of his life what the revolt of the Cevennes left him, a keen ready-witted, not over-scrupulous soldier of fortune. His character is not one to be loved. It does not even command admiration by extraordinary power. It affords an almost unique example of the precocious development of some elements of greatness. At nineteen Cavallier possessed a greater power of command, and more of the knowledge of human nature which that power implies, than most men acquire in a lifetime of authority. The war of La Vendée, in many respects analogous to that of the Cevennes, affords no parallel to his career. Larochejaquelin and Lescure were supported by the feudal reverence of the peasantry, and the superiority of their education. The Camisards had no gentry to head them. They were men of a fiercer and more intractable temper than the Vendéans, and yet they obeyed their leaders so devotedly, that with far smaller forces, and opposed to much more disciplined enemies, they supported the war for a longer time, and brought it to a more favourable issue. Cavallier, in common with the other Camisards, was charged by the Catholics with cruelty. And, so far as the most bloody reprisals against person and property

will justify the charge, it is no doubt true. But the government was quite as cruel as the rebels, and in one respect more cruel, for they tortured their prisoners, which the Camisards did not. It is to be remembered, however, that at this time, and long after, burning, breaking on the wheel, and quartering were recognised modes of execution in France; and that the application of torture, for purposes of evidence, was universal. Indeed, in capital causes, it was in some degree favourable to the prisoner, as it gave a man possessed of sufficient fortitude an additional chance of saving his life.

In some respects the Camisard discipline was very strict. Murder, robbing, and pillage were punished with death. Madame de Miramand, a Catholic lady well known for her charities, having been murdered, by persons calling themselves Camisards, the neighbouring villages sent to Cavallier to justify themselves from participation in the crime. He sent out a party to arrest the murderers, who seem however to have expected to be rewarded. Four men were brought to him, of whom three were found guilty, and one acquitted. The three who were found guilty were shot, and their bodies were exposed on the road with a notification of the reason. Cavallier says that he would have punished them far more severely if he had had a single one of Bâville's army of executioners.

Cavallier's career is more interesting than his character; but the important position which he held in the revolt of the Cévennes, is a landmark in the history of French Protestantism. In the beginning of the eighteenth century the traditions of the great Huguenot wars were not extinct. The tradition of the effective administration of the Edict of Nantes was still fresh. Men remembered the time when the Huguenots had been the most important party in the State, and yet in the last struggle of that party for existence, it could find no better champions than a baker's apprentice and a vine-dresser. The proximate cause of the failure of the revolt was the desertion of Protestantism by the aristocracy. In devotion to their principles, in military talent, in courage, the Camisards might bear a comparison with any of their predecessors in the history of their religion. The foundations of a great party were there, but none of the materials for the superstructure. Their success, and their failure, are amongst the most remarkable of all illustrations of the strength and weakness of fanaticism. The question why the aristocracy deserted Protestantism would lead us far from our present subject. The causes lie deep in the character of the nation, and are, in all probability, only a part of the generic differences by which one type of character is distinguished from another.

ART. VI. — *Numismata Hellenica*. A Catalogue of Greek Coins collected by WILLIAM MARTIN LEAKE, F.R.S., one of the Vice-Presidents of the Royal Society of Literature. With Notes, a Map, and Index. London: 1854.

LET it be supposed that an inquiring Chinese philosopher, imperfectly acquainted with the productions and history of any country except his own, but having at the same time a shrewd suspicion that there is more in such matters than his own philosophy has hitherto dreamt of, falls in with a parcel of ancient silver Greek coins, through the intervention, it may be, of some trader in the Eastern seas. After the first movement of admiration excited by the handsome appearance of the coin, ---for, although these pieces are very different from the *sapecks*, or flat perforated circlelets of mingled brass and pewter which his countrymen string up by the thousand for ordinary circulation, he knows enough of the modern currency of other nations to satisfy him that they were intended for coin or money,--- he examines the legend, and finds that it consists of letters not dissimilar in some respects to the letters used by most of the nations of modern Europe, and yet by no means the same. From some friendly missionary he learns that these letters are Greek, and that the Greeks were a mighty nation among the 'outer barbarians,' about the time of the great Confucius. Already, then, this parcel of coins has imparted to his mind a great fact of which he was previously ignorant, and he is led to speculate upon the character of the nation from which they emanated. They are the almost indestructible memorials of other races, other powers, other societies, other arts.

He will conclude, from the variety of smaller coin in the parcel, that silver was used by the Greeks where most other nations have used copper, and that it was very plentiful among them. Although he never heard of the mines of Laurium, or the argentiferous properties of the soil of Thrace, he will presume that some such mineral wealth existed. And having ascertained that the silver of which these coins are composed is of a high degree of purity, he concludes that the people who produced them possessed a competent knowledge of the art of assaying. He takes out his scales,---used by his countrymen to test the weight of their own currency of uncoined silver and gold,--- and he observes that these Greek coins are for the most part either the multiples of one another, or of exactly the same weight. From this he infers that this ancient people had fixed

for themselves a standard of weight as well as a standard of purity. He sees that they studied to afford every facility for ensuring correctness in the operations of trade, and he infers that they trafficked extensively. The dolphin which he finds on one coin, and the crab upon another, will give him an idea that they lived near the sea, while the ear of barley and the bunch of grapes and the oil-jar will satisfy him that they cultivated a productive soil, and not without success.

Our philosopher examines the types and devices a little farther. He observes upon one,—an Athenian coin,—that the head which it bears is surmounted by what must evidently have been intended as a protection from hard blows,—in other words, a helmet. Upon another he finds a figure in a menacing attitude, holding a shield in front, and a spear brandished aloft. These Greeks, he says, must have been not only merchants, but warriors also. His friend, the missionary, tells him that they conquered the world: and with the proviso that by the world must be understood only that insignificant portion of it which lies on the other side of the globe, he sees no reason to doubt it.

Pleased with his progress, therefore, and delighting to muse upon these memorials of the past as they lie before him, our Chinese inquirer finds himself captivated by imperceptible degrees with the grace and proportions of some of the figures upon these coins. The longer he looks, the more he admires them. He perceives in them something which he never found even in the most approved compositions of his own countrymen, and he is constrained to acknowledge the evidence of an inventive genius and a refined taste such as he had never before known or imagined to exist. The mechanical process, too, by which these elegant devices were transferred to a metallic surface with as much apparent ease as if it had been wax,—the accuracy and exquisite minuteness of the workmanship,—excite both surprise and admiration. And if perchance with the aid of a lens he detect some unlooked-for inscription,—on the rim of a helmet for instance, or on the lower side of a dolphin, giving the name of the artist who executed the work,—he perceives that the artists of the celestial empire are out-done even in that minute nicety of touch which has been regarded as their own peculiar province.

Such would probably be the reflections and discoveries suggested to an intelligent inquirer, even among the remote Chinese, by the accidental view of a small number of the coins of ancient Greece. Perhaps it would be too bold a stretch of imagination to go further. Yet we may safely say that other reflections besides these,—reflections upon the political relations of the

country from which the coin proceeded, upon its language, upon its ancient mode of writing, upon its wish to be remembered hereafter, and above all, upon the leading subjects of its heroic history and mythological creed,—may be suggested to any philosophic mind by the contemplation of a single coin. The common representative of value among the ancients, becomes among the moderns the representative of antiquity itself.

It will be acknowledged that, if the coin in question is one which was struck by the countrymen and contemporaries of Thucydides and Plato, the subjects thus suggested are worthy of more than ordinary consideration. An unquestionable, and in some cases an uninjured, specimen of the school of art to which Phidias and Praxiteles belonged, cannot, surely, be regarded with indifference. It was truly observed by Payne Knight, that ‘when we compare the smallness and insignificance of some of the states of Greece, with the exquisite beauty and elegance, and costly refinement displayed in their money,—the common drudge of retail traffic in the lowest stages of society,—we cannot but admit that there is scarcely anything more wonderful in the history of the world.’ And yet, as if they thought little of it themselves, we find extremely few records of the name of their numismatic artists. Even in the distant colonies the characteristic beauty of the national coinage was carefully maintained. The beautiful drachma of Tyras, a colony on the farther side of the Black Sea, not far from the modern Odessa, will bear comparison with the choicest coins of the mother country, both in regard to execution and design.

The study of coins is the study of history from contemporaneous documents. We learn more respecting the religious worship and the political relations of the independent States of Greece from inscriptions and coins, than from the formal compositions of the poet and the historian. Of the wealthy and refined cities of Magna Græcia what should we know, if it were not for their monuments, and especially their coins? Pæstum would be known to us merely as a sort of Chiswick,—

‘Biferique rosaria Pæsti,’—

were it not for the majestic remains of her temples, and the long series of her beautiful coins. In these we have unquestionable proof that she rivalled the greatest cities of Magna Græcia in population, in wealth, in commerce, and in the arts, and that she flourished down to a later period than any of them. It is almost entirely from coins and inscriptions that we know anything respecting the commercial importance and the long duration of the kingdom of Bosporus, better known in modern

times as the peninsula of Kertsch. This little peninsula from its geographical advantages became a wealthy and populous State, and, in fact, it was for a long succession of years the chief granary of Athens. We learn from their coins that although for a while the kingdom of Bosphorus was annexed to that of Pontus, its dynasts were afterwards, as *socii populi Romani*, left free, and remained so until the reign of Constantine.

It must be remembered, too, that these metallic monuments are more safely to be depended upon than the written documents which constitute what is received as History in the common acceptation of the term. No other historical document is so little liable to the suspicion of having been tampered with. None is so safe from the effects of the vanity, or the caprice, or the ignorance of private individuals; none so free from the mystification so often caused by the inaccuracy of a careless transcriber. The study of Greek coins is the study of the most authentic history in the most exquisite productions of contemporaneous art. The best and most beautiful characteristics of a Greek coin must be seen in order to be appreciated. There is a softness and roundness of outline, and a freedom of design, which makes us forget the rigidity of the material. When the coin was struck, little regard was paid either to the shape of the lump of metal, or to the just position of the die upon its surface. This and other indications of negligence,—the cracked edge, perhaps, and the abnormal outline, which form a most remarkable contrast with the prim regularity of modern coin,—conspire to set off in more captivating beauty the device that occupies the field.

The varieties of Greek coinage seem to be almost without limit. Not only had every State its own coinage, but in every coinage there were a vast number of varieties; and the power of designing and striking money was exercised even by the smallest islands and towns, such as Salamis or Oocce in Egina. Five hundred distinct types are assigned to Tarentum; and in the extensive cabinet of Sicilian medals belonging to the Prince of Torremuzza it is said that scarcely two could be produced which were exactly similar. When it is remembered, then, that in Mionnet's list we have no fewer than three hundred kings, and one thousand cities, it is clear that the Greek numismatist has a field before him which he may live to a good old age without exhausting. The geographical range extends over the whole of the 'orbis veteribus notus.' There was a Greek coinage wherever there was a Greek colony, from the coast of Spain to Bactria, and from the African coast to the Cimmerian Bosphorus. A rude imitation of it may be found still further,—

‘*Seu pedibus Parthos sequimur, seu classe Britannos.*’

Upon Parthian coins the monarch is represented, with a Greek legend, as holding out that *arrow* at the mention of which the Roman soldier grew pale: and on the British coin we recognise a barbarous imitation of the Greek types of the ear of corn, the biga, and the figure of Victory hovering over the horses. We recognise also the Greek fabric, the convexity on the one side and the concavity on the other. The coinage of Britain attained its highest point under Cunobelin, the Cymbeline of Shakspeare, and it was then superseded by Roman money. Whether this evident acquaintance with Greek coinage was derived from Gaul, or from Phœnician merchants, is a question into which we have no need to enter.

If we travel eastward, we find the Syrian coins of the Seleucidæ rivalling the coinage of Greece itself in point of excellence of design and execution. The coinage of Bactria bore Greek devices and legends, but it sank by degrees into mere barbarism. The Persians issued a coinage in imitation of the Greek as early as the time of Darius the son of Hystaspes. The conquest of Lydia gave rise to this early advance in the march of improvement, and hence the earlier Darics were more especially an imitation of the money of the Lydians. An imitation of the coinage of Greece has been discovered even in India. Upon money issued by a king of Upper and Central India, by name Chandra, in the sixth century of the Christian era, we find certain figures, which were pronounced by no less an authority than Payne Knight to be imitations of the Greek. A number of these coins, in gold, were discovered on the banks of the Hoogley river, ten miles above Calcutta, in 1783.*

The study of Greek coins, in short, is, as Colonel Leake has observed, ‘one of the most instructive and interesting chapters in the history of ancient civilisation.’ All who have pursued the study have found it so; and as the opportunities for pursuing it become more easy of attainment, so will Colonel Leake’s assertion be more generally acquiesced in. Private collections of coins — of which our island can boast a few that she may well be proud of — must necessarily be even less available than private collections of books, and for the most part useful to none but the owners. With regard to a National collection, every facility ought to be afforded to the student for examination and comparison, consistently with the safety of the coins, and their preservation from injury. The number of those who are ad-

mitted to handle a coin must necessarily be small. At the Bibliothèque at Paris a selection in glass cases is offered to the inspection of all visitors; and many are found desirous to profit by this simple provision, who would otherwise be unacquainted with the beauty of numismatic art, and ignorant of the vast amount of historical information which may be so easily extracted from the 'numismata' themselves. At the same time the study of coins, if pursued to any extent, must necessarily be a home-study. National collections may be useful for consultation and comparison, but the student who would acquire a sound and practical knowledge of his subject must have his coins on the table before him, and his books on the shelf at his elbow. Whatever coins are too costly for his means, must be represented by a copy. We do not recommend an engraving of the coin, for in no one department has the art of engraving failed so much in attaining its object as in that of Numismatics. Infinitely preferable to engravings are casts. Mionnet compiled his laborious catalogue with the aid of sulphur casts. But modern art has discovered a process by which the cast is made of metal, of course more durable than sulphur, and in some cases not distinguishable from the coin itself. After an impression of the coin has been taken upon gutta-percha—which, provided that it be done carefully, is a process entirely harmless—electrotype representations of that coin may be produced to almost any extent. Of equal importance is the still more recent application of photography to these purposes. Phœbus may be employed to take his own likeness, whether it be from the radiate head of Rhodes, or from the beautiful profile on a rare coin of Cnóssus in Crete. In fact, these discoveries form a new era in the science. The costly monuments of ancient art are reproduced with all their characteristic beauties, as well as with their defects; and the student who possesses a cabinet well stored with such fac-similes may, with Colonel Leake's assistance, derive as much practical knowledge from his researches as if he had purchased the Devonshire or the Pembroke collection *en masse*.

That the Greeks were the inventors of the art of coining there seems to be but little doubt. Not a single coin, nor the mention of a single coin, of any other nation, prior to the date of the early coinage of the Greeks, has come down to us. The earliest Hebrew coin is of the date of the Maccabees. From the nineteenth century before Christ, when Abraham weighed to Ephron four hundred shekels of silver, 'current money with the merchant,' as the price of the cave of Mach-

pelah*, until the middle of the second century B. C., when Antiochus Sidetes gave permission to Simon Maccabeus to coin money 'with his own stamp,'† there is no indication that the shekel was anything more than a denomination of weight, as its name implies. Of Egypt and of Assyria we possess many archæological remains, but we do not possess any trace whatever of a coinage. In regard to Egypt, indeed, hieroglyphical discovery has established the fact that no coinage whatever existed in that country, until it was introduced by the successors of Alexander.

With regard to the origin of coinage, we see no reason to question the commonly-received opinion as stated by Colonel Leake, that the early use of silver among the Greeks for purposes of commerce, was in the shape of *ὀβελίσκοι* — pins or pieces of wire‡ — of which a certain number by conventional usage went to the *δραχμή*, or handful. About the tenth Olympiad (B. C. 740), the people of the island Ægina — which, although forming as yet a part of the kingdom of Argos, was populous, and powerful in ships and commerce, and in fact the greatest emporium in Greece — began to use solid lumps of silver, corresponding in weight to the *δραχμή*, or handful, of *ὀβελίσκοι*. It is very probable, as Colonel Leake observes, that as six *ὀβολοί* went to make up the newly-coined *δραχμή*, so six *ὀβελίσκοι* had hitherto constituted the old-fashioned handful. The new drachma would doubtless be found very convenient for purposes of currency, provided that its weight and standard of metal might be depended upon; and for this purpose a public pledge or assurance was given, both to the Æginetans and to strangers, by the impressing it with a stamp or public seal, which was the accredited mode of giving effect to a compact from the earliest ages. The earliest coins were literally pieces of sealed metal. A lump of silver weighing about ninety-five grains was placed upon a sort of anvil, having three or four pyramidal projections, and was then struck with a seal or die, bearing the device of a sea-tortoise.§ The credit of this invention was given to a certain king of Argos by name Pheidon,

* Gen. xxiii. 16.

† 1 Macc. xv. 6.

‡ In the time of Marco Polo a similar currency, in gold, was used in a certain province in China. The gold was formed into small rods, and from these were cut certain lengths, which passed according to their weight. (*Marsden's Marco Polo*, vol. ii. p. 38.)

§ A mode of coinage almost as simple is practised in India in modern times, as will appear from the following account of the inaugurative ceremonial of a Rajah of the Tipperahs: 'A piece of mango-tree, about four feet in length, was half-buried in the ground, in the

and it is recorded that a number of the primitive ὀβελίσκοι were deposited as a memorial in the temple of Juno at Argos. Some of the coins of Ægina, distinguishable by their rudeness of shape and style, combined with fulness of weight, are supposed by Colonel Leake to be among the most ancient specimens of money in existence.

The device impressed upon their drachma by the Æginetans was, as we have stated, a sea-tortoise. This was their παράσημον*, and every Greek city had one peculiar to itself. To enumerate them would be tedious, and it may suffice to mention the more familiar devices of the Shield of Boeotia, the Pegasus of Corinth, the Chimæra of Sicyon, the Wolf of Argos, the Eagle of Elis, the Horse of Thessaly, the Sow of Eleusis, the Ox's Head of Phocis, the Silphium of Cyrene, the Crab of Agnigentum, the Lyre of Chalcis, the Lion's Scalp of Samos, the Wheat-ear of Metapontum, and the Owl of Athens.

That there was a *rationale* in this system of παράσημα, and a peculiar appropriateness in each of them, there can be no doubt. Mr. Burgon has laboured to show, and we think on the whole successfully, that it is to be sought for in the peculiar religious belief or worship of each individual place to which the type belonged. We think that the type had in many instances a close connexion with the situation or local circumstances of the place: and inasmuch as the situation and local circumstances often suggested the worship of some particular deity in preference to all others, we agree with Mr. Burgon that the type is very likely to be a symbol of that worship. The ear of corn is very likely to have been a sacred symbol of the worship of Ceres, though it may possibly have been adopted as a type on the coinage in the first instance simply because the soil was fruitful, and before the worship of Ceres was introduced. But, as we said before, Mr. Burgon has quite succeeded in convincing us, from instances brought forward independently of strong *à priori* probability, that the symbol was of a religious character, and that upon the basis of a common veneration for the gods it conveyed even to distant cities an assurance that the coin which was impressed with it was of due standard and weight. Even in later times, when it became the fashion to introduce the portraits of kings and dynasts upon the coin, we have the strongest possible ground

* middle of which was inserted a die: upon the die was placed a circular piece of gold, and over that another die. The upper die was then struck with a sledge-hammer, and the molur dropped on 'one side complete.' (*Asiatic Journ.* vol. xii. p. 274.)

† In the case of a very ancient and rare coin of Gortyna in Crete the simple word σῆμα is used. See '*Num. Hellenica*,' v. *Gortyna*.

for believing that in no case was it done until the individual had been invested with divine honours as a deity or a hero.*

It is well known that about 600 B. C., Solon reduced the weight of the drachma, in order to remedy an evil which still prevails in Turkey to a very considerable extent, namely, the servile dependence of the lower and most industrious classes upon their tyrannical creditors. Plutarch tells us that he issued an ordinance that the Mna, which had before contained seventy-three drachmæ, should thenceforth contain one hundred drachmæ: in other words, that the debtor who owed one hundred drachmæ should discharge his debt by paying seventy-three, gaining thereby twenty-seven per cent. The question why Solon fixed upon this particular ratio is a curious one. Böckh thinks that his intention was to make it twenty-five per cent., or one quarter; and that the new coinage proved rather lighter than was expected. But Colonel Leake thinks that he wished to assimilate the Attic monetary scale to that of Corinth †, a neighbouring state having much commercial intercourse with Athens; which scale, in fact, corresponded in one important weight, at least, with the scales of Persia, Lydia, the Greek cities of Asia, and the chief cities of Magna Græcia and Sicily. That weight is the Attic didrachmon, which Colonel Leake believes to have been introduced into Lydia from Phœnicia, and to have come originally from Egypt. When we find that such

* In the coinage of the Roman empire the same religious character was sustained throughout, and after the conversion of Constantine to Christianity we find a corresponding change in the types and inscriptions. On the coins of Constantius we find the sacred monogram, and on the Byzantine coins we have representations of the Saviour himself. The Cufic and many other Oriental coins bear inscriptions which comprise a sort of confession of the Mohammedan faith. Many of the early coins of our own country bear the impress of the Cross.

† It seems to us extremely probable, and so far, therefore, corroborative of Colonel Leake's observation with regard to a sort of monetary alliance which he believes to have existed between Athens and Corinth, that the Corinthian didrachmon, being current at Athens in the absence of Athenian didrachma, was called a *κόρη*; and that in a certain instance mentioned in a fragment quoted by Julius Pollux, of a child's sagacity being tested by the offering to him the choice between a *κόρη* and a tetradrachm, it was simply the choice between the half and the whole, — between the shilling and the florin. Some have supposed the *κόρη* in this passage to be the Athenian drachma. But why the drachma rather than any other of the numerous Athenian coins bearing the head of Minerva? If any one of the coins of Athens had been called *par excellence* the *κόρη*, surely it would have been, not the drachma, but the far more notable tetradrachm.

an assimilation was in fact produced by Solon's ordinance, it certainly becomes very probable that he intended it. Colonel Leake has treated the subject with his usual acuteness in a note which will be found in the Appendix to the work before us.

Although we agree with Colonel Leake in his adoption of the tradition which ascribes the origin of coinage to Ægina, it would not be fair to omit to state that Herodotus has recorded another tradition, by which it is ascribed to the Lydians. He says that the Lydians possessed abundance of silver, and that gold was brought down to them by the Pactolus, and that of all people of whom he had knowledge, — *τῶν ἡμεῖς ἴδμεν*, — they were the first who coined money. But it will be seen that this is a qualified assertion, being restricted to those States, probably Asiatic States, with which, as an Asiatic, Herodotus was acquainted; and such has been the destruction of the literature of Asiatic Greece, where civilisation, letters, and refinement of art were earlier than in European Greece, that we derive no assistance in the inquiry from those sources. Those gold and silver anepigraph coins, which from the fact of their having been discovered from time to time within a circle of thirty miles from the ancient Lydian capital, and in considerable numbers, have been very reasonably set down by M. Borrell as coins of Lydia, cannot from their style be supposed to be older than the reign of Cræsus, and as Cræsus was proverbially rich, we see a reason for their frequent occurrence.

It is by no means impossible that by future discoveries we may be enabled to trace the invention of coinage, like that of letters, to Phœnicia, and to show that it spread over Phrygia and Lydia before it touched the shores of Greece. This would not surprise us, though we see no proof of it at present. The historical evidence at present preponderates in favour of a Grecian origin. An especial reason, too, for that origin, may be found in the fact that Greece was composed of small independent States, trading with one another, and interested in giving credit to their medium of exchange by a type or public signature, by means of which it would be current everywhere, and which in fact converts the precious metals into money in the present day.

That middle denomination of coin, the most useful and the most numerous, which in Athens was the tetradrachm, was represented in the maritime cities of Asia Minor by a small coin of electrum called the Hecta (*ἑκτα*), or sixth part of the stater: the stater of electrum being valued at Athens in the time of Demosthenes at 28 Attic drachmæ. These beautiful little coins, which are of the finest Greek work, and remarkably

uniform in weight, were struck before the practice of placing legends or inscriptions upon coins had been adopted in Asia, and it is hence rather difficult to attribute them to their several cities. Colonel Leake in his catalogue has succeeded in attributing six; namely, to Dardanus, Cyzicus, Lesbos, Phocæa, Sardis, and Smyrna, to which might be added Pergamus and Erythræ. Considering their antiquity, these hectæ are not uncommon. In an inscription still extant, which was found in the Acropolis of Athens, among the records of deposits in the Opisthodomus of the Parthenon we find *ἑκταὶ Φωκῆϊδες* mentioned; and Böckh, in his remarks upon the inscription, conjectures rather hastily that the hecta was a silver coin: this mistake, however, is at once indicated by a sight of the coin itself, and Böckh afterwards corrected it. The proportion of silver contained in the hectæ varies, showing thereby that it was probably a native metal; inasmuch as an artificial amalgam is not likely to have been composed of proportions put in arbitrarily. Both kinds of electrum, the natural and the artificial, are mentioned by Livy, who ascribes to a cup composed of the former the faculty of detecting poison when poured into it.

If credit were to be given to a certain statement made by Plutarch, we should have to assign the distinction of having been the first coiners of money to the Athenians. He says that Theseus caused money to be struck which was impressed with the figure of an ox; the weight of the coin being two drachinæ, which at that time was the price of an ox. The same assertion is also made by Julius Pollux, and by the Scholiast on Aristophanes. Plutarch was also of opinion that the words *ἐκατόμβοιον* and *δεκάβοιον* signified things not of the value of so many oxen, but of so many coins: and the ancient proverb,—*βοῦς ἐπὶ γλώσση βέβηκεν*,—as applied to a bribed orator, may have been thought to confirm that opinion. But on the other side we have the stubborn fact that no Athenian coin bearing the impress of a bull has ever been heard of. Perhaps Colonel Leake may be right in ascribing the origin of the proverb, which is at least as old as the time of Æschylus, to the known currency at Athens of the stater of Cyzicus, bearing a bull as its type. There is a specimen in electrum of this extremely rare coin in the British Museum.

The gold coinage of Athens was very limited, and the date of it must have been subsequent to the time of Pericles, inasmuch as he mentions among the resources of the state at the commencement of the Peloponnesian war, bullion in both metals, and minted silver, but no minted gold. The gold currency in the time of Aristophanes consisted of Darics. In the time of

Lysias and Demosthenes we find mention of Darics and Cyzicenes, but not of any gold coin of Athens herself. The weight indeed, the style, and the name of the Athenian stater, all concur in fixing its date as probably subsequent to the time of Alexander the Great, when the supply of silver from the mines at Laurium had begun to fail, and Macedonian silver was taking its place.

If the novice in Greek numismatics should expect to find in the Athenian coin any thing like a specimen of Athenian art, he will be much disappointed. He will find it inelegant in design, coarse in execution, and in its general appearance archaic. If he inquires the reason of this solecism, De Pauw will tell him that inferior artists were employed in order to save expense,—a theory altogether inconsistent with the well-known grandeur of Athens in all her public undertakings. Pinkerton will tell him that the best artists were tempted by the love of lucre to emigrate, and that none remained to do the home-work but inferior hands;—a notion equally untenable, in the face of the undisputed fact that Athens abounded with the works of Phidias and Praxiteles. The true cause was commercial policy. The reputation of the Athenian tetradrachm stood high in the commercial world, and its circulation, like that of the Venetian sequin and the Spanish dollar in modern times, was almost universal. Even now it is found in some of the most distant parts of the map. The Athenians abstained from any improvement upon the ancient type, fearing lest the confidence of foreigners in the purity and weight of the coin should be lessened thereby. So in China and in the East during the last war, Spanish *pillar* dollars were current, but those of Ferdinand VII. and King Joseph, coined without the pillars, were refused. The Venetian ducat and the Maria Theresa dollar continued to be struck in Italy, for foreign circulation, long after the extinction of the Republic and the death of that Empress. The old Athenian coinage enjoyed the same preeminence. The Chorus in the *Rane* of Aristophanes * with evident pride extols its merits as

* l. 730 — This passage is quoted at length by Mr. Macaulay in his 'History of England,' vol. iv. p. 621., as containing a parallel case to the fact of the silver milled money of our own country having disappeared from circulation in the year 1695, while the silver hammered money of former reigns, though mutilated by the clippers, kept its place; and as illustrating also the financial axiom that when perfect coin and light coin are in circulation together, the perfect will not drive out the light, but will itself be driven out. The passage of Aristophanes, as we have always understood it, refers, not to a perfect and a light coin of the same metal—as were the milled money and the hammered money of the year 1695—but to an old coinage of silver

possessing accuracy of type, and purity of metal,—its ringing clear as a bell,—and its being well approved

ἐντε τοῖς Ἑλλήσι, καὶ τοῖς βαρβάροις ἀπανταχοῦ.

And Diogenes Laertius tells us that it was the practice of Zeno to compare an over-refined style of composition to the coin of Alexander, pretty and wordy, but none the better either for its prettiness or its wordiness: while a strong and masculine style was like the Athenian tetradrachm,—out of rule in regard to its workmanship,—struck off at random, as it were—stiff and semi-barbarous in its design,—yet outweighing, in many instances, pieces composed according to the accredited rules of art.

The Athenians had an unfailing supply of silver from their mines at Laurium, near the southern extremity of Attica, to the north-east of Sunium. The Chorus in the *Aves* of Aristophanes calls the coin γλαῦκες Λαυριωτικαί, and promises an abundant supply of them to the judges if they will decide in favour of the play.—‘They shall dwell in your houses, and hatch their young in your purses, and you shall have μικρὰ κέρματα to your heart’s content.’—Under this apt designation are included the many divisions and subdivisions of the obolus, which Colonel Leake describes as coming down to the τεταρτημόριον or fourth part, the weight of which is about two grains. The smaller currency of Athens consisted solely of these μικρὰ κέρματα of silver for a considerable period. We learn from a passage in the *Ecclesiazousæ* of Aristophanes that an attempt had just been made to introduce a coinage of copper, and that it had been unsuccessful. The lower classes, when they went to market, carried these small silver coins in their mouth,—‘instar crumenæ,’ as Casaubon says, a custom which is frequently alluded to by the comic writers. The old dicast in the *Vespæ* tells how he was once imposed upon by a knave in the fish-market, who gave him as his change out of a drachma three scales of a mullet instead of three oboli, which he thrust into his mouth without examination, and then spat out again in disgust. Colonel Leake observes that the minutest of these silver κέρματα maintained their just weight, whereas the copper coins are mere tokens.

of extreme accuracy in regard to weight, and a new coinage of copper which consisted, as Colonel Leake observes, of mere tokens. Moreover, it was not the bad money that drove the good out of the field, but *vice versâ*, as we find from a passage in another comedy of Aristophanes of subsequent date, to which we shall presently refer. See *Eccles.* 820.

We must now change the scene. More than twenty centuries have been added to the world's history since these coins played their part in the transactions of busy life. The tetrobolum which the foot soldier who fought at Marathon received as his daily pay — the triobolum pocketed as his fee by the dicast, — the oboli by a stage joke confounded with fish-scales, — the sturdy old tetradrachm to which Zeno was indebted for a metaphor, — we now contemplate as among the few surviving relics of a wonderful and mighty people, snugly nestling in the student's cabinet, assisting to correct or confirm him upon points of geography, and chronology and art, and social economy, and circulating to a marvellous degree the interest which he takes in the study of history in general.

By the coins of the Seleucidæ, for instance, we are enabled to settle a chronological dispute between the learned Prideaux on the one side, and certain no less learned divines of the Romish Church on the other, involving the genuineness of two documents in the second book of the Maccabees purporting to be epistles written by the Jews at home to their brethren in Egypt. One objection amongst others urged against these epistles is founded upon an anachronism in reference to the death of Antiochus Sidetes. It is generally believed that Antiochus died in the year of the Seleucid era 182; whereas in one of these documents his death is represented as having only very recently taken place in the year 188. In corroboration of the date implied in the epistle, the Jesuit Froelich appealed to the evidence of coins. He produced one coin bearing the date of 183, — a second bearing the date of 184, — a third bearing the date of 185, — and all bearing the name of Antiochus. Eckhel added a fourth, bearing the date of 186. It was presumed, therefore, that so late as the year 186 Antiochus was still alive, and coining money. So far, then, numismatic evidence appears to support the Maccabean chronology, and to militate against that of the historians Porphyrius and Eusebius. Cardinal Wiseman, in his lectures upon the Connexion between Science and Revealed Religion, having ignored all the other arguments against these two epistles, proposes to try the issue *solely* upon the ground of anachronism, — ‘by comparing the chronology of the epistle, ‘not with the vague testimony of historians, often differing among ‘themselves, but with the contemporary and irresistible evidence ‘of medals;’ — and he seems to think that the evidence of coins is conclusive in his favour.

The real fact, however, is that numismatic evidence, when fairly and fully examined, is most unquestionably corroborative of the historical evidence of Porphyrius and Eusebius, and that

Froelich's arrangement of chronology to suit the date of the Jewish letter, is annihilated by it. We do not mean the evidence of three or four suspected coins, opportunely making their appearance to chime in with a preconceived hypothesis, but the consolidated evidence of all known coins of the Syrian dynasty bearing date in the debateable period between A. S. 182 and A. S. 188, taken indiscriminately. An examination of these coins, — whether in the celebrated Duane collection of coins of the Seleucidæ, or in Colonel Leake's collection before us, — will show, not only that the series of Antiochus Sidetes ceases about A. S. 182, which fact in itself affords a strong presumption that his reign terminated about that period, but it will also show that two claimants of the throne, Demetrius Nicator and Alexander Zebina, began to issue money immediately after that period, and that the dynasty remained in an unsettled state down to the date of the Jewish letter. This state of things coincides with the testimony of historians, and the result is that few dates in ancient history are established more precisely and surely than the date of the death of Antiochus Sidetes. The advocates of the genuineness of the Jewish letter could not have chosen a line of defence more fatal to the success of their cause than that which rests upon the evidence of coins.

Let us now examine an instance of the aid afforded by numismatic evidence in settling points of geography, as given by Colonel Leake in the work before us.

Homer informs us that the Thessalian chieftain Polypoetes led to Troy the inhabitants of five cities: —

‘Thy troops, Argissa, Polypoetes leads,
And Eleon, sheltered by Olympus' shades,
Gyrtone's warriors, and where Orthe lies,
And Olooson's chalky cliffs arise.’

The sites of four out of these five cities have been fixed with tolerable accuracy. Colonel Leake himself identified by personal inspection the chalky ravines of Olooson, — now Elassóna, — worn in the soil by the torrents from Olympus. Orthe alone has been a puzzle to the geographers from Strabo downwards, and they have been disposed, in default of better evidence, to fix it at Phalanna. Colonel Leake, however, describes in this work a coin, of which he is the possessor, clearly Thessalian, as appears from the Thessalian type of the horse, and bearing the name of the people of Orthe, — *Ὀρθίων*. So long as we had coins of Phalanna *only*, there was nothing in numismatic evidence incompatible with Strabo's notion, that the acropolis of the more modern Phalanna might have represented the ancient

Orthe. But the appearance of a coin of Orthe, of the same, or nearly the same age with the coins of Phalanna, shows clearly that they were distinct cities. The name 'Orthe' indicates a lofty site or position on a 'steep hill, and Colonel Leake points out such a position between Oloosson and the steep sides of Olympus. His conjecture seems highly probable. Be this, however, as it may, numismatic evidence in regard to Phalanna has corrected an error which prevailed as long back as the time of Strabo. And this unexpected identification of the Homeric city of Orthe adds a fresh confirmation to the poet's accuracy. We quite agree with Colonel Leake's remark in his preface, that for any one to believe that such a city as Troy never existed, and that the Trojan war is a mere poetic invention, in the face of all the geographical evidence which may be produced, from the second book of the Iliad, and in defiance of the traditions of all antiquity, and the belief of intelligent historians who lived more than two thousand years nearer to the event than ourselves, seems hardly possible.

The geography of Scripture, also, may be illustrated by the aid of coins.

The ship which carried St. Paul from Cæsarea to Putcoli, anchored in a roadstead on the southern coast of Crete called 'The fair havens,'—*nigh whereunto* was the city of *Lasea*. (Acts, xxvii. 8.) Such is the reading in many of the manuscripts. But *Lasea* is a place totally unknown to the geographers. Pliny mentions *Lasos* among the inland towns, and the Peutingerian tables mention *Lisia*, sixteen miles to the east of Gortyna; both of them too far from 'The fair havens' to suit the passage. Pliny mentions also a maritime city called *Elæa*: and although not a single manuscript gives this reading, Beza has chosen to get rid of the difficulty by adopting it. Before we adopt new readings, however, on the mere conjecture of Beza or any other critic, it may be well to examine the old ones. Two of the manuscripts, and one of these two the Alexandrian, read *Alasea*: and the Vulgate translation gives *Thalassa*. But have we any corroborative evidence in support of this variation in the readings? We have the weighty and almost conclusive evidence of coins. The coins of a city called *Thalassa* are met with not unfrequently in that very district,—where 'The fair havens' still preserve their name in the Romaic, *Στοὺς καλοὺς Λιμῶνας*,—and from the style and character of these coins it is proved that *Thalassa* was a flourishing city in the time of St. Paul.

It was suggested by Pinkerton in the last century that the ideal representations of *deities* on ancient medals might probably

be copies taken from the works of distinguished artists. This suggestion derived support both from the exquisite beauty displayed in some of their forms and portraits, and also from the consideration that when the figure of a deity had been executed by one of the great artists, it would be considered in the city to which it belonged as an accredited image of that deity. Artists would be proud to copy it, and the state would be no less proud to adopt it upon their coinage. As the study of coins advances, this hypothesis receives additional confirmation. Colonel Leake points out to us several instances in which there is the strongest possible reason to believe that the coin presents us with a copy of a well-known statue.

Thus an archaic female figure is reiterated upon the coins of Samos, which is doubtless the celebrated Juno of Samos,—that deity whose temple Herodotus pronounces to be the most splendid he had visited. A small bronze figure exactly corresponding to it has been discovered at Samos on the site of the temple. The representation which we find on certain coins of Ephesus of the Ephesian Diana in her temple, may give us some idea of those ‘silver shrines’ which ‘brought no small gain’ to Demetrius and his craftsmen. The seated figure upon a coin of Epidaurus, with a serpent by his side and a dog at his feet, is the celebrated chryselophantine statue of Asclepius, exactly as described by Pausanias. Upon a coin of Lacedæmon in the Bibliothèque at Paris is a figure of very primitive rudeness, which Visconti supposed to be the Minerva Poliouchos of Sparta, but which has been identified by Colonel Leake, from a description by Pausanias, as a copy taken from a colossal and archaic statue of Apollo at the neighbouring city of Amyclæ. Colonel Leake recognises also the ‘Jupiter Ithomates’ on a rare coin of Messene,—the ‘Pallas Itonia’ upon Thessalian coins,—and Neptune upon a coin of Corinth. He also points out upon coins of Assorus and Himera the very statues which were feloniously abstracted from those cities by Verres, as described by Cicero in his celebrated oration. Upon certain coins of Cyprus he finds the ‘simulacrum’ of Venus, as described by Tacitus and Maximus Tyrius.

The representations of *edifices* upon coins we consider of less importance. One temple so much resembled another that the artist was tempted to satisfy himself by introducing a part only, and that part sometimes rather according to a conventional type than as a strict resemblance of the reality. Very remarkable, however, is the Cretan labyrinth upon a coin of Cnossus. And it is to be observed that at Gortyna in Crete there is an excavation consisting of intricate passages extending a considerable distance

into the mountain, and corresponding so well with the typical representation upon the coins of Cnossus as to lead us to suspect, with Colonel Leake, that there may have been once something of the same kind at Cnossus, but larger perhaps, and, as having been the reputed work of Dædalus, more artificial.* No less remarkable are the two representations which we have, upon two very rare coins, of the Acropolis of Athens: one of the coins being in the British Museum and the other in the Imperial Collection at Paris. The Parthenon, of course, forms a prominent object in each of these views; the one being taken from the north, and the other from the south-east. On the foreground of one we have the great Dionysiac theatre, with its proscenium and cavea,—the gradation of seats,—and even the cunei or separations formed by the radiating steps which led upwards from the Orchestra. Over the centre of the theatre is a grotto mentioned by Pausanias, exactly as it appeared to Stuart the traveller, in the last century. In the view upon the other coin we have the cavern sacred to Apollo and Pan †, with the flight of steps leading down from the Acropolis to the fountain Clepsydra. The Propylæa as well as the Parthenon are visible in both of these views, but the colossal statue of Minerva Promachus only in the latter.

If our space would allow, something might be said upon the representation of legendary exploits; such, for instance, as the

* This labyrinth was visited by Tournefort in the year 1700. A plan of it by Mr. Cockerell may be found in Walpole's Collection, vol. ii. p. 405.

† Pan was associated with Apollo in acknowledgment of his aid at the battle of Marathon, and a statue was erected to him by Miltiades, upon which Simonides wrote the following distich:

*Τὸν τραγόπουν ἔμε Πᾶνα τὸν Ἀρκάδα, τὸν κατὰ Μήδων
Τὸν μετ' Ἀθηναίων, πτήσατο Μιλτιάδης.*

A statue which, as Colonel Leake observes in his *Topography of Athens*, may possibly be the identical figure thus dedicated by Miltiades, being of a style of art corresponding to his time, and having been discovered in a garden close by this cavern, is now deposited under what Böckh calls the 'scala Bibliothecæ publicæ' at Cambridge. Truly we may say and without irreverence, that 'Great Pan' is not only 'dead,' but buried. We hope, however, to see the time when all Dr. Clarke's marbles,—together with the Greek inscriptions more recently presented to the University by Captain Spratt, and published with scholar-like notes from the ready pen of Mr. Churchill Babington,—shall find their legitimate position within the walls of the Fitzwilliam Museum. We understand that the cabinets of coins belonging to the University have already been removed thither.

contest of Theseus with the bull of Marathon,—the two young men of Catana carrying away their aged parents during an eruption of *Ætna*,—Diomed stealthily abstracting the Palladium,—and Hermes rescuing the infant Arcas, the device upon a very beautiful but very costly coin of the city of Pheneus in Arcadia. Nor ought we to omit the actual portraits of monarchs who have been famed in history, many of which are in a high style of art, and preserve the likeness through a long series with undoubted accuracy. This remark will apply more particularly to Alexander and his kingly generals. In the series of the Ptolemies, we see in striking contrast the energetic and resolute countenance of the first of that race, the patron of learning and the provident father of his subjects, with the unmeaning physiognomy of some of his vicious and enervated successors. Not less remarkable are the elaborate portraits of the last two kings of Macedonia, Philip V. and Perseus, who are mournfully associated with our recollection of the triumph of Roman arms at Cynoscephalæ and Pydna. The portraits of Mithridates king of Pontus are marked with all the characteristic fire and energy of the monarch who waged a war of twenty-five years' duration with Rome in the zenith of her power.

The numismatist traces a connexion, often mutually illustrative, between the devices upon Greek coins and the extant literature of Greece.—According to *Æschylus**, the omen which appeared to the two Atridæ when setting out for Troy, was the appearance of two eagles holding in their talons a hare. This identical device appears upon a coin of Agrigentum. Was there any connexion between the two? When it is remembered that *Æschylus* resided for some time in the Sicilian court of king Hiero, previously to his writing this tragedy, and at a period when this Agrigentine money must have been current throughout Sicily, we shall see that there *was* some such connexion.† — On the reverse of the same coin, we have the monster Scylla corresponding so precisely with Virgil's description—

‘Prima hominum facies, et pulchro pectore virgo
Pube tenus ; postrema immani corpore pistris,
Delphinum caudas utero commissa luporum ;’

that, as Colonel Leake remarks, the poet must have had before him some work similar to this beautiful coin when he wrote the

* *Agamemnon*, l. 115.

† It is at least a remarkable coincidence that the same device was found by Mr. Layard in the ornamental work upon a bronze plate at Nineveh.

lines. — In Virgil's description of the shield of Æneas certain dolphins are introduced :—

‘ Et circum argento glari delphines in orbem
Æguora verrebant caudis, æstumque secabant : ’

in regard to which dolphins the poet is condemned by Heyne in his notes, as unacquainted with the arts of design ; — ‘ nã is ‘ non adeo magnam graphices peritiam habere potuit.’ And yet we see these dolphins, precisely as described by Virgil, upon the celebrated medallion of Syracuse ; which Virgil had doubtless seen, and from which he probably derived the idea. The Taras — *δελφίνι ἐποχούμενος* — upon the coins of Tarentum, is mentioned by Aristotle. The horseman upon the same coins, Colonel Leake supposes to refer to the celebrity of the Tarentine cavalry, who doubtless by their exercises afforded to the artist a notable variety of models ; and he recognises in the exquisite workmanship and vast number of the coins themselves, a confirmation of Livy's account of the wealth and refinement of Tarentum, when it was taken and plundered by the Romans.

Unmistakeable allusion is made to various personages who have been immortalised by the writings of Homer. The fountains of Messis and Hypercia, from which, according to the sad forebodings of her husband, the captive Andromache would be doomed to carry water, are represented upon the Thessalian coins of Pheræ and Larissa ; and on the latter we have the captive princess herself, habited in a long transparent garment, and filling her vase at a stream of water flowing from a lion's mouth. A female head, adorned with the peculiar and complicated head-dress which Andromache is represented as tearing off when she received the tidings of her husband's death, appears upon a coin of Thebe in Troas, of which place her father was the king.

The Græco-Asiatic tetradrachms called ‘ cistophori ’ formed at one period a considerable portion of the circulating medium in the commerce of Greece and Asia Minor, owing probably to their purity of silver and uniformity of weight. Nearly a million of them were exhibited at Rome in the celebration of triumphs, within the short period of three years. Cicero on returning home from his province, left a considerable sum ‘ in ‘ cistophoro ’ in the hands of the Publicani at Ephesus, which seem to have fallen into the hands of Pompey and his marauders, instead of being exchanged for Roman money, and appropriated to the payment of his debts, as he had feelingly suggested in a letter to Atticus.

It is a fact well known to some Oriental numismatists, that

the Persians of mediæval times; in order to give currency through their dominions to foreign money, were accustomed to make an incision with a sharp instrument extending from the edge of the coin towards the centre. This incision, which is still found upon the old Mahometan money of India, is known in the East as the 'Shroff's mark.' A similar indentation is found upon some of the coins of Greece; and Colonel Leake, being aware of the Persian practice in the middle ages, and observing that the mark occurs upon the coins of Greek cities which were in the possession of the Persians at the time, or after the time, at which the coins appear, from their style, to have been struck, and upon none other, suggests the strong probability, amounting as we think almost to certainty, that it is a countermark affixed by Persian authority at a much earlier period. It is found upon coins of Cilicia, of Macedonia and Thrace, of Barca in Africa, and of Athens. Having to act upon coins much more solid than the gold coins of India, it was proportionably much more wide and deep. On one of those extremely rare coins the Athenian decadrachma, in the British Museum, the barbarous officer of Xerxes has forced his indentation quite through the silver; so rudely indeed, that the eye of the patron goddess has had, literally, a hair-breadth escape.

The beautiful coins of some of the provinces of Asia Minor prove, as Colonel Leake observes, that although the inhabitants of those provinces were styled by Arrian *βάρβαροι*, they were barbarians no further than in regard to their non-Hellenic language; and that they were barbarians in this sense we may infer from the legends of the coins themselves. We find indeed the characters of the Greek alphabet, and sometimes, — as in the case of the coins of Aspendus in Pamphylia, — without any admixture of other characters: but the words which they express bear little or no resemblance to Greek words, and in many cases the characters are intermixed with others which were foreign to the eye of an Athenian, as the sounds which they were invented to express were doubtless foreign to his ear. The Lycians seem to have had many of these sounds, and the Pamphylians few. This intermixture of the Greek and barbarian elements is strikingly alluded to by St. Luke in the Acts of the Apostles*: — he represents the people of Lystra as worshipping the Greek deities, Jupiter and Mercury; but when they spoke to one another, it was *Λυκαονιστῶν*. To speak the languages of Cappadocia, Pontus, Phrygia, and Pamphylia, was

* Acts, xiv. 11.

included in the gift of tongues on the day of Pentecost. In some parts of Asia the Phœnician alphabet was used: Colonel Leake mentions this in his description of a coin of the city of Tarsus, bearing the device of the Jupiter Tarsius, or Baal-Tars, as it is clearly expressed in the Phœnician legend. Upon this class of coins Colonel Leake has said but little, probably because the subject has been so ably and so thoroughly treated by the Duc de Luynes, as to render any further inquiry superfluous. With much confidence we would refer such of our readers as feel interested in the subject to the learned treatises of that distinguished numismatist,—‘*Sur la Numismatique des Satrapies et de la Phœnicie*,’ and ‘*La Numismatique et Inscriptions Cypriotes*.’ Finding a class of coins, apparently Græco-Asiatic, with Phœnician legends, expressive, as he thinks, of the names of Tiribazus, Pharnabazus, Sycnnesis, Dernes, Gaos, and other Persian satraps of the maritime parts of Asia Minor, under the Achæmenid kings, M. de Luynes supposes that these Persian noblemen, having a Phœnician navy in their employ, employed also the Phœnician mode of writing upon their coins. Whatever brings us near to Phœnicia possesses a peculiar interest from its contiguity to Palestine, and we examine with no small degree of curiosity the Duke’s remarks upon the kings of Phœnicia and their coins. He lays before us an engraved gem from the cabinet at Florence, and he traces upon it the name of Abibal, the father of Hiram, king of Tyre, a contemporary with David. Upon most of the Duke’s Phœnician coins we find a reiteration of that mysterious device,—a lion devouring a stag,—which, with the variation of a bull in the place of a stag, is so common upon the coins bearing Phœnician legends, and recalls to our recollection several passages in the Hebrew Scriptures, in which the lion is represented as ‘treading down and tearing in pieces,’—as ‘tearing in pieces enough for his whelps, and strangling for his lionesses, filling his holes with prey and his dens with ravin.’* Neither upon these, however, nor upon the Lycian coins and characters which have been investigated with so much ability by Sir Charles Fellows, have we space to enlarge. The constant recurrence of the device of the *triskelium* upon Lycian coins is quite as mysterious as the lion and the bull upon those Phœnician coins which we have just been alluding to.

The intelligent numismatist, or indeed any person who takes an interest in the study of coins, will be desirous to know something about the places of their disinterment,—the locality in

* Micah, v. 8. ; Nahum, ii. 11.

which they lay hid, some of them for thousands of years,—and from which the identical piece of money that once chinked in the purse of men who may have been spectators of the plays of Aristophanes, or combatants in the Peloponnesian war, has been transferred to the cabinets of the nineteenth century in London or Paris.

It seems to be the ordinary experience of travellers, that on the site of an ancient city the coins of that city are frequently to be found, sometimes intermingled with other coins, and sometimes alone. Dodwell found it the case at Delphi, at Orchomenus, at Thebes, at Ægina, and at other places which he mentions. Any particular class of coins are found in the places where they chiefly abounded, and with regard to copper coins and the smaller silver ones, it is clear that they would exist in the greatest abundance in the places where they were issued for the ordinary purposes of currency. Whatever may have been the case with regard to the silver pieces of a larger size, some of which had a circulation far beyond the city or even the neighbourhood to which they originally belonged, the copper coin and the smaller silver were not likely to be found convenient for purposes of commerce, and were not likely therefore to travel far from home. The place in which they were lost or deposited will be, of course, the place in which they are found.

Guided by these considerations, numismatists have learned to pay great attention to locality. In reference to any coins which come to them as 'incognita,' the first question is, where they were found. And Mr. Burgon informs us, that when he could positively and repeatedly trace the finding of an uninscribed or uncertain coin to any given place, it has been invariably proved by subsequent observations (that is, by the discovery of other coins which have inscriptions, or by unequivocal resemblance in type to known coins), that the coin in question belonged to the place where it was found. The Abbé Barthelemy and M. Pellerin were very precise in their instructions to persons employed in searching for coins in Italy and the Levant, that a careful note should be made of the locality in which each coin, or class of coins, was discovered.

Numismatists have sometimes been puzzled to account for the present scarcity of certain coins which at one time were extremely plentiful, and the great abundance of the coins of other places, such as Parium in Mysia for instance, which have scarcely been recognised in history. Into this discussion it will not be expedient to enter. Suffice it to observe, that the abstraction of a million of pieces to be melted down at Rome, may in some measure prepare us to expect that such a coin will

not be extremely abundant in modern times; while in the other case, a hoard of money hastily concealed by some terror-stricken burgher is more likely to remain undisturbed for future generations, to rifle, in an obscure country town, than in crowded and bustling cities.

The discovery of ancient coins will sometimes give rise to archæological speculations in minds never influenced by archæology before; and the imaginative mind is touched very sensibly by their accidental turning up in distant and unlikely places. Mr. Burgon saw a penny of our own Henry III. pierced and affixed with other coins to the cap of a Greek boy at Thebes. This we may account for by supposing it to have been lost by some English crusader six centuries ago. Cufic coins of an early date have been found in England, — one near York, three among the mountains of Cumberland*, and two on the beach at Eastbourne in Sussex. The preservation of ancient coins is owing in some cases to their having been worn in the middle ages as amulets. The coins of Alexander the Great were supposed to possess peculiar efficacy in this respect, and to make the wearer successful in any enterprise which he took in hand.† And in modern times Mr. Pashley tells us that he found in Crete the possession of any coin of ancient date considered a sovereign charm against maladies of the eyes. This superstitious feeling, though it may make the possessor less willing to transfer his talismanic treasure to the cabinet of the collector, must act beneficially as a safeguard against the absorption of the melting-pot.

It has been the complaint of many distinguished scholars from the commencement of the last century down to the present time, that while England is rich beyond other nations in her numerous and valuable cabinets formed by private individuals, she is far behind the rest of Europe in numismatic scholarship, and especially deficient in numismatic publications. Haym, an Italian resident in England, made this observation in the year 1719, in his ‘*Tesoro*,’ a descriptive catalogue of some of the rare and inedited Greek and Roman coins in the English cabinets of the day. He said that innumerable works had been written in France, Italy, Holland, Germany, and Flanders, but in our own ‘*felice angolo d’Europa*’ not one. The same observation was again made, after an interval of more than a century, by the late James Millingen. In the year 1831, after mentioning the noble collections of the Earl of Pembroke, the Duke

* See Marsden’s *Numismata Orientalia*, pp. 39. 80.

† ‘*Dicuntur*’ *juvari in omni actu suo qui Alexandrum expressam vel auro gestitant vel argento.*’ (*Treb. Pollio in Vitâ Quietî*, xiv.)

of Devonshire and Lord Northwick, — the Tyssen, Thomas, Trattle, collections, and, above all, the collections of Dr. Hunter and Mr. Payne Knight, — he feels himself reluctantly bound to confess that this branch of polite learning, the utility of which is so generally appreciated by continental scholars, and which has been cultivated with so distinguished success in Italy, Germany, and France, is neglected and almost ignored in England.

Each of these writers, then, while he allows that some of our countrymen have taste enough to appreciate the advantages of a well-stored cabinet, and are not prohibited by the ‘*res angusta domi*’ from indulging their taste, imputes to us a disposition to leave to foreigners the more laborious and unselfish occupation of rendering a collection available to the general extension of knowledge. This not unmerited reproach the work before us will, if we are not much mistaken, do much to remove. The public services of Colonel Leake in Turkey during the first ten years of this century, valuable as they were, were not more useful to the State, than his subsequent literary works have proved in advancing the reputation of his country in the eyes of the scholars of Europe.

Foremost among English numismatists in point of time, as well as most illustrious in station, we must place Prince Henry, the accomplished and unfortunate son of James I. He purchased a noble collection, amounting in number, as Scaliger informs us, to 30,000, of which 4000 were gold, from the Flemish numismatist Gorkæus, who describes it as having been formed by him with infinite pains, and as consisting chiefly of Greek coins. The collection passed into the hands of Henry’s brother Charles, who was distinguished as a munificent patron of art in all its branches. Learned foreigners of the period mention Prince Charles’s cabinet of coins in conjunction with, and at the head of, his other valuable works of art; and one of them, Charles Patin, assigns to him a place before all the contemporary Sovereigns of Europe in regard to his munificence and taste as a collector. The royal example had its effect upon the nobles of the Court. Villiers, the favourite, — the stately Thomas, Earl of Arundel, — and William, the high-minded Earl of Pembroke, — were all collectors of coins. To these names must be added Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury, whose collection having been presented by him to the University of Oxford, escaped the plunder and dispersion which was the fate of his Sovereign’s in the civil wars. In fact, it is the only one of those early collections which remains intact. Some coins from the royal cabinet passed by purchase into the hands of Christina, Queen of Sweden. The Pembroke collection survived until 1848, when it

fall to pieces under the magic hammer of Mr. Sotheby. At the commencement of the 18th century the chief collections in England were those of the Earl of Pembroke, the Duke of Devonshire, and the Earl of Winchelsea, the Laudian collection of Oxford, and those of Sir Hans Sloane, and Sir Christopher Wren. And inasmuch as the list of subscribers to Haym's work may be taken as an index of numismatic ardour at the period, our readers may like to be informed that out of eighty-seven names nearly one fourth are foreigners, and that two thirds of the English subscribers were noblemen. The literati of England are represented by Addison, Arbuthnot, and Pope; supported by Sherard the traveller and Woodward the naturalist. One name of deep historical interest causes the reader to pause as he scans the list—the name of Rachel Lady Russell. The second Duke of Devonshire, whose collection had supplied Haym with many of his subjects, was her son-in-law. The Devonshire collection, like the Pembroke, has been sold in London within the last ten years*; and we may trace not a few coins from each of these time-honoured collections as described and engraved by Haym in his '*Tesoro*,' to the cabinet of Colonel Leake.

With regard to Haym himself, we may observe that he was a sharp-witted and intelligent Italian, vivacious and versatile; at one time devoting himself to music, at another to bibliography, and at another to the study of coins. The engravings in his '*Tesoro*' were the work of his own hand. He was patronised in succession by two of the great Mæcenases of the reign of Queen Anne—Lord Halifax and the Duke of Chandos—the '*Bufo*' and the '*Timon*' of Pope's Satires. The collecting of '*antiques*,' including coins, was a fashionable amusement in that day; and among the high-born collectors there were several ostentatious ignoramuscs, to whom Addison administered advice, and Pope satire. Haym did his best to enlighten them; and in spite of a few laughable mistakes into which he has been led by his too imaginative turn of mind, we cannot approve of the ill-natured sarcasms which have been poured upon him by Pinkerton. We are quite disposed to acquiesce in Millingen's more friendly remark, that when compared with other works of the same date, his '*Tesoro*' possesses considerable merit, and

* Probably the dispersion of these collections by public sale, and the accuracy with which the value and character of each coin is investigated by the learned on such occasions, has done more for the science of numismatics than if these rich cabinets had remained in the country houses or at the bankers' of their former owners.

that it contributed greatly to the advancement of the numismatic science among his contemporaries.

He has given us, incorporated with his own dissertations, probably the earliest specimen of a descriptive catalogue of his own coins ever published by an Englishman: the writer being Heneage, fifth Earl of Winchilsea, and the coins chiefly Athenian. The nucleus of the Earl of Winchilsea's cabinet consisted of Greek coins collected for the third earl during his embassy to Turkey by consuls and merchants at Aleppo, Smyrna, and Athens; and his son, the present possessor, had made large additions.

In 1746 a thick quarto volume came out in London, consisting of engravings in outline from the Pembroke collection, without any letter-press. The plates had been engraved under the direction of Thomas the eighth earl, then deceased. In 1750 was published the catalogue of the Bodleian collection at Oxford, by Francis Wise; a work which displays considerable learning and criticism, and does credit to the university from which it emanated. The Greek coins, however, in this collection are far from numerous. In 1782 the Greek coins in Dr. Hunter's cabinet were published under the editorship of Mr. Charles Combe, with engravings of a very ordinary character. The Hunterian collection was bequeathed by its owner to the University of Glasgow, the Government of the day having refused to provide room for it in the National Museum. The Duane collection of coins of the Seleucidæ, with engravings by Bartolozzi, and a very useful commentary on the series, was published in 1803. A catalogue of the Greek coins in the British Museum, with engravings by the best artists, was published by the Trustees under the editorship of Taylor Combe in 1814, the chief part of these coins having been bequeathed to the Museum a short time before by Mr. Cracherode. In 1830 the Trustees published a manuscript catalogue, made by Mr. Payne Knight, of the Greek coins which had been bequeathed by him to the national collection, and had come into their possession at his death in 1824: it is more than probable, however, that any such publication of this catalogue had never been contemplated by Mr. Knight himself. Mr. Burgon, who prepared the sale catalogue of the Pembroke collection in 1844, which is the best sale catalogue of coins that ever appeared in this country, has undertaken to compile a new edition of the Pembroke description of 1746, a work for which this gentleman is in the highest degree qualified. In 1852, Mr. Lindsay published a catalogue of Parthian coins, many of them in his own possession and previously unpublished, with engravings, and a

sketch of the history of that warlike people. These coins, however, though of Greek design both in regard to type and inscription, are grotesque and barbarous.

The instances of the publication by an Englishman of a descriptive catalogue of his own Greek coins are very rare: in fact, with the exception of the brief sketch by Lord Winchelsea, which has been already mentioned, we know of no published cabinet of Greek coins in our own country until this of Colonel Leake's. Admiral Smyth has published his Roman Imperial medals, and has put together his numismatic and historical observations so agreeably as to make his reader an archæologist *malgré lui*. The catalogue of an unrivalled collection of Oriental coins was published, in 1823, by the late William Marsden; it is an accurate and elaborate work, and cannot now be procured except at a very high price. The bulk of the Marsden collection was bought by Sir Robert Ainslie from an Armenian merchant at Bagdad, and was supposed to have belonged to the Abbé Beauchamp, who resided there in the joint capacity of Titular Bishop and Consul-general, and died of the plague about the year 1780. The rest of Sir Robert Ainslie's collection, comprising some Greek and Roman coins of surpassing excellence, fell into the hands of Lord Northwick and Mr. Payne Knight. Mr. Marsden's coins are now in the British Museum, having been presented by him in the year 1834. Lord Northwick's collection now deservedly ranks as one of the finest, if not the finest, private collection in this country; and near it may be ranked that of General Fox — a name not less dear to liberal pursuits than to liberal opinions — including about 8000 coins, a descriptive catalogue of which is, we believe, now in preparation by their accomplished owner.

At the head of writers upon ancient numismatics in general, must be placed Eckhel, Rasche, and Mionnet. Eckhel's '*Doctrina Nummorum Veterum*,' published at Vienna in 1792, comprises not merely a catalogue of coins, but, as the title would imply, a methodical exposition in the Latin language of the history and philosophy of ancient coinage; not, however, in that unostentatious form of incidental note and running commentary in which Colonel Leake has scattered the stores of his learning over the surface, where they may be picked up without trouble just at the time they are wanted, but in detached and formal dissertations. Eckhel had the command of an excellent library, and one of the richest of modern cabinets; and combining in himself the rare qualities of sagacity, scholarship, and patience, he produced an elementary work of permanent utility, and one which no scientific numismatist can neglect to study and to

appreciate. But Numismatics, like Geography, is a science slowly and continually progressive. So much has been done since the time of Eckhel, that many of his dissertations are upon questions which have been long since determined, while the numismatic catalogue of modern times contains many places which in his time were entirely unknown. In Eckhel's time it was doubtful whether any autonomous coins were extant of Corinth, Sicyon, or Elis, three of the greatest cities of European Greece, of which there is a greater number of extant coins than of almost any place except Athens. The rich series of the Corinthian colonies in Epirus and Acarnania, almost rivalling in number those of Corinth herself, were equally unattributed, and remained among the 'Incerta.' Eckhel's work is, moreover, totally defective in regard to the weights; one of the most important distinctions in the description of Hellenic money.

Eckhel's work was followed*, in 1806, by the 'Description de 'Medailles' of M. Mionnet; being, as its name imports, a descriptive catalogue of a collection of 20,000 sulphur casts which he had himself taken from the original coins, comprising most of the known coins at the period of the publication. There is just enough to identify the coin, with a specification of its comparative rarity and value. This renders the work especially useful to the buyer and seller; and if the coin should be advertised as 'not in Mionnet,' it is manifestly expected to fetch a high price.

The veteran Pellerin's descriptive catalogue includes 32,500 coins, the greatest number perhaps ever collected by an individual. In one of the later of his ten volumes is a portrait of the venerable numismatist, — '*animo maturus et ævo,*' — for his years amounted to very near a century. About six years before his death, he sold his collection to Louis XVI., who had recently succeeded to the throne, for the sum of 30,000 francs. The king, however, allowed him to enjoy the possession of them until his death. The geographical arrangement of coins, which, as improved by Eckhel, is now universally adopted, was introduced by Pellerin.

In 1781, Gabriel Lancelot Castello, better known as the

* It was *followed* in more senses than one, and rather absurdly. Eckhel (vol. vi. p. 229.) gives an account of the wives of the emperor Caligula, and after mentioning Claudia, Livia Orestilla, and Lollia Paulina, he adds that the emperor, '*pulsâ Paulinâ Miloniam Cæsoniam duxit.*' Out of this passage of Eckhel Mionnet conjures up a new empress, bearing the portentous name of 'Pulsa Paullina 'Milonia Cæsonia'!

Prince of Torre-muzza, published a handsome volume upon the coins of Sicily, including not merely his own collection, but all the Sicilian coins which he knew to exist. In a preface addressed to the coin-loving reader,—‘*lector nummo-philo*,’—he expresses his gratitude to King Ferdinand of Sicily for bearing the expense of the work. Some of Castello’s coins passed into the hands of Matthew Duane, and are now included in the Hunterian collection. A considerable number are in Lord Northwick’s cabinet. The Abbate Sestini was a voluminous writer, and his writings, though somewhat desultory, are able and learned. Carelli’s description of the coins of Italy deserves honourable mention. M. Cousinery, whose collection of Greek coins forms the basis of the royal cabinet at Munich, was resident for some time as Consul at Salonica: he published in 1825 an interesting treatise on the coins of the Achaian League. M. Cadalvene, in 1828, wrote a description of certain Greek imited coins, which had been collected by himself and his friend Borrel in the Levant. M. Cadalvene’s coins are now in the *Bibliothèque Impériale*. A descriptive catalogue of the cabinet of Greek coins of M. Alhier de Hauteroche was published in 1829, by M. Dumersan, of the *Bibliothèque*.

In no instance are the beauty and advantages of Order more forcibly exemplified than in the classification of a cabinet of Greek coins. When they are viewed in one confused and heterogeneous mass, the mind labours under a sort of anxious bewilderment. One or two of the more conspicuous are taken up, torpidly examined, and quietly laid down again. But only let them be touched by that fairy wand which we used to read of in our childish days, and at once we contemplate a succession of scenes and groups forming one grand and continuous picture of the past. With its aid we may commence our imaginary travels over the world of the ancients, from city to city, from province to province, and from kingdom to kingdom; making acquaintance with the inhabitants of each, and picking up information respecting their commerce, their religious worship, their political connexions, and their history in general. The classification of Greek coins has arrived at its present convenient form by slow degrees. In the middle of the last century, Wise arranged his *Nummi Bodleiani* under the general heads of ‘*Reges*’ and ‘*Populi*,’ subdividing these classes according to the metal, and the metal again according to its size. The geographical arrangement, which, like many other useful discoveries, appears so simple and obvious that we wonder no one hit upon it sooner, did not make its appearance until the defects of the old system forced people to look out for another.

On its introduction by M. Pellerin, many enigmata in coins which had long wanted an *Œdipus*, as Eckhel observes, were at once cleared up.

The great desideratum in a cabinet is facility of reference. The principal, or rather the only, defect in Col. Leake's book is the arrangement of his collection. Before the geographical system of arrangement became general, it was usual to divide a Greek collection into two parts, viz. the coins of the kings and the coins of the cities and peoples, and to arrange them alphabetically. This system was convenient for reference, but in point of scientific interest could bear no comparison with the classification begun by Pellerin, improved by Eckhel, and brought to perfection by Mionnet, and now universally adopted, by which we obtain at a glance the coins of each country and its dynasts, and are enabled to trace the gradual changes in the progress and decline of art from the period when its coins were first issued down to the time of its subjugation to Rome.

Colonel Leake has thought fit to adopt in his collection a different classification. He has divided his catalogue into seven sections, namely, Kings and Dynasts, Asiatic Greece, European Greece, I., European Greece, II. (or Italy), Islands, I. (of the *Ægean* and Ionian seas), Islands, II. (Sicily and the adjacent islands), Africa. In each of these divisions the towns are arranged alphabetically. Now, although this arrangement has very much in it of a retrograde movement, no objection would have been made to it if by the help of a good index it had been easy to find any coin that we wished to look for; but Colonel Leake has unfortunately adopted a system of pagination which it is beyond the power of any index to remedy. This difficulty of reference is, however, far outweighed by the difficulty of quotation. Colonel Leake has not numbered his coins. In Mionnet's extensive list, the coins of every country are numbered throughout, so that it is merely necessary to quote the volume and number, and the coin is at once identified. In other respects, as we have already shown, this work is a most valuable contribution to Colonel Leake's favourite studies.

One of the advantages of this volume is what the author terms a 'Geographical Sketch,' presenting to the eye at one glance the wide extent of Greek colonisation, and enabling the student to discover the exact position of every city from which any coin in the collection has issued. For the accuracy of this map we need no better guarantee than the name of its author. A series of detached maps, such as those given in Mionnet's '*Atlas de Géographie Numismatique*,' may possess certain facilities for consultation which are wanting in so comprehensive

a map as this of Colonel Leake's, but they fritter away the great historic fact, — a fact of which the numismatist brings visible and tangible evidence, — namely, that the art which had its birth when commercial policy suggested the impress of the sea-tortoise upon rude lumps of silver at Ægina, gained a footing and flourished in each one of those remote colonies with which the map is dotted over, from east to west and from north to south — a proof, as Colonel Leake observes, that the Greeks never lost what may almost be termed the innate polity of their race, namely, the system of separate communities each managing its own internal concerns, whether as an independent state, or as a member of a federation under a dominant republic, or as a part of the dominions of a Macedonian king, or as included in the universal empire of Rome.

ART. VII.—1. *Vermischte Schriften von Heinrich Heine*. 3 Bände. Hamburg: 1854.

2. *Poems by Heinrich Heine*. Translated by the Hon. JULIAN FANE. Not published. Vienna: 1854.

3. *Heinrich Heine's Book of Songs*. A Translation by JOHN E. WALLIS. London: 1856.

WHEN a man of letters has been well abused during his lifetime, the period immediately succeeding his death is usually favourable to his fame. And this is especially the case when the writer has had to bear all the misapprehensions and misrepresentations which will be the lot of a humourist, as long as the world is composed of persons to a large majority of whom the operations of his intellect and the principle of his actions must be mainly unintelligible. There is no need of supposing any determined hostility, or the existence of either envy or malignity, in the repulsion with which ordinary minds shrink from the humouristic character. If to studious men it seems shallow, if to severe men it seems indifferent, if to pious men it seems irreverent, these are the inevitable consequences of their mental vision being brought to bear on objects it is not fitted to contemplate. The contrasts, the inconsistencies, the incongruities, which provoke and exercise the faculty of humour, are really invisible to most persons, or, when perceived, arouse a totally distinct order of ideas and associations. It must seem to them at best a mischievous inclination to find a source of mirth in the sufferings, and struggles, and troubles of others; and when the humourist extends this practice to himself, and discovers a certain

satisfaction in his own weaknesses and miseries, introverting the very sensations of pleasure and pain, he not only checks the sympathy he might otherwise have won, but his very courage is interpreted into an unnatural audacity, alike defiant of the will of Heaven and of the aid of man. The deep consolations of this faculty in the trials and extremities of life are altogether unknown to them; and it is only now that Heinrich Heine has passed away—now that the bold handling of men and things by that implacable humourist can offend no more—that we would ask for a merciful judgment of a character which contained many elements of moral greatness, and for a just appreciation of those rare talents, which gave glory to his youth, and did not desert him in the bitterest sufferings of his maturity.

Never, indeed, did a volume of verse receive a more general and immediate welcome than did the '*Buch der Lieder*' in Germany. The most conventional classes were not proof against the charm of its simplicity and truth; old statesmen like Gentz, who in the abstract would have liked to have shut up the young republican in a fortress, spoke of the book as giving them an 'Indian summer of pleasure and passion;' philosophers to whom such doctrine as they found there seemed sensuous, and theologians to whom some light treatment of serious matter was naturally painful, were subdued by the grace of the youth who stood ready to take the throne the ancient Goethe was about to leave, and were glad to attribute the errors they lamented to the circumstances of his family life and to the effervescence of his fresh imagination. The very lightness of these admirable lyrics makes it most difficult to reproduce them in another tongue. Mr. Julian Fane's good scholarship renders his translations the most agreeable to those who are acquainted with the originals, but his attempt to transfer to another language many of the most peculiar idioms and most vivacious turns of thought is frequently unsuccessful. Mr. Wallis, less ambitious of accuracy, is happier in the general effect, and exhibits in a great degree that facility of diction which substitutes a fair alternative of analogous expression where an accurate version is difficult or impossible. These, and some skilful American translations, will soon make the English public thoroughly familiar with the earlier poems of Heine; and the ease with which they can be read in the original will always make them one of the pleasantest vestibules into the many mansions of German literature.

Between those productions and the volumes before us there lie indeed many eventful years, but less difference in the characteristics of the author than he himself was wont to imagine. He frequently spoke of his early writings with a regretful tenderness,

as of a happy world now lost to view ; but the critic may remark that there is no stamp of mind so indelible as that of the poetic humourist, and that where those powers once vigorously coexist no changes or chances can divorce them altogether. There may be no palpable humour in Thomas Hood's ' Song of the Shirt,' or ' Bridge of Sighs,' and yet we feel that these poems are the expression of the gay, common sense of his earlier mind refined into the most solemn pathos by the contemplation of the sorrows of humanity. Thus too in the retrospect of Heine's inner self, which forms the most interesting portion of these pages, the voice that comes from the bed of long sickness and approaching death is the very same that trolled out those delightful melodies that every boy and woman in Germany knows by heart.

In making these volumes the text of some remarks, which may illustrate the individuality of Heine, and his relation to the time in which he lived, we must premise that that relation had throughout the calamity of a false position. With so acute a sense of classical forms and antique grace as to make him often well content to live

‘ A Pagan suckled in a creed out-worn,’

he was regarded as a chief of the Romantic school ; with a genial and pleasure-loving temperament, he was mortified by physical infirmity and moral disappointment into a harsh and sometimes cruel satirist ; with a deep religious sentiment, and even narrow theological system, he was thrust into the chair of an apostle of scepticism ; with no clear political convictions or care for theories of government, he had to bear all the pains and penalties of political exile, the exclusion from the commerce of the society he best enjoyed, and the inclusion among men from whom he shrank with an instinctive dislike. The immediate cause of his banishment from Germany has never been clearly stated. He does not seem to have been the object of any particular prosecution, but he had made himself sufficiently obnoxious to the authorities to make his existence in Germany insecure. When questioned in France as to his nationality, he used to call himself *Prussien libéré*, and he writes that he had been haunted with unpleasant visions, had seen himself in the attitude of Prometheus, and had fancied the sun turned into a Prussian cockade. A high legal functionary had also told him that Spandau was very cold in winter ; that no oysters came there, so far from the sea ; and that the inhabitants caught no game except the flies which fell into the soup ; so on the 1st of May, 1831, he betook himself to the fatherland of Champagne and the Marseillaise. From this time forward, we see him doing all he can to make himself

a Frenchman, but without success. There is always an old-German—we would say, notwithstanding all his anti-Anglicanism, English humour—which stands between him and the French mind with its clear wit and its hard logic. But the ingenuity, the readiness, above all the gaiety, of the Parisians, seemed to him almost a necessity of existence, for which his temperament had hitherto yearned in vain: it was not the old Greek life, but it was something like it, in its open-air liveliness, its alert passage from thought to thought, its keen relish of sensual pleasure.

In contrast to this, therefore, his impressions of England, which he visited shortly after, were proportionably disagreeable. London struck him mightily 'like the stroke of a cudgel over his shoulders;' and he found in the astonishment of the waiter at the Piazza Coffee-house, when he asked him to bring him for breakfast one of the fine cauliflowers he saw below him, a type of the horror with which we regard any deviation from our national manners. He called us a country where all the machines moved like men, and all the men so like machines, that he was continually looking to discover where they were wound up; and even in his last days, when calmer judgment and some relations of personal affection had made him recant much of his distaste to us, he still suggested that 'Bria, or Britinia, the White Island of Scandinavian mythology, to which the souls of the heroes were transported after death, was nothing more nor less than that Albion which even now looks so very dead-alive to all strangers.'

An historical incident of the Bonaparte dynasty, in connexion with his private life, had singularly affected his boyish fancy. The grand Duchy of Berg, of which Dusseldorf (his birthplace) was the capital, passed from the possession of the Elector Palatine to that of Bavaria, and thence was uncereemoniously transferred to the dominion of General Murat in exchange for the Bavarian Tyrol, which Napoleon had wrested from the empire of Austria. But in those days advancement was rapid; and the Grand Duke of Berg becoming king of Naples, abdicated his duchy in favour of the eldest son of Louis king of Holland. 'Thus,' writes Heine in 1854, 'Louis Napoleon, who never abdicated, is my legitimate sovereign.' Be this as it may, the impressions made on him by the French occupation were never erased.

'In those days, princes were not the persecuted wretches that they now are; their crowns grew firmly on their heads, and at night-time they drew their caps over them, and slept in peace, and their people slumbered calmly at their feet, and when they awoke in the morning, they said, Father! good morning, and he answered, Good

morning, my dear children. But there came a sudden change over all this; for one morning when we awoke and wanted to say, Good morning, Father, the Father had trundled off, and mute sorrow reigned throughout the town.'

But as far as the boy Heine was concerned, this feeling was soon dispersed, for he saw 'Him—the Emperor.'

'The Emperor, with his cortège, rode straight down the avenue of the Hofgarten at Dusseldorf, notwithstanding the police regulations that no one should ride down the avenue under the penalty of a fine of five dollars. The Emperor, in his invisible green uniform, and his little world-renowned hat, sat on his white charger, carelessly, almost lazily, holding the rein with one hand, and with the other good-naturedly patting the neck of the horse. It was a sunny marble hand, one of the two which had bound fast the many-headed monster of anarchy to pacify the war of races, and it good-naturedly patted the neck of the horse. The face too of the hue which we find in the marble busts of Greeks and Romans, the features as finely proportioned as in antiques, and a smile on the lips warming and tranquillising every heart, while we knew that those lips had but to whistle *et la Prusse n'existait plus*, and to whistle again and all the Holy Roman Empire would have danced before him. The brow was not so clear, for the spectres of future conflicts were cowering here; and there were the creative thoughts, the huge seven-mile-boot thoughts, in which the spirit of the Emperor strode invisibly over the world, every one of which thoughts would have given a German author full materials to write about all the rest of his natural life.'

If the enthusiasm of Heine had been confined to pleasant images like these, he would only have asserted a poet's privilege, but there is too much ill-will to others mixed up with this hero-worship to allow it to be so simply vindicated. His relation to that marvellous people, of whom Goethe has somewhere said, that Providence committed to their care the moral law of the world, not because they were better or wiser than others, but because they were more obstinate and persistent, not only alienated him from the national cause of Germany, but gave him a vindictive gratification in its discomfiture: he enjoyed the very tempest which brought down the pride of German States almost to a level with the dependence and insignificance of his own race, just as in later years he directed his bitterest irony against the slaves who had been let loose in the peril of the storm to work the pumps, and draw the cables and risk their lives, but who, when the good ship floated safe once more, were turned back into the hold and chained nicely down again in political darkness. Thus, the poem of 'Deutschland' is the one of his works where his humour runs over into the coarsest satire, and the malice can only be excused by the remembrance

that he too had been exposed to some of the evil influences of a servile condition.

Among these, no doubt, may be reckoned the position of a man of commercial origin and literary occupation in his relation to the upper order of society in the northern parts of Germany. There the high mental cultivation and reflective character of the youth of the middle and lower classes contrasts dangerously with the almost exclusive military tastes of the nobility. The arrogance engendered by the continual exercise of Man as a mere mechanical agent, and by the habit of regarding physical force as the main legitimate instrument of authority, is there unsupported by that predominant wealth and ancient territorial possession which give the strength of prescription even to a questionable assumption of command. There the lines of demarcation are nearly as precise as in the middle ages, but the barriers which protected them are broken down, and the gaping crowd look enviously and without hindrance into the sacred enclosure. The majority indeed are absorbed into *Beamte* and *Philister*, but there remains full sufficient element of discontent to justify the recorded expression of a philosophic German statesman, 'that in Prussia the war of classes had still to be fought out.' And this in truth was the mainspring of Heine's radicalism. This made him delight even in the system which preached equality under the sword, and in which every peasant felt that though not a freeman he might become a king. This it was which made him unable to comprehend the far different condition and popular associations of British aristocracy, and made him write that he grudged not the eighteen-pence he paid to see Westminster Abbey, for he saw there that the great of the earth were not immortal, and told the verger he was delighted with his exhibition, but would willingly have paid as much again if he could have seen that collection complete; 'for as long as the aristocrats of England are not gathered to their fathers, as long as the collection at Westminster is not complete, so long remains undecided the battle between Birth and the People, and the alliance between England and French citizenship unstable and insecure.'

And yet it was in the Parliamentary Government of France that Heine found the only real political satisfaction expressed in his writings. The two last volumes of his *Miscellaneous Works* contain the letters he furnished to the *Augsburg Gazette* from 1840 to 1844, in the character of 'our own correspondent.' This kind of republication is rarely interesting, whatever amount of ability it displays. The best periodical writing from its nature is bound up with the interests and

passions of the hour and ought to occupy itself with the future little, if at all; and if by chance such a book falls into our hands, we usually read it with a mournful, and it may be a malicious, gratification at the exaggeration of its suppositions, the falsity of its predictions, the now-revealed folly of much of the sententious wisdom it enunciates. The salt, therefore, that keeps productions of this nature fresh must indeed be genuine, and the justice of Heine's views is sufficiently established by subsequent events to entitle the political opinions of their author, though a poet and a wit, to some respect, and to except this revival from the ordinary rules of decent literary interment. For although gift of prevision in public matters is, perhaps, but the perfection of common sense, yet, somehow or other, it is the quality least apparent in men holding high political station. It seems to be a sad necessity that the so-called practical men are limited to the knowledge of the hour that is slipping away beneath their feet, and that the man who sees far a-head is rarely permitted to provide against the coming evil or to improve the nascent good. Thus it may be nothing but a singular coincidence that the Duke of Orleans in Feb. 1840 appeared to Heine to have the aspect of a man anticipating a terrible catastrophe and earnestly desiring a war that he might rather perish in the clear waters of the Rhine, than in the gutters of Paris; but there is something more in the foresight which, in Dec. 1841, denounced in France the dissolution of the ties of common thought and principle, that extinction of *esprit de corps* which constitutes the moral death of a people, that absorption of material interests, which one fine day would permit a second 18th Brumaire to overthrow the *bourgeoisie*, a second Directory, and to establish the government of the sword with its din of glory, its stench of dying lamps, its rounds of cannon *en permanence*. Thus again, in 1842, he discerns in the coming time a mixed odour of blood and Russia-leather, which makes him express a hope that the next generation may come into the world with backs strong enough to bear all that Fate prepares for them.

But there is one image of the future which exercises over him a terrible fascination, disturbing the clearness of his vision as it has done that of so many others. When he speaks of Communism, he is as panic-stricken as the authors of the 'Esclave Vindex,' and the 'Sceptre Rouge,' and yet he cannot get out of his head that the Socialists are the masters of the approaching world. With horror he looks forward to the rule of those sombre iconoclasts, whose horny hands will break to pieces the idols of beauty he loves so well, will tear down all

the pleasant frivolities of art, and pluck up the laurel-trees to plant potatoes in their stead. He mourns for the lilies that neither toiled nor spun and yet were dressed so gloriously, and who now will be torn from the ground; for the roses, the leisurely lovers of the nightingales, those unprofitable singers who cannot be allowed any longer to occupy time or space; and above all for the 'book of songs,' which now only the grocer will use to hold the coffee and the snuff of the ancient females of the years to be; and he attempts in vain to console himself by the reflection that the old society must perish because it is a whited sepulchre, and that those good old women will then have the aforesaid luxuries which our present institutions deny them. That this logical conclusion is a poor satisfaction continually breaks out, especially in the sincerity of his verse: where it is apparent how distasteful to him is that equality from below which he imperatively requires from above. Meeting M. Louis Blanc, soon after his '*Organisation du Travail*,' he saluted him as *l'homme le plus guillotinable de la France*, and describes him with a prescience, that was literally realised on May 15. 1848, as the Spartan Lilliputian, whom the people delighted in, because they could carry him on their shoulders, which could perhaps not support a colossal stature or a corpulent mind. In truth Heine was no sincere democrat, as the colleagues of his political youth found out and bitterly resented. The quarrel deepened on both sides; Börne and the German Republicans denounced him as an apostate, and he retaliated by fierce ridicule and disclosures of confidential relations and private affairs which no party differences can justify. In verses, too, such as these, he insolently sang his imagined recantation: —

'Alas! for the moth that has burnt his wings,
And sank to the rank of creeping things;
In foreign dust with creatures to crawl
That smell so strong, tho' they be so small;

'The vormin-comrades that I must swallow,
Because in the self-same mire I wallow:
As Virgil's Scholar of old knew well,
The Poet of Exile — the Poet of Hell;

'With agony I review the time
When I hummed at home my winged rhyme,
And swung on the edge of a broad sun-flower
In the air and smoke of a German bower.

'Roses were not too good for me,
I sipped them like the genteelest bee,
And high-born butterflies shared my lot,
And the Artist — the grasshopper — shunned me not.

‘But my wings are scorched.— and I murmur in vain,
 I shall see my Father-land never again;
 A worm I live, and a worm I die
 In the far-away filth of a foreign sty.
 ‘I would to God I had never met
 That water-fly,— that blue coquette,
 With her winning ways and wanton *taille*,
 The fair, the fair — the false *Canaille*.’

We do not wish to leave the reader under the impression of these angry ejaculations; another and graver poem represents a more wholesome state of mind, and sums up with a manly sorrow those feelings which, we fear, are common to all men of poetic sensibility who deal with the coarser motives and meaner objects that influence public affairs.

‘In Freedom’s War, of “Thirty years” and more,
 A lonely outpost have I held — in vain :
 With no triumphant hope or prize in store,
 Without a thought to see my home again.
 ‘I watched both day and night : I could not sleep
 Like my well-tented comrades far behind,
 Though near enough to let their snoring keep
 A friend awake, if e’er to doze inclined.
 ‘And thus, when solitude my spirits shook,
 Or fear, for all but fools know fear sometimes,
 To rouse myself and them, I piped and took
 A gay revenge in all my wanton rhymes.
 ‘Yes ! there I stood — my musket always ready,
 And, when some sneaking rascal showed his head,
 My eye was vigilant, my aim was steady,
 And gave his brains an extra dose of lead.
 ‘But war and justice have far different laws,
 And worthless acts are often done right well ;
 The rascals’ shots were better than their cause,
 And I was hit — and hit again, and fell !
 ‘That outpost is abandoned : while the one
 Lies in the dust, the rest in troops depart ;
 Unconquered — I have done what could be done,
 With sword unbroken, and with broken heart.’

When the palaces of Louis-Philippe were plundered in the revolution of 1848, the names of persons who received pensions from the civil list were published, and among others Heine was set down for two hundred pounds per annum. It may be imagined with what glee this intelligence was received by the enemies of Heine. His reaction was thus explained : he had been all along the paid advocate of the Orleans government, and his retirement

from the world about this time, from quite another cause, was attributed to his sense of the disgrace. But in truth there was nothing in the revelation to injure the character of the recipient or of the donor. M. Thiers was much attracted by the literary German, who was more lively and witty than the Frenchmen who surrounded him, and Heine was delighted with the Frenchman, in comparison with whose vivacity and agility of mind all other Frenchmen seemed to him little better than clumsy Germans. Heine took the money, which enabled him at his ease to defend the cause he approved and the men he liked, and these volumes are the best test of the great acuteness with which he combined fidelity to his friends with independence of spirit.

By the side of the political conflict that was ever going on in the mind of Heine was one of a deeper and more important character, to which we have already alluded. Speaking of Shakspeare in one of his earlier works, he describes him as being at once both Greek and Hebrew, and admires how in him the spiritual and the artistic faculties are so thoroughly amalgamated as to produce the completest development of the human nature. In making this observation, he was no doubt conscious of the unceasing warfare of those moral elements within himself, and of his difficulty to combine or reconcile them. He must have seen too as clearly as those about him, how these impressions were affected by his temperament and circumstances. In his gay health and pleasant Parisian days the old gods haunted and enchanted him, like the legendary Tannhauser in the Venus-Mountain, while in his hours of depression, and above all in the miserable sufferings of his later life, the true religious feeling of his hereditary faith mastered, awed, and yet consoled him.

The singular charm which the old Hellenic mythology exercises over certain minds is something quite separate from antiquarian interest or even classical learning. The little Latin and the no Greek which our poet Keats acquired at his Enfield seminary and in his study of Lemprière, seem a very inadequate source for the vivid, almost personal, affection with which gods and goddesses,

‘Not yet dead,
But in old marbles ever beautiful,’

inspired the author of *Endymion* and *Hyperion*. The sentiment indeed which produced and sustained the ancient religion was something very different from the modern reproduction; yet such examples as Keats and Heine attest the power of the appeal which Grecian genius made once and for ever to the

sensuous imaginations of mankind, and which all the influences of our positive and demure civilisation protest against in vain. But while the English poet yearned for that happy supernatural society with all the ardour of boyish passion, with Heine the feeling is rather that of a regretful tenderness, mourning over a delightful phase of human superstition, which he knows can never return, but which in his mind is ever contrasting itself with the gravity of the religion of sorrow and with piety divorced from pleasure. Like the entranced traveller of Italian story, he continually saw the exiled Olympians pass by him in divine distress, the milk-white oxen garlanded with withered leaves, and the children running with extinguished torches.

‘ And round him flowed through that intense sunshine
Music, whose notes at once were words and tears ;
Paphos was mine, and Amathus was mine,
Mine the Idalian groves of ancient years,—
The happy heart of man was all mine own :
Now I am homeless, and alone—alone ! ’

The intellectual disposition of Heine was so averse to that habit of philosophical speculation, which has occupied, and even contented, the cultivated Germans, under their disastrous politics and the deficiencies of their social system, that there may be little to regret in the loss of the work on Hegel, which Heine asserts that he sacrificed to his growing sense of personal religion; nor can we distinctly represent to ourselves the picture of Heine at twenty-two, sentimentally contemplating the stars as the abodes of the blest, and of Hegel outstripping the author of ‘*The Plurality of Worlds*,’ by scornfully depicting them as ‘spots on the face of heaven.’ But it is undoubtedly true that in February 1848,—in the very paroxysm of France,—Heine was struck down by that fatal malady, the agony of which has only lately closed, and during which the more serious elements of his character were necessarily brought to view. All that time he lay upon a pile of mattresses, racked by pain and exhausted by sleeplessness, till his body was reduced below all natural dimensions, and his long beard fell over the coverlid like swan’s down or a baby’s hair. The muscular debility was such that he had to raise the eyelid with his hand when he wished to see the face of any one about him: and thus in darkness, he thought, and listened, and dictated, preserving to the very last his clearness of intellect, his precision of diction, and his invincible humour. He bore his anguish in a perfectly unaffected manner, with no pretence of stoicism, and evidently pleased by tokens of sorrowful sympathy. He called himself ‘the living Shade of the

'Champs Elysées,' and in his conversation exhibited a heartiness and indulgence towards others, almost foreign to his sarcastic nature, the identity of which, however, is prominent in his compositions to the last. There, indeed, the terrible yearning for death almost supersedes other feelings. He had long ago drawn a picture of the old age he aspired to attain,—age retaining the virtues of youth, its unselfish zeal, its unselfish tears. 'Let me become an old man, still loving youth, still, in spite of the feebleness of years, sharing in its gambols and in its dangers; let my voice tremble and weaken as it may, while the sense of the words it utters remains fresh with hope, and unpalsied by fear.' Piteously different was this life from the event, from the reality which found its true expression in the following apologue, and in the poems which we have selected as the best illustration of the power of genius to draw up treasure from the deepest abysses of human calamity.

'I will cite you a passage from the Chronicle of Limburg. This chronicle is very interesting for those who desire information about the manners and customs of the middle ages in Germany. It describes, like a *Journal des Modes*, the costumes both of men and women as they came out at the time. It gives also notices of the songs which were piped and sung about each year, and the first lines of many a love-ditty of the day are there preserved. Thus, in speaking of A.D. 1480, it mentions that in that year through the whole of Germany songs were piped and sung, sweeter and lovelier than all the measures hitherto known in German lands, and that young and old—especially the ladies—went so mad about them, that they were heard to sing them from morning to night. Now these songs, the chronicle goes on to say, were written by a young clerk, who was affected by leprosy, and who dwelt in a secret hermitage apart from all the world. You know, dear reader, assuredly what an awful malady in the middle ages this leprosy was; and how the poor creatures who fell under this incurable calamity were driven out of all civil society, and allowed to come near no human being. Dead-alive, they wandered forth wrapt up from head to foot, the hood drawn over the face, and carrying in the hand a kind of rattle called the Lazarus-clapper, by which they announced their presence, so that every one might get out of their way in time. This poor clerk, of whose fame as poet and songster this Chronicle of Limburg has spoken, was just such a leper, and he sat desolate, in the solitude of his sorrow, while all Germany, joyful and jubilant, sang and piped his songs.

'Many a time in the mournful visions of my nights, I think I see before me the poor clerk of the Chronicle of Limburg, my brother in Apollo, and his sad, suffering eyes stare strangely at me from under his hood; but at the same moment he seems to vanish, and clanging through the distance, like the echo of a dream, I hear the sharp rattle of the Lazarus-clapper.'

And, as it were in the person of this unhappy being, he entitles the following series of poems

LAZARUS.

1.

‘ My one love is the Dark Ladie ;
 O she has loved me long and well :
 Her tears, when last she wept o’er me,
 Turned my hair grey, where’er they fell.
 ‘ She kissed my eyes, and all was black,
 Embraced my knees, and both were lame,
 Clung to my neck, and from my back
 The marrow to her kisses came.
 ‘ My body is a carcass, where
 The spirit suffers prison-bound :
 Sometimes it tosses in despair,
 And rages like a crazy hound.
 ‘ Unmeaning curses ! oath on oath
 Cannot destroy a single fly :
 Bear what God sends you — nothing loth
 To pray for better by and by.’

2.

‘ Old Time is lame and halt,
 The snail can barely crawl :
 But how should I find fault,
 Who cannot move at all ?
 ‘ No gleam of cheerful sun !
 No hope my life to save !
 I have two rooms, the one
 I die in and the grave.
 ‘ May be, I’ve long been dead,
 May be, a giddy train
 Of phantoms fills my head,
 And haunts what was my brain.
 ‘ These dear old Gods or devils,
 Who see me stiff and dull,
 May like to dance their revels
 In a dead Poet’s skull.
 ‘ Their rage of weird delight
 Is luscious pain to me :
 And, my bony fingers write
 What daylight must not see.’

3.

‘ What lovely blossoms on each side
 Of my youth’s journey shone neglected ;
 Left by my indolence or pride
 To waste unheeded or respected !

‘ Now, when I scent the coming grave,
Here, where I linger sick to death,
There flowers ironically wave
And breathe a cruel luscious breath.

‘ One violet burns with purple fire,
And sends its perfume to my brain :
To think I had but to desire,
And on my breast the prize had lain !

‘ O Lethe ! Lethe ! thanks to Heaven,
That your black waves for ever flow ;
Thou best of balsams ! freely given
To all our folly and our woe.’

4.

‘ I saw them sail, I heard them prattle,—
I watched them pass away :
Their tears, life-struggle, and death-rattle,
Scarcely disturbed my day.

‘ I followed coffin after coffin,
In different moods of mind,
Sometimes regretting, sometimes scoffing,
And then went home and dined.

‘ Now sudden passionate remembrance
Flames up within my heart ; —
The dead are dead, but from their semblance
I cannot bear to part.

‘ And must one tearful recollection
Beset me, till it grows
Far wilder than the old affection
From whose decay it rose.

‘ A colourless, a ghastly blossom,
She haunts my fevered nights,
And seems to ask my panting bosom
For posthumous delights.

‘ Dear phantom ! closer, closer, press me :
Let dead and dying meet :
Hold by me,— utterly possess me,
And make extinction sweet.’

5.

‘ You were a fair young lady, with an air
Gentle, refined, discreet and debonnaire ; —
I watched, and watched in vain, to see when first
The passion-flower from your young heart would burst : —

'Burst into consciousness of loftier things
Than reason reckons or reflection brings,—
Things that the prosy world lets run to seed,
But for which women weep and brave men bleed.

'Can you remember when we strolled together,
Through the Rhine vineyards, in gay summer weather?
Outlaughed the sun, and every genial flower
Shared the serene emotion of the hour.

'In many a hue the roses blushed to please,
The thick carnations kissed the morning breeze;
The very daisies' unpretending show,
Seemed into rich ideal life to blow.

'While you in quiet grace walked by my side,
Dressed in white satin, that might suit a bride,
But like some little maid of Netscher's limning,
Your untried heart well hid beneath the trimming.'

6.

'My cause at Reason's bar was heard, —
"Your fame is clear as noon-day's sun —"
The sentence ran, — "by deed or word
The fair accused no ill has done."

'Yes! while my soul was passion-torn,
She dumb and motionless stood by;
She did not scoff, she did not scorn,
Yet "guilty, guilty," still I cry.

'For an accusing Voice is heard,
When night is still and thought is dim,
Saying, "It was not deed or word,
"But her bad heart, that ruined him."

'Then come the witnesses and proofs,
And documents of priceless cost;
But when the dawn has touched the roofs,
All vanish, and my cause is lost:

'And in my being's darkest deep
The plaintiff seeks the shame to hide:
One sense—one memory—will not sleep—
That I am utterly destroyed!'

7.

'My fathomless despair to show
By certain signs, your letter came:
A lightning-flash, whose sudden flame
Lit up the abyss that yawned below.

What! you by sympathies controlled!
You, who in all my life's confusion,
Stood by me, in your self-seclusion,
As fair as marble, and as cold.

‘O God ! how wretched I must be !
 When even *she* begins to speak ;
 When tears run down that icy cheek,
 The very stones can pity me.
 ‘ There’s something shocks me in her woe :
 But, if that rigid heart is rent,
 May not the Omnipotent relent,
 And let this poor existence go.’

8.

‘The Sphynx was all a Woman : proof
 I cannot give you, but I know it ;
 The lion’s body, tail, and hoof,
 Are but the nonsense of the poet.
 ‘ And this real Sphynx, to madden us,
 Goes on propounding her enigma,
 Just as she tortured Œdipus
 With all his sad domestic stigma.
 ‘ How fortunate she does not know
 Herself her secret’s mystic thunder !
 If once she spoke the word, the blow
 Would split the world itself asunder.’

9.

‘Three hags on a seat
 Where the cross-roads meet !
 They mumble and grin,
 They sigh and they spin :
 Great ladies they be,
 Though frightful to see.
 ‘ One moistens the thread
 In her pendulous mouth,
 And the distaff is fed
 Though her lip has the drought.
 ‘ One dances the spindle
 In fanciful ways,
 Till the sparks from it kindle
 Her eyes to a blaze.
 ‘ The third holds the shears
 The discussion to close :
 While with voice hard and dreary
 She sings “ Miserere,”
 And the rheum of her tears
 Makes warts on her nose.
 ‘ Sweet Fate ! prithee answer
 My love with your knife ;—
 And cut out this cancer
 Of damnable life.’

It is a painful admission, that we must not, and indeed cannot, judge these poems by a Christian standard. Although he had received his primary education from the Roman Catholic clergy who directed the public schools at Dusseldorf under the French occupation, and though he was afterwards formally received into the Lutheran Communion, probably for some political object, Heine never seems seriously to have assumed even the profession of the Christian life. He remained essentially a Jew, and no inconsiderable example of the forms which the Hebrew genius has in modern times assumed. Israel sitting holy under his fig-tree and singing the praise of the invisible God, and exercising mercy and justice amid the bloody and dissolute rites of Babylon and Nineveh and Sidon and Tyre, was the highest image that his mind would contemplate; and in the institution of the Jubilee he finds an apology for the very Socialists whose advent he expects with terror. For him, it is the Jews who preserved the Sacred Writings through the bankruptcy of the Roman Empire; and the Reformers who revealed, and the perfidious British monopolists of commerce, who are diffusing them throughout mankind, are but the unconscious founders of a world-wide Palestine. There is no more earnest passage in the whole of his writings than that in his volume on Börne, where he observes on the embarrassment of the old Greek grammarians who attempted to define, according to recognised notions of art, the beauties of the Bible: Longinus, talking of its 'sublimity,' as æsthetic moderns of its 'simplicity'—'Vain words, vain tests of all human judgment. It is God's work, like a tree, like a flower, like the sea, like Man himself,—it is the Word of God, that, and no more.' We have seen something among ourselves of this enduring sentiment of religious patriotism with interest and not without respect. In Heine it was the saving element of reverence which incurred the wrath of what he calls the 'High Church of German Infidelity'—of Bruno Bauer, of Dauner, and of Feuerbach—'who did me too much and too little honour in entitling me their brother in the spirit—of Voltaire.' That he undoubtedly never was; the wit of thoughts preserved him from the tyranny of the wit of words. The humour which abounded within him flowed over the whole surface of nature, and left no place for arid ridicule and barren scorn; it fertilised all it touched with its inherent poetry, and the productive sympathy of mankind manifests itself in the large crop of his imitators who have sprung up, not only in Germany, but other countries. Many a page of modern political satire rests upon a phrase of Heine; many a poem, many a stanza, germinates from a single line of his verses. The forms of wit which he invented

are used by those who never heard his name, and yet that name already belongs to the literature of Europe. The personal tragedy of his last years adds a solemn chapter to the chronicle of the disasters of genius, and the recollection of the afflictions of 'the living Shade of the Champs Elysées,' will mitigate the judgment of censorious criticism, and tinge with melancholy associations the brightest and liveliest of his works.

ART. VIII. — 1. *A Letter to Lord Lyndhurst 'on the House of Peers in its Judicial Character, as it was and as it is, with proofs and illustrations, and some remarks on Life Peerages.* By JOHN FRASER MACQUEEN, Esq. London: 1856.

2. *Report from the Select Committee of the House of Lords appointed to inquire whether it is expedient to make any, and if so, what, provision for more effectually securing the efficient exercise of this House as a Court of Appellate Jurisdiction; and further, how any such provision would affect the general character of this House; together with the Minutes of Evidence.* May, 1856.

THE legal profession is indebted to Mr. Macqueen, the author of this pamphlet, for an able and learned book on the Jurisdiction and Practice of the House of Lords and the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, the two supreme appellate tribunals of the empire. This work, following Sir Matthew Hale's admirable 'Treatise on the Jurisdiction of the Lords' House of 'Parliament,' is the principal modern authority on the judicial powers and duties of the Peers; and its author is therefore peculiarly entitled to be heard in the discussion of the questions relating to the exercise of this appellate jurisdiction which have recently attracted a considerable share of public attention.

The importance of these questions is not rightly to be estimated from their immediate connexion with the life-peerage granted to Lord Wensleydale. Desirable as it is on all hands admitted to be, that so eminent a lawyer and so accomplished a judge should take his seat in the highest Court of the realm, it is a matter of secondary interest whether the prerogative of the Crown can still be held to extend to the creation of life-peerages, or whether, by some other form of summons or by legislative provision, a peer not enjoying an hereditary dignity should be called to sit and vote in the House of Lords. The discussion of this case, and the resolution of the House of Lords which has temporarily excluded Lord Wensleydale from the

House as a life-peer only, have¹ at least demonstrated that the power of creating such dignities, with all the rights of the peerage save that of descent, is more doubtful than the legal advisers of Her Majesty appear to have imagined, and there will probably be no inclination to repeat the experiment. The proposal to create four law peers for life under an Act of Parliament rests on totally different grounds, both of principle and of expediency. We shall not therefore pursue this part of the subject, which is, in fact, no more than a collateral issue.

The two questions really at stake are of far greater magnitude. They affect, in the first place, the administration of justice by the highest Court of Appeal of the United Kingdom; and, in the second place, the constitution and judicial character of the House of Lords itself. They bear therefore immediately on two of the first interests of the nation—the one touching the jurisdiction to which all the Courts of Common Law and Equity in England, Scotland, and Ireland are subject; the other, the authority of an integral part of the Constitution itself, representing for judicial purposes the High Court of Parliament.

The constitution of a High Court of Appeal, especially in a country in which a multitude of distinct jurisdictions and of distinct systems of jurisprudence still obtain, is admitted to be one of the most difficult problems in legislation. Perhaps it is from the inherent difficulty of the subject that so little has been done to solve it, for the judicial functions of the House of Lords are rather the growth of precedent and of privilege, than the result of any fixed principle or any deliberate scheme of jurisprudence. In fact, of the three branches of appellate jurisdiction now exercised by the Peers, that of hearing writs of error can alone lay claim to the sanction of remote antiquity. The reception of appeals from Courts of Equity can only be faintly traced from the reign of James I., and may be said to date from that of Charles II.* The appeals from Scotland followed the act of Union, but rather by a usurpation of authority than by any legal provision for that purpose. The course of appeals from the Court of Session, in times anterior to the Union, is a subject of great obscurity, and it may be doubted whether any appeal lay from the Scotch judges to the Scotch Parliament.† No provision had been made in the Act

* See Hargrave's preface to Sir M. Hale's *Treatise*, p. cxxxv.

† The Scotch Parliament consisted of one Chamber only, in which the three estates of the kingdom sat together. The Lords of Session sometimes occupied a bench between the throne and the table, but

of Union itself for disposing of Scotch appeals, and when the Scotch case of *Sir James Gray v. the Duke of Hamilton* was heard by Lord Cowper and Lord Somers in 1708, and the sentence of 'the Lords of Session in North Britain' reversed, it is probable that the subject had not been fully considered, and that no one anticipated the important share which the business of the Scotch Courts would ultimately acquire in the judicial proceedings of the House of Lords.

In truth the appellate jurisdiction of the House of Lords, with the exception of the jurisdiction in writs of error, rests on a very slender basis. It has grown to be what it now is by insensible degrees. No one would have ventured to frame an institution so irregular in form, and so unsatisfactory in principle; but no higher tribute can be paid to the eminent men who have for upwards of a century and a half presided in that tribunal, than the acknowledged fact that their judicial character and the personal weight of their decisions has caused the inherent defects of such a Court of Appeal to be overlooked, or at least to be endured. But the Peers themselves now report that 'there is a great preponderance of opinion in favour of some change in the manner in which the appellate business of the House of Lords is at present conducted.'

The fact that the whole judicial business of the House has long been exclusively conducted by those members of it who belong to the legal profession, has reduced the judicial pretensions of the Peerage at large to a palpable fiction. The House of Lords is not a Court of Appeal in the sense in which it is a Court of Justice for the trial of high crimes and misdemeanours, for if the slightest attempt were actually made to use the pretended power of the Peerage in appellate decisions, the jurisdiction would be annihilated; and even if this power is still to be exercised in the name of the House, Sir Fitzroy Kelly's remark is not to be gainsayed, 'You must either part with the juris-

this Parliament exercised no distinct appellate jurisdiction in civil causes.

The Lord Advocate stated to the Lords' Committee, that 'Before the Union there was, or at least there was contended for, what was called a Protest for Remedy of Law from Judgments of the Court of Session to the Parliament of Scotland, but this was contested by the Court of Session during a long period of years. At the Union it does not appear that any particular consideration was given to the right of appeal, nor does it, even as regards the ancient Parliament of Scotland, seem to have been exercised in the fashion of an ordinary Court of Appeal; it was more a protest to Parliament against iniquity than an appeal to another court of law.' (*Evidence*, p. 80.)

‘diction, or you must select the best persons to constitute a ‘tribunal.’ (*Evidence*, p. 26.)

Less than a hundred years ago this opinion would have been deemed injurious to the House, and down to a much later period temporal peers of every degree and even bishops did take an active part in affirming or reversing sentences of the regular Courts of Justice. Blackstone, indeed, in a passage which would be taken for irony in any other writer, expressed that blind veneration which the House of Lords, in its judicial capacity, seems to have inspired.

‘Our excellent Constitution,’ says the learned author of the Commentaries, ‘has placed the ultimate appellate jurisdiction in the noble hands of those who, from the independence of their fortune and the dignity of their station, are presumed to employ that leisure, which is the consequence of both, in attaining a more extensive knowledge of the laws than persons of inferior rank; and because the founders of our polity relied upon that delicacy of sentiment so peculiar to noble birth, which, on the one hand it will prevent either interest or affection from interfering in questions of right, so on the other it will bind a Peer in honour (an obligation which the law considers equal to another man’s oath) to be master of those points on which it is his birthright to decide.’

Though we yield to no party in this country in our desire to see the dignity of the House of Lords upheld, its privileges maintained, and its just power felt in the machinery of the Constitution, we hold it to be the height of absurdity and sycophancy to argue that the fortune and dignity of the Peers give them the means of acquiring more extensive knowledge of the laws than persons of inferior rank; that the delicacy of sentiment peculiar to noble birth is a sufficient guarantee for judicial impartiality; or that prelates and nobles become, either by creation or by birth, masters of technical subjects, of which they are notoriously ignorant. Nor can it be said to add to the dignity or consideration of the House of Lords to retain powers which it can only exercise with the assistance of men who have nothing in common with the hereditary peerage.

In a very different spirit, and with excellent good sense, Sir Matthew Hale had remarked in the preceding century:—

‘For though the Lords Spiritual be learned men in their way, and though the Temporal Lords are usually of a noble extraction and generous education, and possibly well acquainted with the methods of government; yet it is impossible they should be skilled in judicial proceedings and matters of law which require great study and experience to fit persons thereunto. And besides many of them are young and unacquainted with business, especially of this nature, many of them may be absent and commit their proxies to others.

So that certainly it is a great inconvenience that men's estates and interests, and the judgment of learned judges given with great deliberation and advice, should be subject to be shaken, and it may be, overthrown, by, it may be, one single content or not content. Whatever the extraction of men be, yet they are not born with the knowledge of the municipal laws of a kingdom, nor can be supposed to be inspired with the knowledge of the law by the acquirement or descent of a title of honour.

'And this was well known and observed by the king and nobility and wise councillors of antient times. And therefore there were provisional remedies for this inconvenience in the judicatory in the House of Lords.*'

Mr. Hargrave, who may be termed the Selden of the eighteenth century for the learning and acumen with which he followed these researches, speaks even more unceremoniously of the Lords' jurisdiction in his preface to Sir Matthew Hale's Treatise. He concludes by asserting—

'That the grand jurisdiction of the Lords so boastingly exhibited by Prynne as inherent, universal, and supreme, was a mere concoction of the antiently constituted and antiently abolished jurisdiction of the king's *concilium ordinarium*, and of the recently constituted and recently abolished Star-chamber jurisdiction of the same Council; that whilst this expired jurisdiction subsisted, as, on the one hand, it was only exercisable by the House of Lords as mixing with and blended into the *Concilium ordinarium*, so, on the other hand, it was equally derivative from the Crown, and subordinate to the whole Parliament: that Prynne's proud mansion of omnipotent jurisdiction is only the mausoleum of departed judicature: that the grand original jurisdiction which Prynne attributes to the Lords, is a nonentity: and that the lofty appellative jurisdiction which they really possess and exercise, was neither so antient, nor so extensive, nor so pre-eminent, nor so unquestionable as Prynne asserts; but yet is now become firmly fixed upon the solid rock of constitution, and is at the same time so high and mighty, as to be only supervisable and controulable by that full and whole Parliament of which themselves are an integral and essential member.†'

Before we proceed to discuss the actual grievances complained of and the remedies proposed, it may here be convenient to consider what are the essential requirements of a Supreme Court of Appeal, and what principles ought to be kept in view in the constitution of such a tribunal.

I. One of the first principles of every free and well-ordered polity is an entire severance of the judicial from the political power. In former times when the prerogative of the Crown

* Hale's Jurisdiction of Lords' House of Parliament, p. 155.

† Hargrave's Preface, p. ccxxvi.

might, and sometimes did, exercise an undue influence over the administration of justice, it was considered essential to the dignity and independence of the judicial office, to place the men who filled it as far as possible from the control or the seductive influences of the Court. That is still an important element in the Constitution. But is it less essential to the calm and uniform performance of the duties of a court of justice, to remove the members of it from the excitement and the conflicts which are the life of political assemblies? Is it possible that men who are engaged every night in the strife of parties and the struggles of debate should meet every morning in the same spot—the scene of their contentions—to adjudicate with unruffled composure and undeviating precision on the rights of their fellow countrymen? The judges are excluded from the House of Commons. Of late years even the Master of the Rolls and the Judge of the Admiralty Court have ceased to represent, in a legislative capacity, any portion of the people. But this representative character was not the only objection to the union of political and judicial duties, though, by one of the anomalies of the Constitution, the supreme appellate power over all the courts of Law and Equity is still vested in a political assembly. An appellate tribunal so constituted is exposed to the evil of political mutability, since the principal judicial member of the House, the Chancellor, only holds office by the precarious tenure of a party majority. Its forms of proceeding are not those of a Court of Justice but of a senate; its judgments are given in the language of debate; its sentences are recorded as votes; the peers who commonly assist the Chancellor in this portion of his duties are the very men who are endeavouring to supplant him in the confidence of Parliament, or whom he has recently supplanted; and the vicissitudes of political life materially affect the chances and expectations of every suitor in such a court.

Nor is the inconvenience less great of the too great admixture of the judicial and legal element with the legislative functions of the House. All experience proves that those who are engaged in the daily administration of the law are commonly not the persons best qualified to amend it. The great reforms which have been accomplished within the last few years—as for example the great change in the Law of Evidence—have all been effected in defiance of the all but unanimous opposition of the Judges, by men like Lord Brougham and Lord Lyndhurst, in whom the powers of statesmen have outgrown their previous education as lawyers. In the hands of statesmen the science of the law is a great instrument in the work of legislation; but to the

purely judicial mind the science of the law is the end of existence, and a barrier to improvement. In the eyes of the former the law is made for man; in those of the latter man is made for the law.

To identify the Supreme Court of Appeal with one of the great political bodies of the legislature is therefore a measure which no one would contemplate for a moment if such a state of things did not exist already. Conscious of the defects and evils which such an institution contains, the good sense and propriety of feeling of the Peers themselves have been exerted, not without success, to remedy or to conceal these anomalies. We shall not assume the indelicate and invidious task of inquiring how far that success has been complete; very great and long-continued exertions have undoubtedly been made by the law lords to uphold, as far as possible for the public good, the jurisdiction they claim; and the other members of the House have best shown their respect for it by withdrawing from the exercise of it altogether, though the modern distinction between law lords and lay lords is wholly unknown to the Constitution. At the same time the evidence taken by the Select Committee of the Peers, and which is now before the country, does establish, beyond all possibility of doubt, that very great irregularities have not unfrequently occurred in the administration of justice by this tribunal. Causes have often been heard by a Court consisting of only one or two legal Peers. It is alleged that judgments have sometimes been delivered by Peers who had not heard the whole argument at the bar. The opinions of the Court of Session in Scotland, and of the English and Irish Judges, have been overruled by decisions of doubtful authority. The proceedings of the House are expensive, dilatory, and irregular; and in some instances the fate of appeals from Scotland is shown by the Scotch witnesses to have been eminently unsatisfactory. In fact it has been said with severity, but not without truth, that Scotch causes are as often brought up by way of speculation on the ignorance of the House of Lords as in reliance on its superior judicial ability.

II. The second grand principle essential to the efficiency and authority of a Supreme Court of Appeal is, that such a tribunal be so constituted as to possess an amount of judicial authority and legal weight exceeding the combined strength of the Courts whose judgments it has to review.

It is evident that if the appellate jurisdiction has not this superiority, it is a mockery and a snare—a positive wrong to suitors, and an injury to the law itself. The revision and reversal of the deliberate sentence of a Court of Justice is

necessarily a trial of strength between the Judges of that Court and the Judges of the Superior Court; and unless it can reasonably be presumed that a greater amount of experience, wisdom, assiduity, and penetration resides in the Upper Court, all the delay and the cost of a rehearing may be incurred only to undo what was well done before.

Nor does this evil fall on the suitors only. It is the duty of a tribunal of the last resort to settle the law itself where it is doubtful; to overrule previous conflicting decisions; and sometimes to lay down principles which override the whole course of justice. Exalted rank and adventitious dignity can do nothing to support a judgment which is exposed to the daily criticisms of the bar and the searching examination of the whole judicial bench: and although in any given case the decision of the Supreme Court of Appeal is of course final, as far as the interests of suitors are concerned, yet that decision is perpetually exposed to comment and animadversion, as a part of the fabric of the law itself. In order, therefore, to invest such decisions with the authority they ought to possess, if they are effectually to bind the whole administration of justice, they must emanate from such portions of the judicial system of the Empire as are most qualified to frame and to propound them.

This consideration is decisive in our minds against the establishment of any fixed Court of Appeal consisting of three or four permanent judges, sitting in no other capacity, be their personal qualifications what they may. It is highly improbable that any three or four men can habitually be found whose superiority is such as properly to place the whole administration of justice in all its multifarious branches under their control. Human nature and legal education do not produce such beings. If they existed at all, they ought instantly to be invested, not with the intermittent functions of a judge of appeal, but with the highest offices in the State. The relative authority of such a Court of Appeal must rest altogether on personal considerations, which are precisely those it is most difficult to deal with. A judge eminent in one Court fails in another; or his faculties decline with age; or his appointment may have been injudicious, not to say improper. Yet the result of any of these circumstances would be that the Superior Court would forfeit its *prestige*, and that its decisions would lose the respect of the bench and the bar.

The Judges of the Courts of Law and Equity in this country may be considered as a sort of college, or learned corporation, consisting of men, all of whom are deservedly respected for their high character, their spotless integrity, and their assiduous ap-

plication. In their personal qualifications and attainments the ordinary diversities of character and genius must occur; and in the vast and intricate ramifications of English law, not to speak of the laws in other parts of the Empire, these diversities manifest themselves by a particular excellence in certain branches of the profession—the collective result, however, being a complete exposition and effectual application of the laws, of which these judges are the depositories and guardians. A careful and judicious combination of certain members of this body (for it is never desirable that a Court sitting on any particular cause should be so numerous as to weaken the responsibility of each member of it) will always afford the best authority which can at any given time be obtained in Westminster Hall on a legal question—an authority which will command the respect of the legal profession and of the country at large.

It is, moreover, desirable that a Supreme Court of Appeal should comprise some judges who are habitually engaged in the daily business of other Courts, and in the full discharge of a high judicial office; but, on the other hand, that it should comprise some other members sitting chiefly and constantly in the Court of Appeal, to maintain the uniformity of its practice, and occasionally to take a broader view of the questions brought under the cognizance of such a tribunal. The combination of minds of these two classes is extremely important. A Court of Appeal, composed solely of judges, taken from the other Courts of co-ordinate jurisdiction, as in the present Court of Exchequer Chamber, is placed too near the decisions it has to control. A Court of Appeal, from which the members of the other Courts are excluded, would be too far removed from the ordinary course of practice.

If these principles are sound, it follows that a Supreme Court of Appeal ought, as much as possible, to be divested of any political character, and that it ought not to be composed of a small number of permanent judges, but enabled to embrace and concentrate, on a given question, the highest judicial authority of the whole bench.

In point of fact, these are the principles upon which Lord Brougham acted, when, as Lord Chancellor, he effected a complete reform in the appellate jurisdiction of the King in Council, by the creation of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. In some respects it was even more difficult to provide an efficient Court of Appeal for the exercise of this varied jurisdiction, than to provide for the hearing of English, Irish, and Scotch appeals by the House of Lords. Appeals lie to the Queen in Council from all the colonies of the Empire, with their various codes of

French, Dutch, Norman, Italian, and Spanish law ; from India, where the supreme administration of justice by the Crown is the chief protection of native rights and native property against the absolute authority of the Indian Government ; from the Courts Christian, including the discipline of the clergy and the law of marriages and wills ; from the Courts Maritime, including prize causes ; and from the Chancellor in Lunacy. In former times these immense judicial duties (or such part of them as did not then belong to the Delegates) were chiefly performed by the Master of the Rolls, who sat at the Cockpit, just as Lord Eldon sat in the House of Lords, supported by a couple of lay Privy Councillors, to make a quorum of the Committee of Plantations to which such appeals were then referred. At that period of our history it seems not to have been thought proper to inquire by what machinery justice was administered, or whether that machinery was the best that could be obtained for the purpose. Arrears accumulated, the practice of the Court was unsettled, the attendance was irregular, and the worst tribunal in the king's dominions was that which had in its power the rights and the property of the largest number of the king's subjects.

Lord Brougham's Act (3 & 4 Will. IV. cap. 41.) created for the first time in this country a real and highly efficient Court of Appeal. The Judicial Committee of the Privy Council was made to include all those persons being Privy Councillors who should fill, or at any time have filled, the highest judicial offices in this country, besides two other persons to be named by the Sovereign, and two Indian Assessors. We find, by a return recently presented to Parliament, that in the course of twenty-one years no less than thirty-two Judges have taken part in its proceedings, five Lords Chancellors, seven Lords Chief Justices or Chief Barons, five Equity Judges (besides the Chancellor), four Ecclesiastical Judges, seven Puisne Judges of the Courts of Common Law, the Chancellor of the Duchy of Cornwall, and three Chief Justices of Bengal. Some of these learned persons have only attended occasionally, when their advice was required on important questions, but the most eminent of them have furnished to the Court a succession of judicial decisions of unsurpassed ability, and which have materially contributed to improve the administration of justice in all the possessions of the Crown.

For it may here be remarked that the utility of an appeal to a high tribunal of the last resort, sitting in the capital, and composed of the greatest lawyers of the age, is not only to be measured by its effect on the particular cases brought under its cognizance, but that this power of review and control acts as a

stimulus to the judges of all Inferior Courts, it affects the whole administration of justice, and in the colonies it is one of the most important links which still unite the great dependencies of the British Empire to the Crown. The judicial advisers of the Crown decide, in the last resort, on the legal rights of the colonial subjects of the Queen; and the judicial authority which pervades the remotest parts of the Empire, and protects the humblest native who lives under our laws, descends from the great fountain of British justice. Whenever that tie is severed, the union of the colony with the mother country will be at an end. It has sometimes been suggested that the jurisdiction of the Queen in Council might with advantage be merged in the appellate jurisdiction of the House of Lords, though it is obvious that no public advantage could result from superseding a Court which works in a most satisfactory manner, by removing its business to another Court, still imperfectly constituted, and at present far more expensive, more tedious, and less effective. Every law peer is a member of the Judicial Committee as a Privy Councillor; but every member of the Judicial Committee is not a Law Peer. The Judicial Committee includes the whole legal strength of the House of Lords, with considerable additions not in that House; but the House of Lords does not include the ablest members of the Judicial Committee. But there is a far higher motive for the maintenance of the jurisdiction of the Queen in Council. The colonies and the natives of India regard the direct administration of appellate justice of the sovereign as one of the conditions of their allegiance; they owe no allegiance to the House of Lords. Their grievances are carried to the foot of the Throne, and from the Throne the answer proceeds. So, too, in ecclesiastical suits, the jurisdiction of the Queen in Council is that which naturally reverted to the Head of the Church in England on the abolition of appeals to Rome; if it were abolished it would fall, not to the Upper House of Parliament, but to the Upper House of Convocation. To transfer these powers of the Sovereign to any other Court would be a most extensive inroad upon the prerogative of the Crown. Throughout the recent investigation all the witnesses (with the exception of Lord St. Leonard's, who is evidently wholly unacquainted with the subject, and who appears, by the return, never to have been present at the Privy Council,) vied with each other in expressing their unqualified approval of the Judicial Committee.* Sir Fitzroy Kelly, whose

* A fastidious objection was raised by Lord Campbell, who remarked in the course of debate that the Crown had the power of removing the members of the Judicial Committee by striking their

evidence strikes us as by far the 'ablest and most practical, said, 'I really do not think it possible that any Court of Appeal in 'the last resort could be constituted in this country which could 'give greater satisfaction or more perfectly administer justice 'than the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council; it is as near 'perfection as any human tribunal can be.' (*Evidence*, p. 21.)

If then the principles on which the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council has been established are the true principles which ought to be found in a Court of ultimate appeal,—and they are now generally admitted to be so,—it is difficult to reconcile the present state of the appellate jurisdiction of the House of Lords with the same standard. We have in this country not only two Courts of ultimate appeal from different jurisdictions, but two Courts which differ in every element of their constitution; and the admissions which have recently been made in the House of Lords by Lord Derby himself, and by the Committee of the Peers which has recently reported on this subject, relieve us from the necessity of undertaking to prove that the mode in which these important duties have sometimes been performed by that House is not satisfactory.

It ought, however, to be acknowledged, that the dissatisfaction which has of late been expressed arises mainly from fortuitous circumstances, or at least that, till within a recent period, the administration of the appellate jurisdiction had been for some years peculiarly brilliant. The rapid political changes which followed the dissolution of Lord Liverpool's government in 1827, caused the Great Seal to be transferred to no less than six chancellors in less than thirty years, of whom four are still alive. The present Lord Chief Justice held for several years no office, and sat regularly in the House of Lords; the late Master of the Rolls, being a peer, occasionally assisted, and so did the late Lord Chief Justice. Thus the judicial strength of the House comprised the names of Lord Lyndhurst, Lord Brougham, Lord Cottenham, Lord Campbell, Lord Langdale, Lord Denman; to whom may be added Lord Truro, and, more recently, Lord St. Leonard's and Lord Cranworth. A tribunal which had the assistance of these eminent men, in addition to the power of calling for the attendance of the Judges, was as strong as any Court which could exist in this country. Unhappily, however, this period of extraordinary lustre was accidental—

names from the Council Book. But does Lord Campbell seriously suppose that any minister would in these times take the responsibility of sanctioning the disgrace of a Privy Councillor for a judicial opinion in a Court of Appeal?

age, death, and other circumstances have already reduced the habitual legal attendance in the House to two or three Peers, and of these two are past the age of seventy-five. Stripped of the fortunate circumstances which subsisted a few years ago, the practical constitution of the House of Lords as a Court of Appeal is simply this, that it is the business of the Lord Chancellor for the time being, and of the Lord Chancellor alone, to hear causes in the last resort; and to confirm or overthrow the decisions of all the Courts in the three kingdoms. He may summon the Judges, and call on them for their opinions; but by those opinions he is not bound. He may have passed his life in the Courts of Common Law, like Lord Erskine or Lord Truro, until he finds himself placed on the woolsack to review the proceedings of the Courts of Equity. He may never have held a Scotch brief, until the judgments of the Court of Session, framed in a language which is still unknown to him, and on principles sometimes repugnant to all his own legal experience, await his supreme decision.

Fifty years ago the state of the House of Lords, as a Court of Appeal, was infinitely more grievous than it is at present, or than it has been within our memory. When Lord Erskine took the Great Seal in 1806, he had no acquaintance with Scotch law, and a very slender experience in the Equity Courts. Lord Eldon succeeded him, and for the next twenty years the Court of Appeal consisted of the Chancellor, assisted by Lord Redesdale—judges who, for knowledge of the law and for caution, were not to be surpassed. But the sittings on appeals began at two, and ended at four o'clock; the expenses were immoderate; the average duration of a cause was five years, and enormous arrears accumulated. Lord Gifford was afterwards raised to the peerage to assist the Chancellor, and Sir John Leach, Chief Justice Abbott, Sir Lancelot Shadwell, and Chief Baron Alexander, heard causes as Deputy Speakers, not being members of the House. It is stated by a highly respectable authority, that it sometimes happened in these cases that Sir John Leach, then Master of the Rolls, not being either a Peer of Parliament or one of the twelve Judges, retired with the parties into a side room after the hearing, to inform them what the decision of the House would be. On another occasion when Lord Cottenham had recently taken the Great Seal, a Scotch advocate, who happened to be standing at the bar, was requested to interpret to the English Peers and English counsel the meaning of the Scotch law terms they were discussing.

The Crown has, at all times, occasionally exercised the power

of naming by commission Deputy Speakers of the House of Peers, to officiate during the royal pleasure in the room and place of the Lord Chancellor or Lord Keeper. The Chief Justices of the Courts of Law, not being Peers, or the Master of the Rolls, have often been so appointed; and thus it was that the Equity Judges just named sat on appeals. But though they were thus appointed to preside in the House, they had neither a voice in its debates nor a vote in its decisions. Sir Robert Henley, who sat as Speaker of the House of Lords in the reign of George the Second, used to complain that he had often to move the reversal of his own decrees without being allowed to say a word in defence of them. This system of mutes was tried more especially by Lord Eldon; and a more unsatisfactory Court of Appeal could hardly be conceived. Yet practically the system of permanent Deputy Speakers is now recommended by the Lords' Committee, with the addition of a large salary and a vote in the House; but, on the other hand, such Deputy Speakers would no longer be judges engaged in the daily business of other Courts. Imagine such men as Sir John Leach or Sir Lancelot Shadwell sitting with the Chancellor in supreme authority over all the Courts of the United Kingdom!

But although there is much in the constitution of the House of Lords as a Court of Appeal which demands amelioration, and we think that the peculiarities of such a Court of judicature, supreme over all other Courts in the United Kingdom, can neither be defended on constitutional nor on historical grounds, Parliament is not yet prepared to withdraw from the House of Lords its judicial character, or to transfer its appellate jurisdiction to another tribunal. Such changes can only be forced upon it by the imperfect performance of the judicial duties of the House, or by the adoption of unwise expedients to supply such a deficiency. Lord Derby has declared that it would be a thousand times better that the House should renounce its appellate jurisdiction, than that it should be said with a shadow of truth, that the zeal of the House for the maintenance of its own privileges interferes with that which is most sacred and most necessary to the public welfare—the administration of justice. But, in fact, if the present state of this jurisdiction is not entirely satisfactory, there is no insurmountable impediment to its improvement; and by a recurrence to the first principles of the jurisdiction of the House itself, many of the defects now complained of might be remedied.

Much inconvenience and confusion appears to have arisen from the modern notion of identifying the judicial functions of the House of Lords with those privileges and duties which

exclusively appertain to the hereditary peerage, as if none but hereditary peers could have any right to take part in this judicial business, and as if the jurisdiction resided in the House itself absolutely, and not in the House as the advisers of the Crown. Sir Matthew Hale held that the opinion that the House of Peers 'hath a primitive inherent jurisdiction, and 'is the place or jurisdiction unto which is the last appeal, is 'an extravagant assertion unwarily expressed;' and he recommended a reform of the practice by recurring to the ancient usage of the Tryers of petitions,—a select number of the most judicious Lords, spiritual and temporal, to whom, together with the Judges, petitioners for reversals of decrees should be referred—in fact, the appointment of a Judicial Committee of Peers and Judges for the hearing of appeals.

Mr. Macqueen has investigated, with great learning, the functions of those tryers and receivers of petitions—*auditores querelarum*—who are still appointed at the commencement of each Parliament, although their duties are lost in the night of antiquity. Undoubtedly, several distinct expedients have at different times been resorted to for the transaction of business of civil judicature by the House. As early as the 14 Edward III. a Committee sat for that purpose, and in the reign of Charles I. (1640) a Committee of Judicature existed. It would, however, be tedious to pursue these researches.

But the constitutional mode of increasing the judicial strength of the House of Lords is beyond all doubt the ancient practice of summoning to the hearing of causes on appeal such other judicial officers as the House may think fit; and this proceeding is fully and accurately described by the greatest parliamentary authority we have, Sir Matthew Hale.

'It should seem that in ancient times these proceedings, especially in writs of error in Parliament, were for the most part if not altogether transacted by the *consilium regis ordinarium*, the Chancellor, Treasurer, Justices, Barons of the Exchequer, and those whose education and experience rendered them more fit for such employment; and rarely did these matters come into the House of Lords for their decision unless it were in cases of great moment, concernment, and example.

'When they came to the House of Lords upon such an account, it seems that antiently even the *concilium regis ordinarium*, the Chancellor, Treasurer, and Justices, *had not only a voice of advice but also of suffrage*; as appears by what hath been before delivered and by the instance of the Statute of 14 Ed. III., that erected a Court for remedying delays in judicial proceedings, consisting of Lords spiritual, Lords temporal, Chancellor, Treasurer, and Judges, wherein the Judges had a co-ordinate voice as well as the Lords, as appears by

the statute itself; and as likewise appears by the composuræ and power of the *auditores querelarum* appointed by the King in Parliament, which consisted as well of the Chancellor, Treasurer, and Justices, as of Lords, and their power, *not only preparative* to the House of Lords *but decisive*, as appears before in this tract.

‘But yet further, it is most evident beyond all dispute that though the record, either by writ or permission, were removed into the Lords’ House, and virtually and interpretatively the judgment of affirmation or reversal was theirs, yet the actual decision and determination (in ancient times even after the decay of the power of the *consilium regis*) was given by a select number of Lords and Judges nominated by the King in Parliament, or at least by the King with the advice of the Lords.’ (*Hale*, p. 155.)

The practice of summoning judicial persons, not being members of the House, to assist in the hearing of certain causes, has never been abandoned, and the Judges of the Common Law Courts are still ordered to attend on writs of error. In the time of Lord Somers the Judges were held to be the regular assistants to the House, bound to be present daily and reprimanded by the Lord Keeper for negligence or slackness of attendance. They had, according to the express declaration of Sir M. Hale, suffrages on the questions submitted to them by the House; and the first great blow to their authority was the case of *Reeve v. Long* (1 Salk. 227.), a case of pure law, in which a decision of the Common Pleas, and also of the King’s Bench, was reversed by the Lords voting at large—twelve prelates and twenty-six peers,—in opposition to the opinion of all the Judges. This decision was given on the 19th December, 1694, and it established the supremacy of the Peers’ jurisdiction over the opinions of the Judges. Nevertheless, such cases have not been of frequent occurrence, though some of the most remarkable instances of such decisions have occurred within the last few years. There is, however, nothing to prevent the House of Lords, or any three members of it, from overruling or rejecting, by a majority of one, an opinion which may have been submitted to the House with the unanimous assent of the Judges; but as these conflicts of authority cannot but be derogatory to the Judges, mischievous to the authority of the House, unsatisfactory to suitors, and injurious to the law itself, they ought to be terminated by allowing the Judges to record their votes in all the cases which they may be summoned to hear. It is an obvious fiction that the judicial opinion of a law peer, who generally owes his seat in the House to his political as much as to his legal eminence, is entitled to more confidence than the opinions of the eminent Judges who preside in Westminster Hall.

The simplest and, as we think, the most effectual mode of restoring to the House of Lords the highest judicial authority, would therefore be to revert to the ancient practice and undoubted right of the House to summon from the Courts of Law and Equity (and this practice might even be extended to Scotland or Ireland) such judicial persons as would be most competent to act as assistants. Judges thus summoned to the House should be invested with the judicial suffrage, and the standing order of 1660, which prohibits them from opening their lips except to answer a question, should be abolished. An opinion is entertained by persons of great learning and authority, that nothing is more mischievous to a Court than too large a number of judicial advisers, and if responsibility is to be enforced, the highest responsibility rests on the 'single-seatedness' of Jeremy Bentham. Probably this opinion is well founded; but though it may be undesirable that causes should be heard by more than four or five judges, the authority of those judges is increased when they are selected from a greater number, and may in fact be regarded as the representatives of the whole judicial bench. Without calling on all the Judges of the three kingdoms to attend the House of Lords, we think that it would be no evil to make them all liable to attend on appeals; and it would be easy to determine, by some system of rotation, of seniority, or of selection, those judicial officers who should be designated to act as assistants to the House in each session. Or it might be confined, as has been suggested by Sir Fitzroy Kelly, to such of the Judges as have been raised by the Crown to the Privy Council and are consequently members of the other Court of Appeal.

A certain power of expansion and flexibility, added to the fixed legal staff of the House of Lords, which consists of the Chancellor and the other law peers, would be found of the utmost utility. Modern facilities of communication have placed the Courts of Dublin and the Parliament House of Edinburgh within a few hours of London, and it would probably be found to be of great advantage that Irish and Scotch judges should sometimes take a part in these proceedings. But in England only we have now fifteen justices of the Courts of Law, seven Equity Judges, including the Chancellor, and to these might with great advantage be added the Judges of the Admiralty and of the Courts of Testamentary and Matrimonial jurisdiction.*

* Lord St. Leonards moved the exclusion of these learned persons from the Bill now before Parliament. This great Equity lawyer
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Above all, the judicial assistance of these able men could* be had without any admixture of politics; the House of Lords in its judicial capacity would lose much of its political character. The judicial business of the House of Lords is by no means heavy. Including the peerage and the divorce cases, which do not strictly belong to the judicial department, the House does not sit in the morning more than sixty days in the year, so that this attendance divided amongst the leading members of each Court would be far from onerous. If, however, such a Court were completely organised, and its forms of proceeding rendered less expensive, as they ought to be, we see no reason that the present Court of Exchequer Chamber — the intermediate stage of appeal — should not be abolished, and access given at once to the supreme tribunal. An intermediate stage of appeal is in almost every instance a grievance to suitors. If such a tribunal is so constituted as to review with authority the decisions of the Courts below, its affirmance or reversal should be final; if it is not so constituted, it is a mere barrier on the road to justice.

These being the opinions we have been led to form on the constitution of Courts of Appeal, and on the simple means of restoring greater efficiency to the House of Lords as a judicial body, it is scarcely necessary to add, that we dissent in almost every particular from the propositions which have recently emanated from the Committee of the Lords on their own appellate jurisdiction. The scheme brought before Parliament in consequence of the report of that Committee, is simply the creation of two high legal functionaries, to be called Deputy Speakers of the House, and to receive 6000*l.* a year each, including their pensions (if any). They are to have filled high judicial offices in the United Kingdom for not less than five years; they are to sit with the Chancellor either in or out of the parliamentary session; they may be peers for life, but they will have all the personal and political rights of the peerage. .

This plan seems, we must confess, open to every species of objection. These judicial officers will constitute a sort of triplicate of the Chancellor, who, having already obtained the assistance of two Lords Justices in his own Court, is now to have two other deputies in the House of Peers. As, however, they are to have political votes, and to be appointed, in fact, by the Chancellor himself, it is not unreasonable to apprehend that they

would therefore have excluded Lord Stowell and Dr. Lushington from the Court of Appeal on the ground of insufficient judicial attainments!

will be chosen, at least in times when party runs high, as much for their political sympathies as for their judicial eminence. But, in reality, they will bid fair to become, in the House of Lords, more powerful than the Chancellor himself; for they are to be permanent, and he is ephemeral; and, in the event of a ministerial change, the new Chancellor, perhaps altogether new to the Bench, might find himself sitting between two political opponents.

We object to the introduction of two permanent paid Judges into a House whose members have heretofore been remunerated for their public services, not by money, but by dignity; or if by money, in the form of a pension for past services only. It is inconvenient to introduce distinctions of rank and stipend between men who are called upon to discharge the same public duties; and we cannot think that an increase of pension is an adequate compensation for a diminution of rank. The fundamental condition of the English House of Lords has hitherto been, that its members are *peers*. If, however, the House retains the services of two eminent judicial persons to perform its own judicial duties, those duties will probably be thrown exclusively on those who are paid for discharging them, for no one else will feel called upon to attend, and the jurisdiction of the House will become altogether nominal. The salary proposed, at the rate of 6000*l.* a year, is enormous, if, as we believe, the total number of days of sitting would probably not exceed two months, and certainly not three months, in the year. Yet the stipend would very nearly equal that of the most laborious offices in the profession, and it would exceed that of all the ministers of the Crown, except the Chancellor.*

* A Return recently made to an Order of the House of Commons enables us to state with precision the amount of the appellate business transacted by the House of Lords. In the last five years (1851—1855, both inclusive) the House has heard 52 English causes, 13 Irish causes, and 97 Scotch causes, being an average of 32 appeals per annum: the average annual number of appeals heard by the Privy Council in the same period is 300. The average number of days of sitting for judicial business in the House of Lords is 65; in the Privy Council it is about 40. But the sittings of the House begin late, are frequently interrupted, and do not average more than four hours in length; the sittings of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council are of six hours. The frequent adjournments of the House of Lords are an additional cause of expense to the suitors. If the House sat continuously for six hours a day, about forty sittings would dispose of the whole appeal business. Yet for this it is proposed to pay two judges 6000*l.* a year each, or at the rate of 300*l.* a day, and about 400*l.* for every cause! Of the business thus trans-

Observe, moreover, the effect of the creation of two such offices. To fill them adequately, and to carry on the whole supreme appellate jurisdiction of the United Kingdom with authority, you require not men just superannuated at the close of a laborious life, but judges in the vigour of their faculties. These men, therefore—the ablest men you can find—will be transferred to the House of Lords, by withdrawing them from the scene of their greatest utility, and confining them to the comparative inactivity of a Court of Appeal. That inactivity alone is generally fatal to judicial eminence, though unquestionably one of the first judicial minds of our time—we mean that of Mr. Pemberton Leigh—may be quoted as a rare example of legal power undiminished by a life of retirement. But, generally speaking, judges of appeal ought to retain their connexion with some of the Courts of inferior jurisdiction; and to remove them from those Courts is to injure both the administration of justice and the individual.

Lastly, we see no advantage in adding two legal peers to the House of Lords, for many obvious reasons, but more especially for this:—on all questions affecting the reform of the law, they will, when combined with the Chancellor of the day, exercise a preponderating power over the legislative deliberations of the House, and when in opposition to him they will offer a most formidable impediment to the policy of the Government. To express the same idea in other terms, the Chancellor multiplied by three would be too strong—divided by two he would be too weak.

We know not what will be the fate of the Bill which has passed the House of Lords, and is now before the House of Commons, based on the recommendations of the Lords' Committee for the Amendment of the Appellate Jurisdiction. It is possible that peculiar political combinations may succeed in obtaining the sanction of the Legislature to this expedient, which Lord Derby has taken under his especial protection as a *pis aller*, intended to terminate the controversy on Lord Wensleydale's life peerage, but the measure is that of Lord Derby and the Peers' Committee, and it is repudiated by the great majority of the Liberal Party. We protest against the supposition that this measure can be regarded as a final and permanent settlement of this great question, and we confidently assert that this Bill is regarded with dissatisfaction and distrust

acted little more than one-third consists of English and Irish causes; two-thirds are Scotch cases, for which no especial provision is made by the Bill now before Parliament.

by almost every high judicial and legal authority in the country. The efficiency of the highest Court of Appeal in the United Kingdom is a matter of universal and paramount concern, for to that Court every Englishman must look in the last resort for the protection of his property and his rights. By no departure from the ancient principles and constitution of the House of Lords, but by the simple adoption of a plan analogous to that recommended by Sir Matthew Hale, nearly two hundred years ago, a Court of Appeal of the highest authority, and extremely similar to that which works admirably at the Privy Council for the other possessions of the Empire, might be framed without expense and without inconvenience. Such a Court would combine the judicial strength of the whole Bench; it would exercise its authority undisturbed by political contentions and changes; and it would add nothing to the cost of the present judicial establishment of the country. But if this resource be rejected, and a further attempt be made by the House of Lords to exercise the appellate jurisdiction with the mere assistance of one or two Judges who have retired from the bench, it is not difficult to foresee that the days of that jurisdiction are numbered, and that the judicial business of the House will be transferred to the Privy Council, whose reputation has risen as rapidly as that of the House of Peers has declined.

- ART. IX. — 1. *Sermons, Doctrinal and Practical.* By the Rev. W. A. BUTLER, M.A. First Series and Second Series. Edited, with a Memoir of the Author's Life, by the Rev. T. WOODWARD, M.A. 8vo. Cambridge: 1855.
2. *Letters on Romanism in reply to Mr. Newman's Essay on 'Development.'* By the Rev. W. A. BUTLER, M.A. 8vo. Edited by the Rev. T. WOODWARD, M.A.
3. *Lectures on the History of Ancient Philosophy.* By the Rev. W. A. BUTLER, Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Dublin. Edited by W. H. THOMPSON, Regius Professor of Greek in the University of Cambridge. 2 vols. 8vo. Cambridge: 1856.

WE know not when we have been more struck with the proverbial barrenness of incident characteristic of the lives of literary and philosophic men, than in perusing the memoir of William Archer Butler, prefixed to these volumes. Here is a man of glowing genius, of diversified accomplishments, — who, though he died comparatively young, adorned, for ten

years, the Moral Philosophy chair in the University of Dublin, prelected there with great and deserved applause to throngs of admiring pupils, achieved a first-rate reputation as a preacher, distinguished himself as a controversialist, was renowned, it is said, for 'his wit and humour' and racy powers of conversation, was the delight of a large circle of friends and acquaintance, and, lastly, whose remains fill these five brilliant volumes; and yet his 'Memoir' extends to but thirty-six pages, and the greater part of these is composed of specimens from his early poetry, fragments of juvenile orations, and tributes of admiration or remarks on his character from private friends and public critics! Yet this 'Memoir,' meagre as are its facts, evinces no want of skill in the writer, and certainly anything rather than lack of interest in his subject; on the contrary, its very faults are the venial ones of excessive admiration, of too servid eulogy;—those hyperboles of a love intensified and hallowed by the grave*, which it requires more austere critics than we profess to be, to visit with morose censure. This dearth of incident in the 'Memoir' is owing to lack of incident in the Life it records; and if so, that life is soon told. It may be compressed, without any extraordinary condensation, into little more than a couple of these pages. We may as well, therefore, give this biography *entire*,—it will but little exceed the dimensions of some prolix epitaphs.

William Archer Butler was born at Annerville, near Clonmel; his father was a Protestant, his mother a Roman Catholic; in what year born, is not known, but probably in 1814; if so, he died at four and thirty. He was, by his mother's wish, educated in the Romish faith. While yet a child, however, he seems to have had misgivings, whether Romanism and Truth, Protestantism and Error necessarily meant the same; misgivings (it is said) strengthened by the want of sympathy his confessor manifested with his strong and early developed religious sensibilities.

Part of his childhood was spent at Garnavilla, a village on the banks of the Suir, near Cahir; and that beautiful scenery

* We allude to such expressions as the following: 'He almost lisped in rhyme, and some of his *boyish compositions would do honour to the maturest efforts of the British Muse*. . . .' 'While still a *schoolboy*, he had penetrated deep into the *profundities of metaphysics*, his most loved pursuit, and was accomplished in the *whole circle of the belles lettres*. His taste for oratory was fostered by the *annual exhibitions for which Dr. Bell's Seminary was so famous*; and *'some of his youthful efforts are still remembered as masterpieces of public speaking.'* (*Memoir*, pp. 3. 5.)

made an impression on his susceptible imagination never to be obliterated. There he learned to love Nature, and that love, as usual with such temperaments, broke into spontaneous song. At nine years of age he was sent to the endowed school at Clonmel. Here he distinguished himself, less by an emulous prosecution of the ordinary routine of study, than by the general indications of an intellect at once powerful and versatile: his reading accordingly was unusually wide and various for his years. In leisure moments he addicted himself with equal ardour to the twin arts of poetry and music, and in the latter is said to have become 'exquisitely skilled.'

How long he continued at Clonmel is not stated; nor in what year he entered on college life. But it seems, that about two years before that time, he renounced Romanism, and became an ardent Protestant. Unlike so many other proselytes from a traditional faith, he never afterwards wavered, nor exhibited any phases either of fanaticism or scepticism. He at once embraced, with intimate conviction and passionate love, those cardinal principles which are the glory of Protestantism only because they are the glory of the Gospel. The polestar of his theology was the same as Luther's, and thither his faith ever pointed true.

At college he seems to have instantly attracted the attention of his fellow-students and his Professors as a man of the highest promise. True to his early tastes, however, he abandoned himself chiefly to poetry, the belles lettres, and *metaphysics*. The classics he read with the eye of a poet rather than with that of a critic; for the mathematics he never evinced much inclination. So early developed were the propensity and the aptitude for composition, that while yet an undergraduate, he became a frequent contributor, both of prose and verse, to periodical literature; while his college exercises, for their vigour of thought and beauty of expression, inspired the brightest hopes. He also became an active member of the 'College Historical Society,' and in the year 1835 (he was then about twenty!) he occupied its chair as boy-president. On that occasion he delivered an 'Address,' from which a long extract is given in the 'Memoir,' and which must certainly have been a very remarkable effort for one so young. In 1834, young Butler attained, with great distinction, the 'Ethical Moderatorship' recently instituted by Provost Lloyd. After taking his Bachelor's degree, he continued in residence at college two years. He was then advised to turn his attention to the Bar; but his literary tastes and contemplative habits alike recoiled from the dusty arena and incessant turmoil of the

law courts, and he soon resolved to devote himself to the more congenial pursuits and duties of the Church.

At the expiration of his scholarship, Provost Lloyd was anxious to secure the brilliant services of Butler for the University, and succeeded in doing so. By the exertions of this excellent and public-spirited man, a professorship of Moral Philosophy was founded in 1837, and Butler was appointed to be the first occupant of the Chair. The popularity of his lectures proved how judicious was the choice. Simultaneously with his assumption of his professorship, he was presented by the Board of Trinity College to the prebend of Clondehorka, diocese of Raphoe, county of Donegal. Here he constantly resided except when the duties of his Chair called him to Dublin. A more pleasing picture than that of this brilliant mind devoting itself to the humble duties of a parish priest cannot well be conceived.

‘Amongst a large and humble flock,’ says his biographer, ‘of nearly two thousand members of the Church, he was the most indefatigable of pastors. In the pulpit he accommodated himself, with admirable success, to their simple comprehension. He imagined that the interest of his rural auditors was more engaged by an unwritten address, and, unfortunately, he soon ceased to write any sermons. His exquisite skill in music was brought down to the instruction of a village choir. Never was there more fully realised in any one that union of contemplation and action, of which Lord Bacon speaks as the perfection of human nature. His loftiest speculations in mental science, his erudite researches into Grecian and German philosophy, were in a moment cheerfully laid aside at every call of suffering and of sorrow. His parishioners were widely scattered over an extensive district along the shore of the Atlantic, interspersed with bogs and mountain. Many of their residences were difficult of access even upon foot; but they were all visited with constant assiduity. Amongst the papers left behind him were found catalogues containing, not merely the names of each individual, but comments, often copious, upon their characters and circumstances, that he might reflect at leisure upon their peculiar wants, and supply consolation, instruction, or reproof according to their several necessities.’ (*Memoir*, pp. 17, 18.)

Such devotion to obscure duties constitutes at least as strong a claim to our admiration as the most applauded intellectual achievements. The prebend of Clondehorka was held along with his Chair till 1842, when he was promoted to the Rectory of Raymoghly in the same diocese. It was shortly after this, that being called to preach at a visitation of the united dioceses of Raphoe and Derry, he delivered his discourse (afterwards published), entitled ‘Primitive Church Principles not inconsistent

‘with Universal Christian Sympathy’—in which we admire the resolute, even if imperfect, struggles of a noble and generous nature against the rigidity of *soi-disants* ‘Church Principles.’ He seems eagerly to stretch forth his manacled hands to grasp kindred excellence under all diversities of form, and to recognise, in spite of system, a Christian brother wherever he sees the image of his Master. Though still perhaps somewhat fettered by the very prejudices he struggles against, so noble, so beautiful is his entire character as a minister of Christ, that one feels inclined to say of him, in the words of Paul,—‘Would to God that all were not only almost, but altogether such as he was, *except those bonds.*’

In the summer of 1844, he paid a visit to his friend Mr. Graves, curate of Windermere, and made the acquaintance of Wordsworth. Of this visit his host has furnished a somewhat full and interesting account. It is amusing to see with what almost boyish enthusiasm, the poetic philosopher listened to the utterances of the philosophic poet. In 1845, Butler was principally engaged on the Roman Catholic controversy, and soon after gave the fruits of his studies to the world in the powerful ‘Letters on Development.’ In 1846-7, the Irish famine, which with pestilence and its terrible procession of attendant horrors, stalked in the neighbourhood of Butler’s residence, afforded his noble nature another opportunity of displaying itself. ‘Literature, philosophy, and divinity were all postponed to the labours of relieving-officer to his parish. From morning till evening he superintended the distribution of food, often toiling with his own hands in this ministry of love.’ *

But this truly glorious career, in which lofty aims and lowly duties were alike cared for and reconciled, was already drawing to a close. The week preceding his last illness was spent at the house of his friend Archdeacon Gough, in whose neighbourhood he was about to preach at an approaching ordination. His sermon as usual was unwritten, but must have been singular on such an occasion, and we imagine, more calculated to excite the suspicions of bigotry than even his earlier protest against church rigours.

‘He was led,’ says a gentleman who heard it, ‘to speak of those divines of the Anglican Church, in whose writings would be found an armoury against all heresies, as well as the most touching lessons of practical holiness. He took a series of these authors; he dismissed each with a few sentences; but not before he had characterised his peculiar excellences, and made the audience feel his distinguishing

* *Memoir*, p. 28.

merits. His description of Taylor, in particular, was *startlingly beautiful, and literally took away our breath*. He recommended us to read some works of a practical character by Dissenters. Baxter, Howe, and Edwards were among the number mentioned.' (*Memoir*, p. 28.)

On his return home from this public service, he took cold; it was the prelude of fever, which in a few days proved fatal. He died on the 5th of July, 1848. How much he was loved, as well as admired, appears from the following statement of his biographer. 'Upon Saturday, the 8th of July, his remains were laid in his own churchyard. The Bishop, the surrounding clergy and gentry, and several thousands of the humbler classes, were assembled to pay the last tribute of respect.'*

Though, as we have seen, little is known of his life; and though of his conversation (which is said to have been full of wit, point, and vivacity,) hardly a stray fragment, so far as we can find, has been preserved in the 'Memoir,'—he has in these volumes left memorials of himself which the world will 'not willingly let die.' As the fruit of so young a mind,—for nearly all must have been produced before the author had passed his thirtieth year,—they form an extraordinary monument of his vigour, versatility, and precocity.

A marked feature of his mind was the perfection in which it combined many of the rarest endowments of the poetic and the philosophic temperaments; not that there is any reason to wonder at such conjunction, for it has been too often repeated in great philosophers and great poets to leave room for that. Nor are the two classes of qualities, if they be not *relatively* disproportionate, at all at variance. The very aptitude for readily apprehending analogies under the impulses of poetic feeling, prompted by the instincts of the beautiful, will, if organised and directed by an equally predominant aptitude for philosophical speculation, constitute that inventive and creative faculty which, seizing another class of analogies and resemblances, constructs systems of philosophy; of truth sometimes, and sometimes, alas! of fiction;—fiction as wild, as airy, as unsubstantial as the poet's veritable dreams. At all events, certain it is, that in the higher order of minds,—as in Shakspeare, Plato, Bacon, Pascal, the alliance of the speculative and the imaginative, of subtlety and wit, of logic and eloquence, has been too often repeated to allow us to doubt that though reason *may* be only a 'lumen siccum,' and imagination but an 'ignis fatuus;'

though a philosopher *may* be only a 'reasoning mill' or a poet whose 'fine frenzy' is little more than frenzy, philosophy and poetry need not be estranged. Intellect of the highest order generally exhibits very various mental endowments, each in large proportion and all in harmonious combination. One or more may be predominant, but genius is usually a constellation, not a single star; and though one may be brightest, all will be bright.

Professor Butler's early love of poetry followed him through life; it was not only a solace but a passion. Even when wedded to philosophy, his early mistress was never forgotten. Though the mere conjunction of the poetic and philosophical temperaments be no rare phenomenon, the *precocity* with which the reflective and analytic powers were manifested in Butler might be regarded as extraordinary. The philosophical lectures—even those on Plato and Aristotle—which are given in these volumes, seem to have been composed and delivered before he was eight-and-twenty, or at most a year older! It may, however, be remarked, that the period of life which intervenes between the effervescence of youth and the practical energy of mature manhood is to many powerful minds a period of vigorous philosophical speculation. On the whole, Butler's rich imagination was, even as a philosophical lecturer, of signal service to him. Though his more brilliant endowments occasionally led to excess of ornament, too deeply coloured the diction, or rendered it too redundant, they admirably fitted him to redeem the abstruse subjects he treated from the curse of dryness, and especially equipped him for the task of criticising Plato, to whose wonderful union of subtlety and grace, of philosophic depth with all-various literary excellence, he ever showed himself keenly sensitive. His learning was extensive for his years; in certain directions, and in the department of ancient philosophy, profound; though in pure philology he seems never to have aspired to minute accuracy. He had, however, all those higher qualities of sagacity, comprehensiveness, and congenial sympathy with philosophic genius, which will do more in the interpretation of such writers as Aristotle and Plato than any quantity of mere learning.

The matter of these five volumes is thus distributed: two of them are filled with 'Sermons;' one with the 'Letters on 'Development;' and two with the 'Lectures on the History of 'Ancient Philosophy.'

In the 'Sermons,' it is impossible not to be impressed with the rare qualities of the author's mind, though the style is far from being severe enough to satisfy a just taste. The imagery is too profuse, the diction too ornate; in a word, there is too

much of the pomp and glare of rhetoric. In some of the discourses, moreover, the train of argument appears more refined and ingenious than just or convincing; and the expression of the preacher's views is not free from obscurity. Nevertheless, these 'Sermons' abound in exquisite thoughts, expressed often with exceeding felicity, as well as in passages full of genuine pathos. They are the utterances of a mind not only glowing with the fires of intellect and imagination, but with the fervours of devout passion also. His conviction of the importance and grandeur of the truths he proclaims is evidently profound. None can doubt, who read these discourses, that, in the author's estimate, all things were to be 'counted dross' in comparison with the Gospel, and that he loved and lived for the Truth, as well as taught and preached it. It is proper to add, that the mass of these sermons do not represent Professor Butler's ordinary style of preaching; his great promptitude of mind and command of language soon induced him to drop the habit of writing his sermons, and (after three or four sessions) even his University Lectures. His ordinary pulpit-style, it may be conjectured, was more colloquial and less ornate than that of these volumes; and, in our estimate, none the worse for that. It is also to be borne in mind, that if the style of thought often indulged, and some of the topics selected, would be ill-suited to the mass of a country congregation, a great part of these discourses seem to have been preached on public occasions and to select audiences. On the whole, we agree with the judgment of Professor Jeremie, who edited the second series:—after saying that 'he is in no way pledged to defend all the arguments and interpretations of Scripture adopted by the author,' he remarks that 'though they would doubtless have gained much in terseness of style and diction by a careful preparation for the press,' these Sermons form 'a most valuable accession to our theological literature.'

It were easy to point out many trains of argument in the highest degree original and impressive, while even common thoughts are illustrated with a beauty and expressed with a grace which give them a new force. Thus he says finely:—

'Men from deep places can see the stars at noon-day; and from the utter depths of her self-abasement, she (the Syro-Phœnician woman) catches the whole blessed mystery of Heaven: like St. Paul's Christian, "in having nothing, she possesses all things." No humility is perfect and proportioned, but that which makes us hate ourselves as corrupt, but respect ourselves as immortal; *the humility that kneels in the dust, but gazes on the skies.*' (*Sermons, First series, p. 171.*)

We select, as another brief specimen, the following beautiful sentences on the great truth that evil seems ever the incidental, not the designed, result of all the arrangements of Nature:—

‘There is no instance producible—setting aside manifest disease and displacement—of a living creature expressly organized by our Creator for a life of agony. He,—a Father to the children of His love,—He meant that life should be blessedness; if it be otherwise, “an enemy hath done this.” Would you apprehend how even our lost world retains dim traces of His purpose that life and happiness should be for every one? Go forth into that world, though it is a sad world; gaze on that age which Christ Himself made the living symbol of His kingdom, to perpetuate a lovely tradition of heaven to every generation; behold the *child*, when such as childhood should be, in the joyousness of that freedom he never again on earth must know; mark the delight of his young activities, the bliss of growing energies, the bright unsullied fancy, the cheerful confidence, the boundless hope; behold him—the little type of heaven—alone with Nature in her summer noon, and asking nothing more of earth or sky than that the one should thus blossom, the other thus beam for ever; and you will be able, in some faint way, to conceive how the mere consciousness of existence *may* be happiness. And thus Scripture, as if instinctively, uses the word “life” to imply felicity, and “eternal life” to imply eternal felicity; for in the first draft of creation, to live was to be blest.’ (*Sermons*, vol. i. p. 151.)

The ‘Letters on Development,’ in reply to Mr. Newman, were given to the world under great disadvantages. They were written necessarily with much haste; they were published piecemeal (in the *Irish Ecclesiastical Journal*), and, above all, were produced in the very agony of the Irish famine, when the devoted pastor’s head and heart were brimful of care and sorrow, and overtaken in endeavours to alleviate the misery around him. Weighing all this,—these letters, though not the most brilliant perhaps, deserve to be considered the most remarkable proofs of the author’s indomitable energy and power of concentration. It may be observed, also, that the style of them is more severe;—partly, perhaps, from the rapidity with which the author wrote, which left less time for the mere play of fancy; partly from the fact that the work was among his last, and therefore maturest; but principally, without question, from the sharp air of controversy which braced and animated his style. Controversy often acts on a too rhetorical mind, as a sudden call to combat might act on an Oriental; he kicks off the embroidered slippers, tucks up those long flaunting Asiatic robes, and draws his girdle tighter.

The fourth and fifth volumes are occupied with the ‘Lectures on Ancient Philosophy.’ While they are the produc-

tions which best show of what the author was capable, and give us the truest idea of the variety and compass of his intellect, it is to be remembered that even these do it imperfectly. The reader must not forget, if he would do the genius of Butler full justice, the circumstances we have already adverted to, and more especially that the MS. of these lectures never underwent the author's revision; that they often seem to have been written, like those of Dr. Thomas Brown, *currente calamo*, just before the hour of delivery; and, what is certainly the most extraordinary feature of the whole, that they were all composed at a very early age.

In these lectures we plainly see how rapidly his mind was still growing, and how very superior, in all probability, would have been the productions of his riper years, to any thing he has left behind him; for, even as it is, there is no comparison between the three earliest series of lectures, (those introductory to the entire course, and those on the Indian and Early Grecian Schools,) and the lectures on Plato and Aristotle. Indeed, the editor, Professor Thompson (than whom none could have been better selected for the task, or discharged it more judiciously, more kindly, or more learnedly,) does not disguise his opinion that it would have been well to suppress the earlier series altogether, and avows that he only yielded to the urgent wishes of others in consenting to edit them.

'They were evidently,' says he, 'hastily composed — as, in fact, appears from notices in the author's handwriting — and in some places they bear the appearance of having been produced to meet a sudden demand. Their rhetorical pomp of style, a meaning not always definite in itself, and frequently obscured by the very excess of illustration, the frequent repetitions, and, above all, a certain vacillation of judgment on speculative questions, are faults which must strike the intelligent reader, and which would, I am persuaded, have been acknowledged by the accomplished Professor himself. I have consented to edit them in deference to the opinion of persons better able than myself to estimate their probable reception by the mass of readers, to many of whom, it is thought, some of the characteristics in question may prove attractive, rather than repellent, while those of maturer taste may be induced to tolerate the style, in consideration of the really fine vein of thought and sentiment which it conceals.' (*Lectures*, vol. i. *Preface*.)

We trust we are not among those whom the learned Professor imagines likely rather to be attracted by what are certainly 'defects,' than 'repelled' by them; but we cannot regret that the lectures have been published. We are by no means insensible to the faults he honestly specifies, but we think the 'fine' veins of thought which are interspersed justify

the wishes of Butler's friends' that the lectures should appear, and the editor in complying with their wishes. Not only are these detached fragments very striking and beautiful, but they give us a more comprehensive view of the author's genius than we should otherwise have obtained. The allusions moreover to Bacon and his philosophy, furnish a corrective of any impressions which the lectures on Plato might be likely to produce, — that the author, through indiscriminate admiration of one glorious name, was less disposed, than he certainly was, to seek points of conciliation between ancient and modern speculation, and to ascertain, by an enlightened eclecticism, how far one may be complementary to the other. We are far from saying that in these earlier lectures he is always successful in such attempts; nor are we insensible to the 'oscillations' of view of which Professor Thompson speaks. But this, at least, is manifest, that Butler was no bigot to any favourite system, — that he was catholic in his philosophy as in his religion. It is thus he speaks of certain points of Bacon's philosophical character, and certain features of his philosophy too often forgotten: —

'The great Englishman, then, was unquestionably a psychologist; and it is unjust to deny that his own comprehensive mind fully recognised the fertility and value of this province of inquiry. . . . That the speculative side of the philosophy of man was equally revealed to Lord Bacon, it would not be easy to establish. But neither was it discountenanced. Mere verbal subtleties indeed he abhorred and despised. Nor was it much to be wondered at, with a thousand barren years of them before him. But in his own statements of his philosophy, truth of every kind is equally welcome. And he has not forgotten the metaphysical principles of nature and of the soul, either in his treatment of the subject of natural theology, or in the physical and logical compartments which he has assigned to discussing the transcendent qualities and adventitious conditions of being. Circumstances, however, urged him to concentrate his energies where they were most demanded; and if his principal object was that of combining facts into theory, and if he did not fully penetrate the importance of vindicating the divinity of Reason, of Morality, of Love, we cannot, perhaps, censure him more than for not anticipating the Principia.' (*Ancient Philosophy*, vol. i. p. 130.)

By Professor Thompson's Notes we think we may say that these lectures are doubled in value. They are often of considerable length, are not only illustrative but corrective, and exhibit accurate scholarship and philosophic acumen in happy union. In perusing these 'Lectures,' the reader will, as we think, be strongly reminded of those of Dr. Thomas Brown. Something may be attributed, no doubt, to the oral style, which will always

have points of resemblance ; something to the haste with which both the Professors often prepared overnight for the next morning's duties ; but something, also, to strong similarities of genius. Both united a vivid imagination with a remarkable and very precocious faculty of analysis ; both possessed great fertility of illustration and copiousness of diction. The rhetorical pomp, the very structure and march of the style, will, if we mistake not, constantly recall the lectures of the Edinburgh professor. These also, like those of Butler, were produced at a very early, though not so early an age, and published from the unrevised notes of the author.

Of the Lectures on the History of Ancient Philosophy, the most attractive will, without doubt, be the series on Plato : and here we entirely agree with Professor Thompson. When, some eight years ago, we lamented that there was so little in the English language adapted to give the mere English reader any just idea either of the wisdom or the genius of Plato, — of the value of those portions of his philosophy which the mass of educated men can appreciate, or the literary beauties which are discernible by every man of taste and feeling ; when we lamented that stolid commentators should have indulged so disproportionately in *σκιωμαχία* or *νυκτομαχία* on the obscurer mysteries of his system ; that they should, in their learned dulness, so often have erred in their interpretations by taking his very metaphors literally, and turning his very irony into earnest*, we little thought there was one in the sister island who was doing so much to wipe off this reproach from our literature. Had we known it, we should have expressed auguries, which, though his too early death would not have allowed them to be wholly fulfilled, would have been justified by what he had already accomplished. But here, as so often, we are sadly reminded of the '*Tu Marcellus.*' In these fragments of the '*History of Ancient Philosophy,*' interesting and beautiful as they are, we are still more strongly impressed with what the author was capable of, than with what he has achieved.

That Professor Butler has seized the general spirit of Plato's philosophy with great sagacity, and expressed it very vividly, will, we think, be conceded by every intelligent reader of both. Whether, in some cases, his enthusiasm has not done more than justice to Plato, and interpreted his tenets more definitely than his text will warrant, may admit of doubt ; also whether,

* In one remarkable instance, as Professor Thompson has remarked, even Butler has been misled into a misconception of Plato's meaning, by interpreting his irony seriously. See vol. ii. p. 23.

under the same influences, he has not sometimes been more liberal than justice demanded, as in dealing with Plato's visionary physics in the 'Timæus;' or too lenient and tender towards acknowledged paradoxes, as in relation to the notion of the pre-existence of the soul, and the dogma that all knowledge is but reminiscence. If required to give an example of interpretation more explicit than Plato's varied language, or even than Butler's apparently vacillating statements will perhaps justify (though we have no doubt that the Professor's formal view is substantially correct), we should instance his representation of the celebrated Platonic 'Ideas.' However understood, they enter deeply into the structure of the Platonic philosophy, and no end of controversy has been lavished on the philosopher's precise view of their nature; though such controversy does not affect the great truths of his philosophy, any more than Newton's theory, or no theory, as to what gravitation is, affects the conclusions of his *Principia*. Now what were these 'Ideas' — as Plato conceived them — these Eternal Models? It may well perplex his commentators to say; for his language, at all times apt to be richly imaginative, will justify, if interpreted rigidly, very different conclusions. He believed them, as has been well said, 'correspondent to general notions — and *something* more;' but what is that something more? Did he believe, as many commentators have asserted, and as many expressions would imply, that they were distinct entities, separate from any and from all minds? That he thought them anterior to, and independent of, the human mind, is evident; for he plainly avows that abstraction and generalisation are but the organs or instruments by which man rises to the knowledge of these eternal principles — by which he detects the absolute and immutable in the phenomenal and the transient — by which he disentangles the fugitive unity from the Protean forms of the perishable and material in which it is constantly concealing itself. This process of *generalising* is, as Plato expressly teaches us, the method, in his apprehension, by which the mind is trained to the perception of truths immutable and eternal; but those truths themselves — arrived at in this way or any way — did he rank them independent of the *Supreme* as well as the human mind? The answer is, that there are many expressions which would imply that he did; and yet there are many others which would indicate that, in any grosser sense, he did not. Now Professor Butler seems, first, to say that he unquestionably did; and enters into an elaborate disquisition on the modes in which Plato regarded 'Ideas,' as distinct from Man, from the Sensible Universe, and from God; yet when he comes to give his exposition of the sense in which the Platonic Ideas

are to be interpreted, it is seen that he distinctly excludes every grosser sense, and tacitly assumes his reconciliation with the paradoxical expressions to be correct. Then, they are 'no other than those eternal laws and reason of things, which even the most cursory examination cannot deny to be a necessary element in every metaphysical estimate of the universe.' This, we have little doubt, is the substantially correct view; but then it ought to be said, that if so, Plato's language is often highly reprehensible. The grosser, but frequently more natural sense, would represent these Ideas as having an existence *out of* the divine mind; it implies (as some of Plato's commentators have interpreted him) that the Creator, when he framed the universe in harmony with them, looked upon these independent and 'eternal Exemplars,' and wrought from them as a statuary from a model or a painter from a sketch. We have little doubt that Professor's Butler's explication of the sense in which Plato regarded 'Ideas' as real and independent existences is the correct one, and that if the philosopher had clearly expressed his meaning, free from all ambiguity and all poetry, it would have been seen to be so.

'You can now easily enter into the aim of the theory of Ideas. That man's soul is made to contain not merely a consistent scheme of its own notions, but a direct apprehension of *real and eternal laws beyond it*, is not too absurd to be maintained. That these real and eternal laws are things *intelligible*, and not things sensible, is not very extravagant either. That these laws, impressed upon creation by its Creator, and apprehended by man, are something distinct equally from the Creator and from man; and that the whole mass of them may be fairly termed, the world of things purely intelligible, is surely allowable. Nay, further, that there are qualities in the Supreme and ultimate Cause of all, which are manifested in his creation, and not merely manifested, but, in a manner—after being brought out of his superessential nature into the stage of being below him, but next to him,—are then, by the causative act of creation, deposited in things, differencing them one from the other, so that the things participate of them (*μετέχουσι*), communicate with them (*κοινωνοῦσι*); this likewise seems to present no incredible account of the relation of the world to its Author. That the intelligence of man, excited to reflection by the impressions of these objects thus (though themselves transitory) participant of a divine quality, should rise to higher conceptions of the perfection thus faintly exhibited; and, inasmuch as these perfections are unquestionably *real* existences, and *known* to be such in the very act of contemplation,—that this should be regarded as a direct intellectual apperception of them, a union of the reason with the Ideas, in that sphere of being which is common to both,—this is certainly no preposterous notion in substance, and, by those who deeply study it, will perhaps be judged no

unwarrantable form of phrase. Finally, that the reason, in proportion as it learns to contemplate the perfect and eternal, *desires* the enjoyment of such contemplations in a more consummate degree, and cannot be fully satisfied except in the actual fruition of the perfect itself:—this seems not to contradict any received principle of psychology, or any known law of human nature. Yet these suppositions, taken together, constitute the famous THEORY OF IDEAS; and, thus stated, may surely be pronounced to form no very appropriate object for the contempt of even the most accomplished of our modern “physiologists of mind.” (*Ancient Philosophy*, vol. ii. pp. 117–8.)

This, as we have said, is most probably a correct, though somewhat free, translation of Plato’s real doctrine; yet it must be confessed, as Professor Thompson remarks, that it contains expressions which it would be hard exactly to parallel in Plato, whose highly imaginative phrasology would require for this purpose a very liberal interpretation. That the ‘Ideal Models,’ or Universal Laws, are real distinct existences independent of the Divine Mind, is surely likely to convey a very different impression from this,—that they are the Eternal Reasons by which an Eternal Mind regulates all its operations. True, there is a sense (and we doubt not that it was Plato’s real meaning), in which they are independent of the Divine Mind; that is, even that mind does not make them,—they are not as other laws might be, the arbitrary products of Will,—which is probably all that Plato designed to assert. If so, he meant—and a most important truth it is—that in the order of reason, though not of time (for where things are equally eternal, as Butler remarks, it is in vain to argue about precedence), such and such things are right, not because God wills them, but he wills them because they are right; that, similarly things are true, not of arbitrary ordination, but of necessary relation. If this be the correct interpretation, Plato meant what few philosophers will deny,—except those who assert that God could, if he had pleased, have made three angles of a triangle not equal to two right angles, or reversed the relations of virtue and vice. But then to get this and this only out of Plato, requires not merely free translation, but abstinence from such strong expressions, of very different import, as Butler has sometimes used, and which, in fact, read very like contradictions.

It is remarked by Sir W. Hamilton that if Descartes and Locke had expressed themselves with the due rigour and caution with regard to the subject of ‘Innate Ideas,’ it would have been found, after all, that there was no irreconcilable difference between them, and that they would have been seen ‘to be equally consistent with each other and with truth.’ We

have little doubt that, on similar conditions, much might be said for Plato's consistency with himself. It is a difficulty under which all metaphysicians labour that, in giving expression to their conceptions, they must use figurative language. It is not matter of choice, but matter of necessity. All the operations, conceptions, and faculties of mind must, from the very law of its development, be expressed by terms derived from the material world and its analogies. And when, as in the case of Plato, the imagination is a predominant faculty, and delights in painting thought, a still larger latitude in the representation of philosophical conceptions is the result, and a larger indulgence will be required by the wise and discreet interpreter. When the wisdom and discretion, however, do not exist, — when the uncongenial, unimaginative, too literal critic undertakes the office of expositor, the metaphysical is apt to harden into the literal; imagery becomes doctrine; and symbol, the substance and reality of that it symbolises. In these cases the plastic forms of a poetically expressed philosophy are fixed and congealed by a frigid, icy, stolid criticism into literal and absurd paradox. It was by some such process, we imagine, that the archetypes of Plato became separate entities, — having a 'local habitation' as well as a name; not only in a secondary and metaphorical sense independent of the supreme intelligence, but, in some mystical yet gross sense, existing out of it; similarly, that the *species* of Aristotle became frozen in the language of the schoolmen into attenuated material films*; and (to illustrate our meaning in a much more important instance) that the strong metaphorical language of Christ became hardened into the monstrous doctrine of Transubstantiation. 'It is nothing,' said Selden, wisely and profoundly, 'it is nothing but rhetoric turned into logic.' But this tendency to turn rhetoric into logic, symbols into the things signified, is one of the infirmities of the human mind, in philosophy as well as theology, and one against which the interpreter and critic of philosophy must be on his guard; especially when interpreting writings which, like those of Plato, are instinct throughout with the spirit of poetry; where the imagery is as beautiful as the logic is subtle, and the most refined speculations are often conveyed in metaphor, myth, and allegory. Let but the cold spirit of an uncongenial criticism breathe upon them, and these yielding, mobile elements, which only a kindred glow of fancy can keep fluent, are apt to assume the appearance of fantastic frost-work or portentous icicles. It is true such

* See Sir W. Hamilton's Notes on Reid.

errors in modern interpreters would not have a similar effect as in previous ages: but it would not be less disastrous to the fame of Plato. They would not accept the absurdity their criticism deduced; but they would charge it on him.

From such errors the criticism of Professor Butler is on the whole remarkably free. Himself endowed with much splendour of imagination, he everywhere fully appreciates, and makes allowance for, the poetic colouring which so deeply tinctures the style of Plato; which diffuses itself indeed over conceptions in themselves as subtle, and over reasonings as refined, as any to be found in the pages of his great pupil and rival. In some points, as we have before observed, Butler is only too liberal an apologist.

The chief value of Plato's philosophy to every student of it, is quite independent of the interpretation which may be given of various parts of it, or (even supposing such criticism just), of the truth or fallacy of these particular speculations themselves. It consists, eminently, in the *spirit* of his philosophy; in the perpetual correction it supplies of ever-recurring tendencies to low materialistic or sensational systems—an influence it has again and again auspiciously exerted at various critical epochs of philosophical speculation;—in the grandeur and elevation of its ethical views;—in the lofty aspirations, the magnanimous and ennobling sentiments it inspires;—in the attractive and beautiful, even though impracticable, ideal it ever presents of moral beauty; and in the profoundly just analyses of human nature and delineations of character, which are interspersed with the subtlest discussions of metaphysical truth, and in which the form of dialogue enables Plato to indulge at pleasure;—in the discipline given to the mind (perhaps the most valuable result of all metaphysical philosophy); and it may be added in the case of Plato, in the stimulus supplied alike to the intellect, fancy, and taste, by the rare genius he displays, and the literary beauties in which he abounds.

We may perhaps be allowed (at least if our own experience does not wholly deceive us) to hint one thing more. It is, that the general spirit of Plato's philosophy is often so deep or so comprehensive, that though we may dissent from his theories, or admit them only with large adjustments and rectifications, they yet perpetually suggest profound essential truth. His philosophy is truth seen through a veil of allegory, where some variety of interpretation is admissible; or, like the eye of a portrait, seems fixed on every one who looks at it, from whatsoever side.

Let us be permitted briefly to illustrate this observation, by

taking, as an example; the wonderful Seventh Book of the Republic. How profoundly just (let our philosophy be what it will), how profoundly just, in relation to the conditions of human nature—to the limitation of our faculties—to our ignorance of the Absolute—to the predominance of the Phenomenal over us—is that opening picture of our species, as fettered captives in the subterranean cave; where, by the dim firelight, they see only the gliding shadows of the objects that are passing, and hear only the echoes of the voices that are speaking, between them and the light! How deep is the satire launched at a complacent sensational philosophy in the representation of the honours and veneration one may imagine bestowed among these purblind creatures, on those who, in that darkness, could most ‘sharply detect’ the forms, or ‘most shrewdly anticipate coincidences or sequences in the ‘appear-
‘apce,’ of these shadows on the wall; who could best tell what objects came together, or in what order of succession they might be expected! How keen the sarcasm implied in the representation that, supposing one of these captives to be dragged up to daylight, and compelled to converse with realities till he saw things in their true light, he would, if again plunged into the cave, be apt to seem more blind than those who had never left it, and, moving them to alternate laughter and pity, make them exclaim on the madness of those who ventured to leave the subterranean cavern and the friendly darkness, only to lose their eyesight! How sublime the declaration, that, nevertheless, he who *had* thus, in some degree, purified his vision, must be content again to descend to those depths, endeavour to free the miserable captives from their chains, and enable them to gaze on the glories of earth and sky, and be ravished by the beauties which himself had seen.

Similarly as to Plato’s observations on Education in the same book. Who (however he may think that each science, as it passes in review, is regarded too exclusively as an instrument of mental discipline, and that its utilitarian benefits and applications are less prominently stated and less highly valued than they deserve), who can fail to recognise, amidst deficiencies and excesses, the noblest principles and maxims of philosophical education? Who will deny that, to the generality of men, the various pursuits by which the mind itself is trained to reflection, sagacity, abstraction, generalisation, and made capable of finding and appreciating Truth, are valuable exactly as they conduce to these ends, and, in this light, worth far more than any material advantages which can accrue from the prosecution of any one science, or the practice of any one art whatever?—a fact, indeed, obvious enough,

when we consider that, to form such a mind, if only to be capable of efficiently prosecuting any one pursuit, many kinds of discipline, from which not one in a million ever gets a penny, or hopes to do so, must concur. Who will not acknowledge a meaning in Plato's hyperbole, that the chief object of the pursuits which should constitute a wise education, is to awaken, to develop, to purify, some faculty of the soul, 'better worth pre-serving than a thousand eyes;' *intellectually*, to make it sagacious, prompt, comprehensive; *morally*, to enamour it of the true and the just, the beautiful and the good?

Even when he so audaciously declares that the sublime phenomena of Astronomy itself, unless they conduct the soul to universal truth, are really of little value; that the starry 'diagrams' of the heavens are to be looked at as little better than geometrical diagrams (exquisitely wrought by some 'cunning Dædalus'), except like these significant of immutable laws, and suggestive of absolute science; how sublime a truth is aluminated in his words! Not exactly his meaning, it may be, yet embracing and surpassing it. The oracular words seem more than justified in that marvellous science of celestial dynamics which, in proportion as it is more fully known, transforms the glittering hieroglyphics of the heavens into an 'intelligible' scroll, and enforces, with ever fresh cogency, the sublime moral lessons of which Plato was perhaps chiefly thinking, that 'the heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handywork.'

It must be admitted, indeed, that when Plato comes to the practical application of his system of philosophical education to the chosen youth who are to form the 'governors' of his Republic, we see extravagancies which may well move the world to smile. The world will never be well governed, he tells us, while power and office are coveted as splendid rewards of ambition, or sources of sordid gain; while *that* is the case, men in power will look to their own good, not to that of the people. These last, as he elsewhere tells us, will be the 'cows' that are to be taken care of, because they are to be milked; the 'sheep' that are pastured for their flesh and their wool. The only people that are to be trusted with such an office, are the happy men who have so purged their mental vision by the 'euphrasy' and rue' of philosophic contemplation, that they will despise the rewards of ambition—descend to office when they take it—take it because they *must*, not because they *would*—assume the seals, or even the purple, with a sigh, and lay them down with rapture—who are so transported with visions of the τὸ ὄν αἰεί, and so smitten with the beauty of τὸ ὄντως ὄν, that they grudge

each moment which a condescending benevolence to the necessities of the world exacts of them. Now, says Plato, only philosophers are capable of all this; and, therefore, it will never go well with the world till philosophers govern it!

It is to be feared that the laughing world will say that it would as soon have the geometrical tailors of Laputa to make its clothes; and it must be confessed that, though statesmen ought to be philosophic in spirit, yet philosophers, if devoted to their pursuits with the genuine love of them, would generally make but indifferent statesmen. Public business would be apt to get strangely blundered. 'Not by *my* philosophers,' Plato would say; 'for they are to be so trained that, while looking down with contempt on all sublunary vanities of ambition, and sighing to be released from them, they would have self-denial and magnanimity enough to perform their duties.' But it is to be feared that Plato's system, the noble infirmity of which, as Professor Butler well observes, is its excessive tendency to nurse the contemplative character, would find its disciples apt to indulge in lazy contemplation when letters were to be answered or despatches written; transfixed in ecstatic gaze on the immutable and real, when their business lay imperatively with the 'mutable' and 'phenomenal.' The infirmities, half sublime half ludicrous, of the philosophical character, by which, like Thales, it gazes on the stars, and falls into the ditch—looks at distant objects, and forgets what is at its feet—were by no means unknown or unacknowledged by Plato, who, in the seventh book of the Republic, as well as in the Theætetus, has given exquisite sketches of the mingled strength and weakness of this union of the child and the sage; but it is less apparent how the evil is to be corrected, or by what instrument of education (Plato's, or otherwise) that exquisite equilibrium is to be maintained in the philosophic mind, by which, despising the world, it serves it; by which, loftily looking down on its pomps and vanities, its ambition and its strife, it takes an active part in it—reluctantly, indeed, yet cordially; cheerfully dwelling in it, and longing to break away from it.

And yet, even in this extravagant portion of the Platonic Republic, may we not discern, in shadow, a state of things, at least somewhat resembling that of which Plato but dreamed? May we not prophesy a time, when, under the influence of a far diviner, more consistent, and more practical system of ethics than even Plato framed, men, many men, shall be formed,—not, indeed, to despise the honours of the world, and the rewards of ambition, or to think them less or other than they are,—for, as an old divine observes, 'Christians are pilgrims, and it does

‘not become pilgrims to be insolent where they sojourn’—a point which marks at once the distinction between a Christian and a stoical philosophy,—but, to recognise the truth, that the great object of life is no more in these than in any other of life’s pursuits, or, if the philosopher will, illusions; and that there are, even of this world, delights which compete with them, and of the other world, hopes which eclipse them? When Christianity, with its more exact appreciation of the claims of the practical and contemplative, with far better means of conciliating them, and preserving the equilibrium between them, shall have taught men,—many men,—as she has already taught a few,—while frankly acknowledging whatever of value attaches to honourable ambition and popular applause, to ‘make political power less an idol than it has been, and without pretending to take it up with a sigh, to relinquish it without one? When, under the influence of a deeper sense of the fair, and the true, and the good, invigorating the soul without disturbing its balance,—imparting to it from the spiritual and unseen, motives which only reinforce the sense of duty, without disturbing its capacities for performance, this world shall indeed be better governed than it has been, and men cease to be the ‘milk kine’ and the ‘well-pastured sheep’ which they too often have been? When man, having already outgrown that boyish idolatry of mere brute power, which is the first stage of his education, and proper to barbarism, and that second idolatry of mere intellect, or of intellect and power combined, which is the characteristic of mere civilisation, shall recognise in that moral excellence which Plato said would enchant all eyes if seen, what is greater and better than either power or intellect? The day may be remote, but it will come, and happy will be the world when it dawns. Then the sublime musings of Plato, though needing corrections and adjustments, will seem less Utopian than at present.

For these reasons and others like them the philosophy of Plato will ever be well worthy of earnest study. Even though many of its doctrines be impenetrable, or being penetrated, are denied, it still is full of approximations to truth of the most comprehensive character; and forms a rich supplement to any philosophy. To this is to be added, that collateral to his main doctrines, are every where interspersed profound maxims and reflections, and subtle analyses of human thought and feeling,—and all expressed, in what philosophy so often lacks,—the winning graces of the most varied eloquence.

These collateral beauties, indeed, will be thought by many, perhaps by most, far more valuable than the more characteristic

features of his system. This is certainly the case with the greatest of his works, the 'Republic.' Considered as a *possible* political structure in this actual world of ours (and from its obvious impracticability many of his commentators have doubted whether Plato so regarded it), it certainly deserves to be considered the most Utopian that ever entered the mind of man. Yet it is full of insulated thoughts of profound significance and value, and lustrous with bright gleams and glimpses of truths that will never grow old. It is an ideal structure, but made out of solid materials; an edifice of poetry, but built out of the substance of philosophy. Many of the speculations, indeed, which enter into it cannot be so considered; as for example, the strange paradoxes respecting the community of women, and their equality of duties (even in war itself) with men. As for the manner in which Plato would have the *individual* absorbed in the *community*, which most of all shocks our western notions, it is no peculiarity of this philosopher, but belongs to the idea of a State as conceived by the ancients, and appears as strongly in the 'Politics' of Aristotle as in the 'Republic' of Plato.

These peculiarities, by the by,—to say nothing of other Utopian characteristics of his social ethics, nothing of his incomprehensible lenience towards national vices of the most odious character, nothing of the mystical character of the metaphysics in which he enshrined his ethical speculations, nothing of the undue preponderance which his whole system tended to give to the contemplative over the practical,—sufficiently show the extravagance of comparing the philosophy of Plato with the system of Christianity, which in truth is hardly more contrasted in form than in substance.

In his occasional sublime representations of the Supreme Being, and the astonishing decision and beauty of his ethical notions, as well as in his strong tendency to believe the immortality of man, he certainly comes far nearer to the Gospel than any other heathen writer; but the moment we institute a full comparison, whether as regards substance or form, doctrine or style, we see how limited the resemblance and how various the contrasts. Even in that point in which the resemblance is chiefly paraded, nothing can be stronger than the contrast between the manner of Plato and that of the Gospel. Plato intermingles his ethical reasoning with the most subtle metaphysical refinements; the Gospel expresses ethical truth yet more just, uniform, and comprehensive, without any refinements of metaphysical subtlety at all. Plato expresses his in a style which only the highly cultivated can at all appreciate, and

the Gospel in a form which instantly makes its way into the dialect and heart of universal man.

But so limited are the resemblances, and so numerous the contrasts, that probably the world would have heard little of the matter had it not been for two opposite tendencies among the early adherents and opponents of Christianity. The converts from the Academy loved Plato so well that they would fain make him, if possible, a Christian divine; and the infidel hated Christ so much that he would fain set up Plato as a rival! Not the least interesting part of Professor Butler's lectures turns upon this point. We have no room to quote, but confidently refer the reader to his pages for a very instructive treatment of it. We must also omit some striking passages we had intended to cite on the principal defects in the philosophy of Plato considered as a *system*. On the whole, we are confident, that every intelligent reader of these lectures will join in the high encomium which the learned editor has pronounced upon them.

Of the last series of lectures, on the very difficult, but deeply interesting treatise of Aristotle *περὶ ψυχῆς*, we have left ourselves no space to speak; nor is it necessary. Though marked by much acuteness, they are too brief, too much in the style of a mere abstract, to be very interesting to the general reader; though, as we conceive, of much value to any student who is resolved to read the original in conjunction with them.

ART. X. — *Memoirs by the Right Honourable Sir Robert Peel, Bart., M. P.* Published by the Trustees of his Papers, Lord Mahon (now Earl Stanhope) and the Right Honourable Edward Cardwell, M. P. Part I. *The Roman Catholic Question*, 1828–29. London: 1856.

THOUGH this Memoir is certainly not without value, we must acknowledge that it has disappointed our expectations. When upon the death of Sir Robert Peel it was found that he had bequeathed all his unpublished letters and papers, including the whole of his confidential correspondence, to two very competent editors, with discretionary authority to publish the whole or any part of these documents at such time as they should think fit, we looked for political disclosures of more than ordinary importance; and when, after a lapse of six years, the first of a promised series of what may be called autobiographical fragments was announced, we certainly expected to have our curiosity gratified by historical revelations of a very interesting

description, and (as the author himself anticipated) calculated to throw light upon the conduct and character of public men, and upon the political events of his time. The Memoir before us is avowedly an apology, and, receiving it in that light, we are surprised that the illustrious author should have thought it worth while to take so much pains to defend that part of his conduct on which it has long since been acknowledged that no apology or defence were required by any except the scanty remnant of the ancient bigots of No-Popery and Protestant Ascendancy, to whom it is obviously hopeless to address any vindication of his conduct in 1829. The editors naturally felt bound to give effect to the wishes and intentions of the testator, but we cannot understand why they have delayed to publish this Memoir for so many years, when there is not a line in it which might not have appeared the day after Sir Robert's death, 'without any honourable confidence being betrayed, any private feelings unnecessarily wounded, or any public interests injuriously affected by the publication:' and they might have considered that if there was a chance of its producing any effect at all, the sooner it made its appearance the better.

When Sir Robert resolved to bequeath to the world a posthumous vindication of his conduct on the Catholic question, he would have done well to commence his narrative at an earlier period, and to explain his views and his motives at different stages of his career, where his conduct appears so irreconcilable with that which he subsequently, and (as we of course think) very wisely, pursued. The first Baronet was a Tory, and a strenuous opponent of Catholic Emancipation, who naturally brought up his son in political opinions similar to his own. It is no wonder, therefore, that young Peel began his public and Parliamentary life as an Anti-Catholic, and that he continued for a long time to be a sincere believer in that creed. The death of Mr. Perceval left the Protestant party without a head. Lord Liverpool, on the formation of his Government, made Mr. Peel Irish Secretary, and he almost immediately became the recognised leader of the Anti-Catholics, by the mere fact of his being by far the ablest adherent of their cause. In his first speech, which was delivered about three months before the assassination of Mr. Perceval, he had announced his opposition to the claims of the Catholics, but at that time he declined to bind himself on the general question of further concessions. He said, 'On giving his vote on the present occasion he would by no means pledge himself with regard to the Catholic question, but merely give his negative to a motion which in the present

‘instance was at least unnecessary.’* Such prudent reserve could not long be maintained; for, having accepted the post of Anti-Catholic Leader, he was soon compelled to offer a more unqualified opposition to the cause of Emancipation, and to hold more decisive language upon it, in order to satisfy the zeal and expectations of his followers. It would probably be unjust to Sir Robert Peel to accuse him of insincerity,—of having shaped his course from motives of personal ambition, with a view to the attainment of political power; but it is very difficult to comprehend how a man so unfettered by bigotry and prejudice, so deep a thinker on all great political questions, and so careful an observer of the signs of the times, should have continued for fourteen years to conduct and encourage an unremitting opposition to a policy supported by the ablest men of all parties, and which was evidently progressing with irresistible force.

In the great debate of 1813 Mr. Peel, almost unsupported, confronted all the eloquence, wit, and wisdom which that House of Commons contained—all the then existing and most of the future parliamentary celebrities of the country. He observes in this volume, that one of the most decisive considerations in favour of Catholic Emancipation, arose from the fact that every young man of promise who entered public life, whether as a Tory or as a Whig, began by repudiating the extravagant pretensions of the Ultra-Protestant party. Hence the longer the contest continued, the more indispensably necessary Peel became to the party he led, and the more deeply he committed himself on the question. But about this time the Catholic cause began to retrograde, in consequence of the violent dissensions which raged amongst the Catholics themselves, and the fresh disturbances of which Ireland became the theatre; both these causes combined to disgust and estrange many of their friends, and to increase the rancorous hostility of their opponents. Still year after year the Catholic question was brought forward in Parliament, sometimes in one shape and sometimes in another, with vicissitudes of success and failure, till in the year 1821, for the first time a relief bill was carried through the House of Commons, but afterwards lost in the House of Lords. During those successive years of debates and divisions, though the Catholic question was evidently advancing, it seemed to be still very far from approaching its consummation. Nineteen years had elapsed since it had been first brought under the consideration of Parliament; and in that long period, besides many

* Lord Morpeth’s Motion for a Committee to consider the State of Ireland.

collateral discussions, there had been thirty-three debates on the main question. Notwithstanding the vast superiority of eloquence and argument manifested on the side of Emancipation, the prejudices of its opponents were still undiminished. The Roman Catholics were divided in their counsels, and dispirited by frequent failures. The question, though nominally 'open,' was practically vetoed, while George IV. was determined to employ all his authority and influence to obstruct its further progress. There appeared, therefore, no immediate or stringent reason why Peel should falter in his course, or why that resistance should not be successfully and indefinitely maintained.

This state of affairs continued till 1824, when O'Connell took the management of the cause into his own hands, and began the great system of organised agitation, which he afterwards worked with such consummate skill and such prodigious success. However blind ordinary men might have been to the effects which the machinery now brought into play was calculated to produce, it must ever be unaccountable that such a man as Sir Robert Peel should have been insensible to them; and it would have been far more interesting, if instead of an apology for his course in 1829, his explanation had embraced the period between 1824 to 1827—from the establishment of the Catholic Association and the 'rent,' till the death of Lord Liverpool and the formation of Mr. Canning's Administration; for although in that interval events had occurred of the utmost importance and very analogous to those which somewhat later were mainly instrumental to Peel's conversion—those events, by his own account, made no impression on his mind at the time of their occurrence, and effected no change in his opinions. A curious passage in the Memoir illustrates this state of affairs:—

'It may be asked why, considering the number of distinguished men concurring in opinion on the Catholic question, was not an united Government formed on the principle of concession? The answer, I presume, is, because the want of mutual confidence among statesmen of different parties concurring on the particular question, or actual disagreement on other questions of scarcely inferior importance, precluded the hope of engaging them to act in cordial concert and co-operation in the general direction of public affairs. The fact is that shortly after the death of Mr. Perceval an attempt was made, apparently under favourable circumstances, to form a Government united on the principle of a conciliatory adjustment of the claims of the Roman Catholics.

'I speak of the proposals made by Lord Wellesley on the 1st of June, 1812, to Lord Grey and Lord Grenville. That attempt was not successful. Whatever were the causes of its failure, they are

net, I apprehend, imputable in the slightest degree to those who had taken a part hostile to concession. I have, however, no other information on this subject than that which is derived from the letters and minutes of conversation published at the time.

‘I have made this digression—not one, however, irrelevant to the subject—because there is, I think, a tendency to underrate the difficulties which for many years stood in the way of the formation of a Government united on the principle either of concession or of resistance, and because that tendency will probably increase with the lapse of time.’ (*Memoir*; p. 62.)

Mr. Canning, therefore, upon Lord Liverpool’s death, consented to reconstruct the Ministry upon the principle of the Catholic question continuing to be open, which was tantamount to the prolongation of the contest without any definitive result. Having pledged himself to the King to this effect, he hoped and expected that the Tory party might still be kept together, and that all his remaining colleagues would continue to hold office under him. This hope was, however, speedily, and we think cruelly, disappointed; but it was neither the first nor the last time that the Tory party abandoned the leader who had placed genius and patriotism at their service. They unanimously, but separately and without concert, resolved to abandon him; Peel himself being foremost in taking this course, but imparting, with many amicable expressions, his resolution to Canning himself, upon the express ground (and on no other) of the irreconcilable difference between them on the Catholic question.

‘For eighteen years,’ he said, in the debate which took place on that occasion, ‘he had offered an uncompromising resistance to the extension of political privileges to the Roman Catholics: his opposition was founded on principle; he thought the continuance of those bars was necessary for the maintenance of the Constitution and the safety of the Established Church. . . . And cherishing at that moment the same opinions he had always done . . . and after the active and prominent part in support of those opinions which he had always taken as a Minister of the Crown, he did not think he could, consistently with his honour as a public man, agree to an arrangement which would be beneficial to himself, but would likewise, if he retained office, materially forward the success of a question to which he could never agree, and to which he had always offered, and always must offer, the most open and decided resistance. If his opinion on that question had been changed, he would have felt bound to have accepted office under his Right Honourable friend’s administration.’

Here we have a decisive and unqualified declaration of his unchanged opinions as to the danger of emancipation, and the

expediency of opposing it; and nothing can be more remarkable than to compare this speech with his justification of his conduct in 1828 and 1829. In 1827 the Waterford and Louth elections had taken place; and though he grounds his conversion principally on the Clare election, its symptoms and its effects, every word that he says upon the latter election is equally applicable to the two former; and it is exceedingly difficult to understand by what process of reasoning he remained unconvinced and unshaken after Waterford, while after Clare he thought 'the struggle could no longer be advantageously maintained,' and that the danger to the establishments he wished to defend could only be averted by conceding to the Catholics that admission to political privileges which two years before he had pronounced incompatible with the safety of the Constitution and of the Established Church.

'The Clare election,' he says, 'supplied the manifest proof of an abnormal and unhealthy condition of the public mind in Ireland—the manifest proof that the sense of a common grievance and the sympathies of a common interest were beginning to loosen the ties which connect different classes of men in friendly relations to each other—to weaken the force of local and personal attachments, and to unite the scattered elements of society into a homogeneous and disciplined mass, yielding willing obedience to the assumed authority of superior intelligence hostile to the law and the Government which administered it.' 'A prudent Minister, before he determines against all concession—against any yielding or compromise of former opinions—must well consider what it is that he has to resist, and what are his powers of resistance. In the case of the Clare election, and of its natural consequences, what was the evil to be apprehended? Not force—not violence—not any act of which law could take cognisance. The real danger was in the peaceable and legitimate exercise of a franchise according to the will and conscience of the holder. The actual transfer was the least of the evil; the process by which it was to be effected . . . the fifty-pound freeholders, the gentry to a man, polling one way, their alienated tenantry another—all the great interests of the county broken down—the universal desertion—the agitator and the priest laughing to scorn the baffled landlord—the local heavings and throes on every casual vacancy in a county—the universal convulsion at a general election;—this was the danger to be apprehended—these were the evils to be resisted.' (*Memoir*, p. 116.)

The very state of things, the danger of which was so clearly seen by Mr. Peel in 1829, had actually occurred at Waterford and Louth in 1826. The Catholics had by their own exertions broken down some of the most important of the barriers which excluded them from political power; yet Mr. Peel seemed blind to this fact, and to all the consequences which so forcibly struck

him two years later. In 1827 he dwelt upon the danger to the Church and the State from concession; in 1829 he could not see how Ireland was to be governed, and the Church and State to be preserved, except by concession, and the settlement of this long vexed question.

Nothing is more characteristic of the insuperable difficulties and endless contradictions to which the Duke of Wellington's cabinet was exposed by leaving the Catholic question open and unsettled either way, than the relations of the Home Secretary with the Irish administration. Lord Anglesey, who had gone to Dublin as Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, was in favour of Emancipation. Mr. William Lamb, afterwards Lord Melbourne, the Chief Secretary, was in favour of Emancipation; Lord Francis Egerton, who succeeded him, was the author of the pro-Catholic motion of 1825; yet these men were placed in the breach, and called upon to defend the authority of the Crown and of the law against O'Connell and the Catholic Association, at a time when their own convictions were notoriously in favour of a surrender of the fortress. The Irish correspondence, which is the most curious portion of the documentary evidence in this volume, discloses in every page the incurable inconsistency of such a position, and it must long have been obvious to a Minister having this evidence before him, that a contest carried on by so divided an army could only end by a capitulation.

In the last act of this momentous drama Peel played an honourable, patriotic, and unselfish part, and made all the atonement in his power for his previous errors. He submitted to the mortification of yielding to agitation what he had refused to reason, and he braved the resentment of his own friends and followers heedless of the consequences to himself. The Duke of Wellington, it is true, shared the obloquy with him; but it was upon Peel, who was considered more emphatically their leader, that the rage and resentment of the anti-Catholics more especially fell. The authority of the Duke was so great, and his followers were so accustomed to look up to him with profound deference and submission, that they would not regard him as the prime mover in this detested measure; and yet it was the Duke who had given the first public indication of a disposition to surrender in a speech in the House of Lords on the 9th of June, 1828, in which he said, 'If the agitators of Ireland would only leave the public mind at rest, the people would become more satisfied, and I certainly think that it would then be possible to do something.' This declaration, it must be remembered, was made before the Clare election.

It was about the same time early in June (as appears by the Memoir, p. 127.) that the first communications on the subject occurred between the Duke and Peel, on which occasion the Home Secretary intimated to his Grace that, in existing circumstances, his retirement from office could not long be delayed; but when he expressed his earnest desire that the Duke would say nothing in the approaching debate to preclude himself from taking the state of Ireland into consideration during the recess, he found that the Duke's sentiments did not differ from his own as to the necessity of maturely considering it.

Immediately after the close of the session of 1828, it was settled that the Duke and Peel should interchange their respective views on the state of Ireland and on the Catholic question; and accordingly, on the 9th of August, the Duke conveyed to his colleague a memorandum and accompanying letter which he had sent to the King, his Majesty's answer, and a further memorandum,—all which documents were unfortunately returned, uncopied, to the Duke, and consequently find no place in this Memoir. In Peel's reply (August 11.) he says:—

‘I have uniformly opposed what is called Catholic Emancipation and have rested my opposition upon broad and uncompromising grounds.

‘I wish I could say that my views upon the question were materially changed, and that I now believed that full concessions to the Roman Catholics could be made, either exempt from the dangers which I have apprehended from them, or productive of the full advantages which their advocates anticipate from the grant of them.

‘But, whatever may be my opinion upon these points, I cannot deny that the state of Ireland, under existing circumstances is most unsatisfactory; that it becomes necessary to make your choice between different kinds and different degrees of evil—to compare the actual danger resulting from the union and organisation of the Roman Catholic body, and the incessant agitation in Ireland, with prospective and apprehended dangers to the constitution or religion of the country; and maturely to consider whether it may not be better to encounter every eventual risk of concession than to submit to the certain continuance, or rather perhaps the certain aggravation, of existing evils.

‘Take what view we may of the Catholic question, we must admit that we labour under this extreme and overwhelming embarrassment with reference to the present condition of Ireland: that the Protestant mind is divided and very nearly balanced upon the most important question relating to Ireland.

‘We cannot escape from the discussion of that question, and we cannot meet it without being in a minority in one branch of the Legislature.

‘In the House of Commons in 1827 there was a majority of four against concession; in 1828 there was a majority of six in its favour.

‘The change certainly was not effected by any other cause than the progress of uninfluenced opinion. The actual number therefore in the House of Commons in favour of the measure is on the increase. The House of Commons of the last Parliament, and the House of Commons of this Parliament, have each decided in favour of the principle of concession. The majority of the House of Lords against the principle, looking at the constitution of that majority, is far from satisfactory; but if it were much greater, the evil of permanent disunion on such a question between the two branches of the Legislature would be extreme, and the parties that would gain dangerous strength from its continuance would be those in whose favour the House of Commons have decided.

‘Whatever be the ultimate result of concession, there would be an advantage in the sincere and honest attempt to settle the question on just principles, which it is difficult to rate too highly in the present state of affairs.

‘The Protestant mind would be united, not at first, for the party opposed to concession would probably under any circumstances be a powerful one. If, however, concession should tranquillise Ireland and produce the effects predicted by its advocates, that party would gradually and rapidly acquiesce in it. If concession on just principles were rejected by the Roman Catholics—or if it were abused—if they were put clearly and undeniably in the wrong—then the Protestants of all shades of opinion would be united into one firm and compact body, and would ultimately overbear all opposition.

‘The present state of affairs in Ireland is such, the danger is so menacing, that it is an object of great importance to lay the foundation of cordial union and co-operation among the Protestants of the empire—supposing you should fail in establishing the more general and more desirable union among all classes of the King’s subjects.

‘I have thus written to you without reserve upon the first and great question of all—the policy of seriously considering this long-agitated question with a view to its adjustment. I have proved to you, I trust, that no false delicacy in respect to past declarations of opinion—no fear of the imputation of inconsistency—will prevent me from taking that part which present dangers and a new position of affairs may require. I am ready, at the hazard of any sacrifice, to maintain the opinion which I now deliberately give—that there is upon the whole less of evil in making a decided effort to settle the Catholic question than in leaving it, as it has been left, an open question—the Government being undecided with respect to it, and paralysed in consequence of that indecision upon many occasions peculiarly requiring promptitude and energy of action.’ (*Memoir*, p. 181.)

The rest of this letter, and the memorandum annexed to it, are worthy of all praise, and its author might very justly say, that on reading it over, after the lapse of twenty years, he does so with the testimony of his heart and conscience to the sincerity of the advice he then gave, and the declarations he made; with the same testimony, also, that that letter was written with

a clear foresight of the penalties to which the course he resolved to take would expose him.

'My judgment may be erroneous. From the deep interest I have in the result (though now only so far as future fame is concerned), it cannot be impartial; yet surely I do not err in believing that when the various circumstances on which my decision was taken are calmly and dispassionately considered—the state of political parties—the recent discussions in Parliament—the result of the Clare election, and the prospects which it opened—the earnest representations and emphatic warnings of the chief Governor of Ireland—the evil, rapidly increasing, of divided councils in the Cabinet, and of conflicting decisions in the two Houses of Parliament—the necessity for some systematic and vigorous course of policy in respect to Ireland—the impossibility, even if it were wise, that that policy should be one of coercion—surely I do not err in believing that I shall not hereafter be condemned for having needlessly and precipitately, still less for having dishonestly and treacherously, counselled the attempt to adjust the long litigated question that had for so many years precluded the cordial co-operation of public men, and had left Ireland the arena for fierce political conflicts, annually renewed without the means of authoritative interposition on the part of the Crown.' (P. 188.)

He was too well acquainted with the animus of his party to be mistaken as to the manner in which they would receive the announcement of his conversion; and it is only to be regretted that he was not equally clear-sighted as to the consequences of that protracted resistance which was at last overcome by successful agitation in a manner so discreditable to the character, and so injurious to the interests of the country.

The Duke and Peel having come to an agreement to concede Catholic Emancipation, the Duke undertook to procure the assent of the King, which proved a more difficult task than either of them contemplated. His Majesty, who had once been a very strenuous friend of the Catholics, was now one of the bitterest and most bigoted of their opponents. He had flattered himself that the formation of the Wellington Government would extinguish, during his reign at least, all their chances of success, and great was his annoyance and vexation when the Duke informed His Majesty of the resolution which he and Peel had simultaneously but independently taken, and asked for the Royal consent to their announcing it in the speech from the throne. From the middle of August, 1828, to the middle of January, 1829, the Duke was engaged in earnest, but for a long time fruitless, endeavours to reconcile the King's mind to a measure he so much abhorred; during this period it was agreed that the Chancellor alone should be apprised of what was passing,

nor was it till the end of the year that the secret was imparted to the other Ministers, and their concurrence required to the contemplated measures, which they unanimously consented to give. The Government soon found itself in a very false and inconvenient position. The King and his Ministers had agreed in preserving a mysterious silence as to their real intentions: the King, from motives purely selfish, in order to save himself from being importuned by the Duke of Cumberland, and disturbed by the remonstrances of the exasperated 'Brunswickers;' the Ministers, to prevent any fresh agitation, which they thought would mar their schemes. This system of 'mystery proved, however, very mischievous; it carried with it the appearance of a plot, and many of their friends, who, having been kept in the dark, had continued to commit themselves by Anti-Catholic declarations, were sorely perplexed at being reduced to the alternative of abandoning the Duke, or of acting in direct contradiction to their most recent professions; and they did not, therefore, make up their minds to support his measures without deep mortification and resentment at the part they were made to play. As early as in January, 1828, however, suspicions began to be more seriously entertained, and Lord Eldon wrote to his daughter (January 30th), 'Nobody can read the last speeches of Lord Palmerston and Vesey Fitzgerald, without apprehending that most dangerous concessions are about to be made to the Catholics.' The speeches of the Duke of Wellington and the Chancellor in the House of Lords, June, 1828, had been universally considered indicative of a change in the opinions and intentions of the Government; and in August it was strongly reported that Peel was going to resign, and that the Duke meant to concede the Catholic question. On the 18th of August, the report of Mr. Dawson's speech at Derry, created prodigious surprise and all sorts of surmises. The rage and indignation of the Orangemen, and the violent language of their press, were boundless; and the King was exceedingly incensed, because he thought the secret had not been kept as the Ministers had engaged it should be, and that Mr. Dawson would not have made his declaration if he had not known of their intentions.

The Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland wrote letter after letter entreating the Government to 'settle the question,' and insisting that every hour of 'delay would increase the difficulty of adjustment.' All this time he was ignorant of what was passing in the Cabinet, and as they did not choose to confide in him, Lord Anglesey was placed in the mortifying and unfair position of governing Ireland without knowing in what manner the Ministers meant to deal with the great question which absorbed

all others in that country ; this want of confidence led to a breach between the Government and the Lord-Lieutenant. The King, wanting to vent his ill-humour on somebody, insisted on Lord Anglesey's removal. The Duke wrote reproachful letters to him, which his high spirit would not endure, and he was suddenly recalled, to the great consternation of the Roman Catholics. It is not a little remarkable that the confidential correspondence between Lord Anglesey and Peel went on without interruption till within a few days of the Lord-Lieutenant's recall: nor is there a trace in it of any difference between them, still less of any hint as to the probability of the Irish Government being transferred to other hands.

By the beginning of February the intentions of the Government ceased to be a secret, and the storm of opposition began to gather rapidly. From the first moment of Peel's communication with the Duke, he had earnestly urged the expediency of his own retirement from office, and as the meeting of Parliament drew near, he again pressed it in a letter to the Duke of Wellington, which was accompanied by a memorandum drawn up for the purpose of 'aiding the Duke in his endeavours to induce the King to permit his confidential servants to take the condition of Ireland, without restriction, into their immediate consideration.' This paper was communicated to the King, immediately after which the Duke wrote to Peel, 'You have been informed of what has passed between the King and me, and certain of the bishops and me, on this subject, and you must see the difficulties with which we shall be surrounded in taking this course. I tell you fairly I do not see the smallest chance of getting the better of these difficulties if you should not continue in office.' He was almost certain, he said, the King would not consent unless Peel would give them his assistance *in office*; upon which Peel at once replied that he would not press his retirement, but would remain in office, and propose (with the King's consent) the measures contemplated for the settlement of the Catholic question. The day after the King had received the above-named memorandum, all the other Ministers who had uniformly voted against the Catholics had separate audiences to announce their concurrence with the Duke and Peel. After these interviews the King consented that the state of Ireland should be considered by the Cabinet, and the result of their deliberations be submitted to His Majesty, but still he did not pledge himself to adopt the views of his Government.

The following memorandum is amusing and characteristic:—

'I fear from the accompanying note from Lord Bathurst, that His

Majesty was not satisfied by the argument which I submitted for his consideration.

‘ Lord BATHURST to Mr. PEEL.

‘ Council Office, January 17, 1829.

‘ “ MY DEAR MR. PEEL,

‘ “ Many thanks for having been good enough to send me the paper which you had sent to the King, and the receipt of which he mentioned to me.

‘ “ It is certainly what the King seemed to admit it to be—a good statement; and I should say an argumentative one, if my gracious Master had not denied it to be one.

‘ “ Yours very sincerely,

“ BATHURST.”

The day before the meeting of Parliament, Mr. Peel tendered the resignation of his seat for the University of Oxford. ‘ He did so,’ he says, ‘ upon the impulse of private feelings, rather than a dispassionate consideration of the constitutional relations between a representative and his constituents.’ He appears to have entertained great doubt whether he was taking a proper course, although his motives and scruples were unquestionably delicate and honourable. This resignation has always appeared to us to have been an error in judgment: it was quite certain that it would have no practical effect,—if indeed it could have had any, it would have been an act of criminality on his part to expose to any hazard a measure of such paramount importance, and to put in jeopardy the peace of the Empire in deference to the prejudices of the University. Great difference of opinion prevailed in the academical body, and (as he says) there had been indications, even before the events of ‘ the autumn of 1828, that the opposition to concession on the ‘ part of the University was gradually becoming less decided.’ Some traces of this change may be found even in the very absurd letters of Dr. Lloyd, the then Bishop of Oxford, Sir Robert’s *ci-devant* tutor, for whose opinion the Minister seems to have felt a degree of respect which the correspondence of the Prelate does not justify.

This fact alone proves that it would have been infinitely wiser to have brought the whole case, and the reasons by which he had been actuated, before the world, and have given the University time for forming a calm judgment upon it, rather than to challenge a contest, while academical and clerical minds were in an excited state, and when, in consequence, his re-election could not be otherwise than doubtful. The result proved that his resignation was a mistake; he suffered the mortification of a defeat, which stimulated the exertions of the opponents of the Ministerial measures, and renewed the scruples of the King.

His Majesty, — who appears to have turned over to the Anti-Catholic side, either from capricious antipathy to his former friends, or a vague notion that he would be more popular by espousing the sentiments of his father, and his brother, the Duke of York, — began to cabal against his own ministers, and while giving ostensibly his full sanction and authority to the Duke of Wellington, he allowed Lord Eldon and the Tory malcontents to have constant access to his person, and did not conceal from them that nothing would better please him than that they should succeed in defeating the measures of his Government. Meanwhile, the speech from the throne was delivered, the cause was safe in the House of Commons, and the only question which remained was, how the Duke was to turn the majority in the Lords, of the former year, into a majority the other way : he accomplished this by a judicious mixture of firmness, tolerance, and conciliation, and by his habitual influence over the mind of the King. When urged by some of his impatient allies, to compel every man connected with his Government to vote for emancipation, without reference to his opinions, or to any former votes, and when told what was said about the expediency of turning out the refractory members, as they were called, he replied, ‘ I have undertaken this business, and am determined to go through with it. Nobody knows the difficulties I have had with my Royal master — nobody knows him so well as I do. I will succeed, but I am as on a field of battle, and must fight it out my own way.’

Peel, having been returned for Westbury after his ejection from the University of Oxford, took his seat in the House of Commons on Tuesday the 3rd of March. The deliberations of the Cabinet had gone on all along with perfect harmony and unanimity, on the outline and on the details of the measures to be submitted to Parliament, under the impression that the sanction of the King was secured to these proceedings. Mr. Peel gave notice, on the 3rd of March, that he would bring on the question upon the 5th ; when, in the midst of the interest and curiosity produced by the near approach of the great contest, London was startled by a sudden rumour that the Government was out. On Tuesday, March 3rd, the King suddenly commanded the attendance of the Duke, the Chancellor, and Peel at Windsor. There he kept them for five hours, talking himself incessantly, and making a desperate effort to escape from the consent he had reluctantly been induced to give to the Bill (as he himself acknowledged), only because he had no other alternative. His Majesty pretended that he had never fully understood the manner in which his Ministers proposed to effect the object in view ; and when the desired explanations had been made to

him, he said that he could not agree to any alteration in the oath of supremacy, and as there had been a misunderstanding on his part on that point, the sanction he had given ought not to be binding on him, and he must retract a consent given under an erroneous impression, and which was disapproved by his deliberate and conscientious judgment. Hoping that he had succeeded in making some impression on the three Ministers, he inquired what course, after this declaration of his own sentiments, they intended to pursue. They all replied that they should announce their resignations to Parliament on the following day. He made vehement appeals to their loyalty, more particularly to the Duke of Wellington, and used the most earnest endeavours to induce them to retract this resolution, but without shaking their firmness in the slightest degree; and he at last let them depart, having accepted their several resignations, which they communicated to their astonished colleagues the same day at a Cabinet dinner.

‘Our interview with His Majesty lasted for the long period of five hours: there was unintermitted conversation during the whole time, but nothing material passed excepting that the purport of which I have faithfully reported. At the close of the interview the King took leave of us with great composure and great kindness, gave to each of us a salute on each cheek, and accepted our resignation of office, frequently expressing his sincere regret at the necessity which compelled us to retire from his service.’ (*Memoir*, p. 347.)

No secret seems to have been made of this sudden revolution in the march of events, but the consternation of one side and the revived hopes of the other were of very brief duration. The King had no sooner perpetrated this momentary act of vigour, than he became alarmed at his own exploit. He knew it would be impossible to form any other Government, and the same night he surrendered at discretion to the Duke of Wellington, desiring him and his colleagues to withdraw their resignations, and giving them full leave to proceed with the measures of which notice had been given in Parliament.

The Bill went forward with constantly increasing adhesions, but with undiminished ill-humour on the part of the King, who did not disguise his resentment against the converts. The Duke of Cumberland kept his mind in a state of irritation; the Duke of Newcastle, Lord Eldon, Lord Mansfield, and others of the Anti-Catholic peers continually presented themselves to him with petitions against the Bill, and earnest entreaties that he would interpose his authority and influence to obstruct its success. He did not any more venture openly to oppose the Duke, but he desired a person high in his confidence and regard, to inform all the Peers in his household that it was

his wish they should vote against the Bill; an unconstitutional commission, which the person to whom it was given prudently and properly declined to execute. Of these curious circumstances, however, Sir Robert has not thought fit to preserve any memoranda for the public entertainment or instruction. He has limited himself to the task of proving that the part which he played as *Minister* in 1829, was one prescribed by duty and conscience, and which was adopted with the single-minded object of promoting the interest and well-being of the country.

Putting the question upon that issue, and examining the evidence and the arguments he adduces in support of his conduct, we think no candid and unbiassed mind can pronounce any other sentence than that upon this occasion he deserved well of his country, and, as we began by remarking, such is the judgment that had been already very generally given long before his death, and even long before this Memoir was composed; but we cannot but be struck with the reflection that the more clearly Sir Robert Peel saw the course which it behoved him to take in 1829, the more perplexed we are in trying to account for the whole tenour of his previous conduct in the opposite course, without looking for the solution of it in motives of personal ambition, the reality of which we should most reluctantly admit, and the more readily disbelieve, because such motives had undoubtedly no influence whatever upon his conduct in 1829. But when he was asking for a posthumous acquittal of the charges brought against him by his enemies, and a posthumous confirmation of the praises bestowed upon him by his admirers, he must surely have felt conscious that impartial truth would always cause it to be remembered that his conduct, on the Catholic Question, taken as a whole, was productive of evils, which the devotion and patriotism of the better part of it served only imperfectly to repair. He was *splendide mendax* in 1829, and the magnitude of the service he then performed, entitle him to full pardon for his former errors; but those errors and that service combined, produced consequences the effects of which are still felt, and may be felt for generations to come, for they not only were the means of breaking up long-standing political connexions, the dissolution of which was in itself an evil of no small importance, but they afforded to the country the pernicious example of concessions which had been long and obstinately refused to reason and justice, but were made to violence and intimidation; and it brought forth instances of inconsistency so flagrant, and in many cases so unaccountable, as to shake public confidence in the sincerity and the honour of public men.

ART. XI.—1. *Papers relative to Recruiting in the United States.* 1856.

2. *Correspondence with the United States respecting Central America.* 1856.

3. *Secretary Marcy's letter of May 27. 1856 to Lord Clarendon.* New York: 1856.

WHATEVER question may arise between two nations, that question itself can never be of so much importance as the spirit in which it is debated. The smallest questions have caused implacable wars; the greatest have been easily subjected to arrangement. Questions are, in fact, sometimes raised by a government either for the sake of leading to a quarrel, or for the sake of obtaining an humiliating admission from the government opposed to it. When such is the case, a controversy is as likely to be prolonged and is as incapable of friendly settlement if it concern an acre of barren territory, as if it concern a valuable province or a mighty empire. An antagonist who does not mean to be satisfied cannot be satisfied; and what nations in their dealings with each other have to look to is, that none should use, or be allowed to use with impunity, a tone which, from the fact that concession to it would be derogatory, renders such concession difficult and dangerous, if not impossible.

These remarks lead us to observe that our relations with the United States, ever since their independence, have been in a very singular condition. There are no two countries in the world which ought to be united so closely by sympathy and interest as Great Britain and the United States; there are no two countries, nevertheless, which are more constantly involved in disputes. Various treaties have been made between them; but each treaty, though assented to with apparent satisfaction at the time, has been the subject of future disagreement, — the end of each successive discussion being the cession of some point to the United States, which Great Britain did not deem it had conceded previously. It is worth while, before entering upon those subjects which have recently been discussed by the two Governments, to endeavour in some degree to point out the causes of that series of periodical differences which has during so many years disagreeably agitated us, and agreeably excited our Transatlantic offspring.

We are not amongst the unfriendly critics of American institutions. There is a mighty polity in the great Transatlantic Commonwealth founded by our children, which may well, on some grounds, challenge the admiration of statesmen who deem, like

Themistocles, that a statesman's masterpiece is to convert a small State into a great one. It is true that in the decisions of that democratic commonwealth the voice of the noisy multitude has to be heard, and its easily deceived ear cajoled; that men of inferior attainments and capacity fill the House of Representatives directly chosen by universal suffrage. But, on the other hand, that ably and artfully constructed body, the Senate, in which the chief power of the North American confederation resides, contains the corn carefully winnowed from the chaff. In it are to be found the two elect men of each State, who, having gained the highest honours of their own community, have come to battle for the honours of the federal republic.

Here, then, are the most able and ambitious men in that vast empire and aspiring society at the head of affairs, with their eye constantly directed towards the public, and with the foreknowledge that their power can only be increased by the increase of their popularity. This popularity, however, must have a basis constructed of opposite materials: there are the *οι πολλοι*, the masses who are to be gained by a triumph of some sort, but there are also the more sagacious and influential few who are to be won by a triumph cheaply bought. The dexterity of the able American Statesman consists in gathering into the crowd of his admirers these two distinct classes. It is difficult to conceive a system more perfectly framed for safe and constant conquest: for frequent triumph and rare peril; for successful negotiation and skilful negotiators. The wary politicians at the head of the United States Government know that their country has an instinct of what they are about; and they proceed in their course with a bold but measured step, watched by attentive spectators, who will probably laugh if they lose their footing, but who will certainly applaud if they safely tread the narrow and slippery path which lies between the yawning gulphs of a dangerous contest or a defeated diplomacy. An attentive notice of past and passing events will exemplify these observations, and explain a mystery which otherwise would be inexplicable.

A war between the English and the Americans we say now, and shall repeat hereafter, would be a war most disastrous to both; the loss inflicted by it would be grievous to Great Britain; but it would be still more grievous to the United States. One fifth of our trade would be jeopardised by such a struggle, nearly one half of the trade of the United States would be still more seriously endangered by it. But whilst this consideration is always present to the mind of the English statesman, it never seems to have the slightest effect on the Secretary of State at Washington. He commences very abruptly a serious

discussion on some point from which the British Government never expected that any serious discussion could possibly arise. He plunges at once into the subject by a broad statement of claims — somewhat vaguely defined but very boldly asserted. A rejoinder ensues; a long correspondence, in which the American minister shows considerable power and dexterity, follows; each striking document on the side of the United States being instantly published and circulated throughout that people of reading politicians, craving excitement. War at last appears on the point of breaking out: Great Britain makes a last effort for peace; she cannot entirely submit to the terms which have been demanded from her, but she will make a sacrifice to get rid of so troublesome a business. The American Government here pauses; it does not wish for war: it says it never did wish for war. It believes that it could fairly demand all that it has asked for; still, as the Government of Great Britain does not seem wholly unamenable to reason, it will be willing to abate some of its rightful pretensions. A little haggling ensues; at last a bargain is struck; our Cabinet meet; each member draws a long breath and rubs his hands, and thanks Heaven that that troublesome affair is at last over; and so probably it is over for him if his tenure of office be not a very long one; albeit the constant *amari aliquid* will hereafter embitter the repose of his successor. The cause for all this is perfectly clear. The American Government has not begun the conflict of words with any intention that it should be a war of weapons. But the object of the American negotiator has been gained; he has made a great deal of noise; his dispatches have been a constant series of advertisements for popular favour; his eloquence, ability, and logic, — the last quality generally consisting in the assumption of something as conceded which has never been conceded, and from that point arguing the rest, — have been generally admired, and finally he has ‘cornered the Britishers.’ Mr. Buchanan’s recent nomination by the democratic party at Cincinnati for the Presidency is a marked proof of the accuracy of our inferences. Diplomatic questions are, in fact, parcelled out amongst the ambitious members of an American government as provinces and commands were parcelled out by the Romans amongst their great generals and statesmen: to Mr. Buchanan is allotted the Central American question, and to Mr. Marcy the Enlistment question. We have yet to see what the latter will obtain, but probably his fate is involved in that of Mr. Pierce; and that gentleman has by this time discovered that the great objects of a statesman’s ambition are as frequently lost as won by a turbulent solicitude to obtain them. But at all events, in

these two questions just referred to, as in many former questions, the points in dispute between the two Governments have been of trifling importance and admitted of easy arrangement; but the spirit in which they have been carried on has swelled them from molehills into mountains; and it is only after sending a fleet to the West Indies, and receiving the British Minister back from Washington, that we obtain welcome assurances of the amicable disposition of the United States.

Nor is this all: — there is a cleverness in the way in which these assurances are finally conveyed and a disposition manifested to negotiate upon a matter which has hitherto defied negotiation, which cannot fail to win the approbation of a people who are accustomed to praise sharpness and acuteness quite as much as force. Let us observe! Mr. Dallas arrives in this country, at a period when the negotiations both on the Enlistment and the Central American Question have arrived at a crisis which is exciting increasing interest and alarm. Her Majesty's Government inquires what instructions he has brought with him in regard to the Enlistment Question, in order that no time may be lost in amicably disposing of it. Upon that question, however, Mr. Dallas has unfortunately come without any instructions. Well then, let us turn, says the British Government, to the Central American Question: 'What can we do about that?' That unfortunately is another question on which Mr. Dallas has brought no instructions. An ominous silence, which M. de Talleyrand called the 'eloquence of diplomatists,' ensues. Not a word is to be extracted from Mr. Dallas on either of the above-named questions, for not a word has been put into him. At last the calm which precedes a storm ceases, and the same packet brings over our dismissed minister, and the long-looked-for instructions to Mr. Dallas. There is perplexity in Downing Street — what are the Ministers of the Crown to do? If they politely retain Mr. Dallas after Mr. Crampton is rudely discarded, they cannot do otherwise than afford a triumph to American Diplomacy; and if they do not retain him, they have refused to listen to the American representative at the very time when he has received instructions most propitious for bringing a long agitated matter to a favourable conclusion. Lord Clarendon bows his head, Mr. Dallas is retained, and the negotiations as to Central America are to commence.

It is with reference to the subject of these negotiations, since it is still alive, whereas the differences that arose concerning the Enlistment Question are practically no more, that we shall principally address ourselves. But before proceeding to unravel

whatever mystery may still remain involved in the Central American controversy, we shall say a few words with respect to the affair which Mr. Marcy's last dispatch has terminated in a manner which, though from sound policy it may be accepted by the English Government, cannot be acceptable to the feelings of the English people. Every form of government has disadvantages as well as advantages, and ours lies under one very serious disadvantage, when engaged in war with a great military Power. We have no peremptory means of obtaining a given number of soldiers within a given time. We cannot compel Englishmen to enrol under the banner of England, and when we cannot get the number of men we require within the British dominions, we must look for them elsewhere. This is a humiliating position,—a position which some day we may be forced to remedy, but until it is remedied, we must abide by the consequences it produces, among which is the necessity of having recourse, in some way or other, in certain crises, to foreign aid. A Bill for the enlistment of a limited number of foreign soldiers was therefore brought into Parliament by the Government of Lord Aberdeen, when our struggle before Sebastopol required extraordinary resources. There was much, doubtless, to say against that Bill, and much was said with considerable ability by the leaders of the Opposition. Nevertheless, Parliament agreed with Her Majesty's Ministers who proposed this Bill, and their successors cannot be blamed for carrying out the Act of the Legislature: nor can we be surprised that one of the first spots to which their attention was directed when in quest of military adventurers was the United States, which not only abound with a warlike population, indigenous to the soil, and always ready to engage in some wild scheme of invasion or conquest against their neighbours, but which are likewise the receptacle of every needy man with a strong arm and a bold heart, who has found Fortune unpropitious in his native land. The Hungarian, the Pole, the German, the Irishman—all, whether driven from their home or discontented with it, are to be found—equally hating quiet or toil, and with that indolent but restless disposition which supplies armies—scattered about the towns or wandering through the prairies of that great continent, where the pent-up and stifled population of the Old World is again able to breathe. It is not surprising, then, that a recruiting depôt was established on the adjacent North American British territory, whilst agents were sent into the United States from the Government of the British provinces to ascertain what means could be best adopted for legally and efficiently attracting soldiers to our standard. It

was for the information of one of those agents, a Mr. Howe, that the British Minister at Washington, Mr. Crampton, obtained the opinion of an eminent lawyer at Washington as to the interpretation that ought to be given to the Neutrality Laws of the United States.

Mr. Crampton seems to have communicated this opinion (which he also conveyed to Her Majesty's Consuls in the United States) to the agent from Nova Scotia, Mr. Howe, to whom we have been alluding, and he also handed over to this gentleman the applications he had received from those persons who had desired to be employed in case Her Majesty's Government should have any employment to offer them, in the execution of such plans as might be adopted for attracting persons to the recruiting standard of Great Britain in the neighbouring provinces. Mr. Howe appears to have been rather of the 'go-ahead' school of politicians, and, whilst he chose his agents without much inquiry into their real character, seems not to have fettered their discretion by any very precise instructions. They consequently committed acts which Mr. Crampton thought it necessary to condemn, and to inform the United States Government that he disavowed. Mr. Crampton, indeed, seems to have been brought rather incidentally than directly into this affair up to the month of May, when he went to Nova Scotia and Canada, for the purpose of making some arrangement for abandoning the scheme of obtaining volunteers from the United States altogether, or of adopting some plan less objectionable than that which had hitherto been pursued. Without entering into various details which involve useless controversy, and which it is not necessary for the true understanding of the case to enumerate, the conduct of Mr. Crampton and those who acted under him, or with him, is, we think, fairly to be judged of by three documents. First, the Neutrality Act of the United States; secondly, the opinion given by Judge Kane at Philadelphia, as to what the Neutrality Law was, on the committal of certain persons who were accused of having broken that law; and, thirdly, the instructions which Mr. Crampton, acting in concurrence with the British authorities in Canada, gave to a recruiting agent called Ströbel. From a due attention to these documents—each of which is undeniable testimony—we think that an impartial opinion may be pronounced.

The three documents alluded to are as follows:—

I. We quote the second section of an Act of Congress of 20th April 1818, commonly called the 'Neutrality Act.'

'And be it further enacted, that if any person shall, within the territory or jurisdiction, of the United States, enlist or enter him-

self, or hire or retain another person to enlist or enter himself, or to go beyond the limits of jurisdiction of the United States with intent to be enlisted or entered in the service of any foreign prince, state, colony, district, or people, as a soldier or as a marine or seaman, on board of any vessel of war, letter of marque, or privateer, every person so offending shall be deemed guilty of a high misdemeanour, and shall be fined not exceeding one thousand dollars, and be imprisoned not exceeding three years, &c.

II. The following is the opinion of Judge Kane:—

‘He would reject from the consideration every argument founded upon the punctuation of it (the Act). The phraseology of the second section is clear. The word “soldier” does not connect itself with any vessel. The important words in the Bill are “hire or retain,” which include mutuality of engagement; “contract” means one having paid, or engaged to pay or perform. I do not think that the payment of the passage from this country of a man who desires to enlist in a foreign port, comes within the Act. In the terms of the printed proclamation there is nothing conflicting with the laws of the United States. A person may go abroad, provided the enlistment be in a foreign place, not having accepted and exercised a commission.’ (*Papers*, §c., p. 16.)

III. The following instructions were issued by the British Minister:—

‘Memorandum for the guidance of those who are to make known to persons in the United States, the terms and conditions upon which recruits will be received into the British Army:—

‘1. The parties who may go to Buffalo, Detroit, or Cleveland, for this purpose, must clearly understand that they must refrain from any thing which would constitute a violation of the law of the United States.

‘2. They must therefore avoid any act which might bear the appearance of recruiting within the jurisdiction of the United States for a foreign service, or of hiring or retaining anybody to leave that jurisdiction with the intent to enlist in the service of a foreign Power.

‘3. Both these acts are illegal by the Act of Congress of 1818, sec. 2nd.

‘4. There must be no collection, embodiment of men, or organisation whatever, attempted within that jurisdiction.

‘5. No promises or contracts, written or verbal, on the subject of enlistment, must be entered into with any person within that jurisdiction.

‘6. The information to be given will be simply that to those desiring to enlist in the British army, facilities will be afforded for so doing on their crossing the line into British territory; and the terms offered by the British Government may be stated as a matter of information only, and not as implying any promise or engagement on the

part of those supplying such information, so long at least as they remain within American jurisdiction.

'7. It is essential to success that no assemblages of persons should take place at beer houses or other similar places of entertainment, for the purpose of devising measures for enlisting; and the parties should scrupulously avoid resorting to this or similar means of disseminating the desired information, inasmuch as the attention of the American authorities would not fail to be called to such proceedings, which would undoubtedly be regarded by them as an attempt to carry on recruiting for a foreign Power within the limits of the United States; and it certainly must be borne in mind that the institution of legal proceedings against any of the parties in question, even if they were to elude the penalty, would be fatal to the success of the enlistment itself.

'8. Should the strict observance of these points be neglected, and the parties thereby involve themselves in difficulty, they are hereby distinctly apprised that they must expect no sort of aid or assistance from the British Government: this Government would be compelled, by the clearest dictates of international duty, to disavow their proceedings, and would moreover be absolved from all engagements contingent upon the success of the parties in obtaining by legal means soldiers for Her Britannic Majesty's army.'

We have given these extracts at length, because we thus enable every one of our readers to form for himself an impartial opinion. The essential point of the law, on which so much stress has been laid, lies, as Judge Kane says, in the words 'hire or retain.'

Mr. Crampton tells Mr. Ströbel that he must not only not recruit for foreign service within the jurisdiction of the United States, or hire or retain any body to leave that jurisdiction, with the intent to enlist in the service of a foreign Power—but that he must avoid any act which might bear even the appearance of recruiting, or hiring or retaining any body to leave that jurisdiction with intent to be enlisted in the service of a foreign Power. If Judge Kane duly interpreted the United States law, Mr. Crampton told Mr. Ströbel to beware of even the appearance of disobeying the law: if Judge Kane erred in his interpretation of the United States law, Mr. Crampton is surely excusable for having likewise committed an error. Nevertheless, we do not say there was no risk in giving the instructions we have recited. In every course of action there is a risk, and this risk is in proportion to the number of persons who are required to follow such a course of action. But in criticising a man in any public situation for what he has done, you are bound to consider what would be said if he had not done it. Let us suppose that whilst the British Government wanted recruits—whilst crowds of recruits were to be found in the United States, Mr. Crampton had remained inactive under the

plea that he could not move without infringing the American law, and that Judge Kane's opinion of that law had come forth, what would have been said of Mr. Crampton? But if we deem that the opinion of so eminent a legal authority justifies Mr. Crampton against a charge of indiscretion, when he acted in conformity with that opinion, it does not in the least surprise us to hear that there are eminent lawyers the legitimate advisers of the United States Government, who take an entirely different view of the matter in question from that which Judge Kane took. Neither are we surprised that Lord Clarendon, looking at the matter rather with the eye of a statesman than a lawyer, should have deemed that—whatever might be the abstract question of law at issue—the practical good which was to be achieved by attempting to obtain recruits under such a law was not likely, judging by the experiment that had been already made, to be in proportion with the practical evil which would result from the disputes which were certain to arise as to whether the law had, or had not, been infringed. Accordingly, on the 22nd of June, 1855, 'orders were sent out by Her Majesty's Government' to Canada and Nova Scotia to discontinue all further proceedings' (*i.e.* all proceedings which were not then commenced, and in the way of being executed,) 'in the matter of enlistment for the Foreign Legion.'*

But whilst the law officers of the United States Government are forming an opinion on the proceedings which have been taken for the purpose of reinforcing the British army in the Crimea by volunteers in the United States—an opinion at variance with that of Judge Kane, and the facilities which that opinion afforded: whilst Lord Clarendon, disregarding what may be the precise legal effect of a law which seems to be liable to more than one interpretation, deems it better to forego all risk of acting against such a law,—what is the United States Government itself about? Does it quietly inform Mr. Crampton that his proceedings have been watched; that the conduct he is pursuing is disapproved of; that any reliance he places upon Judge Kane's recent observations (they were delivered in the month of May) is unfounded? Not a bit of it. The Government of the United States, during the whole of the transactions to which we have been alluding, does nothing, says nothing. Mr. Crampton calls on Mr. Marcy; Mr. Marcy shakes him by the hand, talks to him and treats with him on every other matter; but on the matter which is quietly and obscurely growing and expanding into a national

* See Lord Clarendon's dispatch to Mr. Dallas, 30th April, 1856.
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difficulty, he breathes not a syllable. There he sits — the astute Secretary of State in his cabinet at Washington, like a hungry but discreet spider, watching the flies buzzing about his web, yet careful not to disturb their operations, until he sees, or thinks he sees, them tightly entangled. Then he makes his rush: and it is singular to see how aptly he chooses his time. On the 22nd of June, we have said that Lord Clarendon had given orders for the cessation of all further proceedings in the enlistment scheme. It must have been almost on that very day that Mr. Marcy wrote to Mr. Buchanan, instructing him to complain of the proceedings which had taken place. Mr. Buchanan did complain, and was replied to by Lord Clarendon (16th July), in a communication which for its frank, manly, and conciliatory spirit defies criticism, and is thus spoken of by Mr. Buchanan himself in a note to his own Government.

Lord Clarendon's note had entirely changed the aspect of the case from the view you took of it, and must necessarily have taken of it, at the date of your No. 102. (of July 15.). The general tenour of this note, its disavowals and its regrets, was certainly conciliatory; and the concluding paragraph, declaring that all proceedings for enlistment in North America had been put an end to by Her Majesty's Government for the avowed reason that the advantage that Her Majesty's service might derive from such enlistments would not be sought for by Her Majesty's Government if it were supposed to be obtained in disregard of the respect due to the laws of the United States, was HIGHLY SATISFACTORY. It was for these reasons that I expressed the SATISFACTION I would have in communicating it to you.

The affair, indeed, here seemed practically terminated, but it is just when its real importance is over that its diplomatic importance commences. In vain Mr. Buchanan,—to whose conduct throughout this affair injustice has we think been done, and who seems to have been guided by a wise desire to terminate further debates on a question that had practically ceased,—expresses his own satisfaction to his Government, and keeps back a further dispatch written in a very hostile tone, which he received from Mr. Marcy a few days after he had received from Lord Clarendon the friendly communication to which we have been alluding. He is ordered instantly to make known the dispatch which, from prudential motives and on a fair calculation of what was probable, viz., that the correspondence had closed with the assurances already made to him, he had hitherto refrained from communicating; and it is curious to mark the cumulative progress of the ensuing negotiation. Mr. Buchanan, in his dispatch of the 6th of July, merely

complains of the proceedings that had been resorted to, and requires that they should cease. * Mr. Marcy's communication of the 15th July not only required that all proceedings should cease, but that the British Government should take 'prompt and efficient measures to discharge from the British service those persons who were enlisted within the United States, or who left the United States under contract made there to enter and serve as soldiers in the British army.' To this Lord Clarendon replies on 16th November, stating 'that if there are any persons now in the Foreign Legion who have been enlisted or hired in violation of the United States, Her Majesty's Government will be prepared to offer them their discharge, and to give them a free passage back to the United States if they desire to return thither.' Another communication from Mr. Marcy, dated in December, and written after the receipt of this last assurance from Lord Clarendon, follows: and here it will be seen that Mr. Marcy is not satisfied with having that which he had hitherto required, nor with resting his case solely on the laws of the United States; he requires that Mr. Crampton and three of Her Majesty's Consuls in the United States should be dismissed, and quotes Vattel, to prove that the offence with which he charges them — a violation of the neutrality of the United States, — is one not only against the Act of Congress, which we have cited, and on which the United States' case had at first been placed, but against the law of nations. Now we all know what a diplomatist means when he quotes Vattel and the law of nations; it is to plunge a disputed question into an unfathomable vortex of profound and conflicting authorities, until the disputants lose sight of the idea which they began by discussing, and only hear the noise of the whirlpool by which it has been swallowed up.

Lord Clarendon's reply to Mr. Marcy's observation in December indicates by its tone, that though the English Government desires a peaceful solution of the question that has risen up, there is still a limit to concession. This, again, Mr. Marcy answers by a remarkably able state paper: its tone is at once dignified and courteous; and although he adheres to the demand which he seems now determined to stand by, viz., that Her Majesty's Minister and Consuls should be recalled, he makes use of such language as seems best calculated to palliate the offensiveness of this pretension. The rejoinder of Lord Clarendon does equal honour to that statesman's ability; he (evidently with intention) passes by the question of withdrawing any of the British functionaries in the United States,

whilst he enters into their justification as well as that of Her Majesty's Government, and makes every explanation and apology for any unintentional offence that might have been committed by either. True to his tactics, Mr. Marcy's answer to this document accepts the satisfaction which is proffered as far as the conduct of Her Majesty's Government is concerned. But while he tenders one hand almost affectionately to the British Government, he employs the other in signing the passport of the representative whose conduct the British Government had approved. Thus terminates the affair so long *sub lite*. But during the correspondence it had given rise to, what talent and address have been shown! what a series of political pamphlets, all tending to manifest the independent spirit of the United States, and the skill and eloquence of the Secretary of the State Department, have been published! and how cleverly that accomplished functionary winds up his case! A quarrel has been raised, sustained and stopped just at the time that each phase in it suited the policy of its originator. A few words at the beginning of the proceedings out of which it arose, might have prevented it altogether: an early acceptance of the same satisfaction which is at last received as sufficient, would have cut short the matter at its very commencement. But a dispute is got hold of: as fast as Lord Clarendon pours the oil of conciliation on that part of it which is in the grasp of his adversary, and Mr. Marcy finds it slipping through his fingers, he clutches again and again, with increased tenacity, another and another part of it; until finally he lets it loose altogether, so skilfully, and so suddenly that his antagonist (who is perforce pulling in the opposite direction) falls backward from the very fact of finding it left in his hands.

We do not say that the United States Government was not right in its original complaint, but we do think that it has put itself in the wrong by the mode in which it has pursued that complaint. It has not taken the violation of its Neutrality Law merely as a ground on which to state a practical grievance, but as a platform on which to perform a political part. For this reason we have been less anxious to show the merits of the case we have had to discuss, than the manner in which that case has been dealt with. Nevertheless we have said nothing of the language which during the whole of the transactions to which we have been referring, has been used by the organ of the United States Government at Washington—'The Union,'—language never previously applied by any journal publishing the United States official documents, to any State with which the

United States were not actually at war. Neither have we passed any comment on the more extraordinary language of the United States Attorney-General and District-attornies, though these officers acting as the legal agents of the United States in proceedings against certain men of infamous character, prosecuted for infringing the Neutrality laws, (less, it would appear, for the sake of convicting and punishing those offenders, than for the sake of procuring their testimony, in some points evidently undeserving of belief, against Her Majesty's servants in the United States,) have designated the British Minister and the British Consuls as 'malefactors,' and spoken of the course that the United States Government was adopting as the one best calculated to 'strike at the British throne.' We have not even pointed out that the report of the trial of these persons, on which report the United States Government chiefly grounds its accusation against the representatives of the British Government, is taken from one of the most furious partisan papers in the United States ('The Pennsylvanian'), conducted by an editor who shows his impartiality and general information as to ourselves by such remarks as the following, which appeared in an article on the 28th of September, headed 'England's Weakness and Baseness.'

'England for centuries has been bullying and bribing the world.' 'Her insolence is astounding.' 'In the Pacific, in the Atlantic, on the Isthmus,—everywhere, that haggard voluptuary Great Britain, who has been so long drunk with the blood of other nations that she now reels and totters with her own inanity, glares upon us with her red cyeballs, and bids us depart.' 'England is a harlot—a whitened sepulchre,' &c. &c. Sir Gaspard le Marchant and Mr. Crampton are 'base conspirators,' and a 'disgrace to the Order of the Garter,' to which the editor thanks God that he, 'being a simple Republican, does not belong.'

We have said nothing of these outrages (for some of which we were perhaps as much entitled to demand satisfaction as the United States were entitled to demand satisfaction for any offence committed by the agents of Her Majesty), because such outrages against good taste and good feeling are equally reprobated throughout the United States as throughout this country: nor have we dwelt as we should have desired to do on the absurdity of the principle which the United States Government has put forward, viz:—that of one Government having the right to decide as to whether the agents of another have or have not acted according to the instructions of the Government

which by duty they were bound to obey; a principle which would strike at the root of every system of administrative responsibility, and render it impossible for any diplomatic servant to consider his post secure, unless the orders he received from home were endorsed by the State to which he was accredited: — we pass hastily by these subjects, worthy as they are of notice, because we have already given more space than we intended to the Foreign Enlistment question, and are anxious to arrive at the question of Central America, about which so much has generally been said, and so little generally understood: and for attempting the settlement of which Mr. Dallas (a man who from his ability, reputation, and conciliatory manners, is well qualified to treat with us concerning it) has been retained in this country.

Our first attempt will be to dispel a delusion which generally prevailed when this question startled us by its sudden and ominous appearance—viz.: the belief that it arose from the treaty now known by the names of Mr. Clayton and Sir H. L. Bulwer. The contrary is the fact; the Central American question existed before the treaty of 1850: its gravity and importance were greatly diminished by that treaty: and if that treaty were done away with to-morrow, not only would Great Britain and the United States lose some common advantages, but they would be again as they were before it, in far greater danger of hostile collision than they are at this moment. Nay, it so happens that the very words on which so much discussion has of late been wasted, were used, and the very pledge which the United States Government has called on us to redeem, was given, some months antecedent to the Convention to which we are now referring. The explanation and proof of these assertions will be found in the following narrative.

Almost contemporaneously with the establishment of British dominion in the West India Islands, Great Britain entered into friendly relations with a tribe of Indians called ‘The Mosquitos,’ who inhabited a long range of the Atlantic coast of that isthmus which separates North from South America. These Indians, at war with Spain for their native soil, were allied with us in our constant conflicts with the Spanish Monarchy. Moreover, persecuted by the Spaniards on account of their friendship with Great Britain, Great Britain bound herself to defend them, and did defend them, against the common foe. It is true, however, that in the treaty with Spain, which took place after our war with that Power, in 1786, we agreed to withdraw from this Mosquito coast, whilst the Spa-

niards bound themselves not to exercise any vengeance against the Mosquitos in consequence of the part they had taken during the recent contest. Our peace with the Spanish House of Bourbon was, however, brief,—Spain was again leagued with France against us. We again renewed our relations with our old auxiliaries, and at the general pacification of Europe, solemnly and publicly took them under our protection by an act which has since, on more than one occasion, been as solemnly and publicly renewed, the chief or king of the Mosquitos having been crowned in 1816, 1825, and 1842 at the British settlement of Belize. Moreover, it appearing to Her Majesty's Government that Nicaragua, one of those small States which had been formed out of the ruins of the Spanish Monarchy in the Americas, had taken possession of a town and port at the mouth of the river San Juan, which rightfully belonged to the Mosquitos, a British force was sent in 1848 against the Nicaraguans, and drove them from the port and town in question, which (then called San Juan de Nicaragua) has since been called 'Greytown.' Now, not one of these proceedings from the year 1816 up to the year 1848, including the expulsion of the Nicaraguans from the town and port to which we have been alluding, ever elicited any remonstrance or remark from the Government of the United States: and, although we find* that the Nicaraguan Government, after the loss of San Juan de Nicaragua or Greytown, appealed to the American Government for assistance, that Government did not think proper to pay any attention to the request of the Government of Nicaragua, nor even to do so much as to intercede with the British Government on its behalf.

Thus, up to the year 1848 the United States Government, though well aware of the extent and nature of the protection which Great Britain had for so long a space of time afforded to the Mosquitos, had taken no notice thereof, nor shown any disposition to complain that the policy of the British Government was inimical to the policy of the United States. It was not long, however, after the acquisition of California, that the attention of the United States Government being attracted to the advantage of providing some safe and rapid means of communication between its possessions on the Atlantic and those which it now held on the Pacific, had its attention drawn to that very river at the mouth of which Greytown, so recently captured by Great Britain in the name of the Mosquito king,

* See Congressional Papers, Document No. 75. 1850.

was situated. Any one who casts his eye upon the map of this part of the world will see that the river San Juan communicates with a large lake—the lake of Nicaragua, extending within a few miles of the opposite coast. Thus it seemed probable that by means of a short canal from the Pacific to the lake of Nicaragua, and by improvements which did not seem impossible in the river San Juan, a ship-canal might be constructed between the two oceans. With their usual energy, the United States Government and citizens adopted this idea. An American company was formed which undertook to execute it, and obtained from the Government of Nicaragua a cession of its rights over the lake above named and over the river San Juan, the whole of which Nicaragua still claimed, as far as the Atlantic Ocean. At the same time, an agent of the United States Government made a treaty with Nicaragua, containing the following engagement:—

‘The United States distinctly recognise the rights of sovereignty and property which the State of Nicaragua possesses in and over the line of said canal: and *guarantees positively and efficaciously* the entire neutrality of the same, so long as it shall remain under the control of citizens of the United States, and so long as the United States shall enjoy the privileges secured to them in the preceding section of this article.’*

It will be seen that in this manner the United States Government recognised the sovereign rights of Nicaragua over a river and territory from which Great Britain had driven her; and agreed to protect the usufruct of a concession which was made by one State over property which Great Britain had declared to belong to another. It was clear that in this condition of things, a serious danger existed of Great Britain and the United States coming into direct collision at Greytown, more especially as the United States Government had deliberately instructed its agent in Nicaragua to enter into the convention he had concluded; whilst the United States Senate showed a determination to sanction that convention whatever might be the consequences.

Such was the state of things which induced Sir Henry Bulwer, who had just then arrived at Washington, to enter, with the approbation of his Government, into the treaty which is now known by his name. His objects were to withdraw the two Governments from the menacing attitude in which they had

* See Treaty, 3rd September 1849, between the United States and Nicaragua.

become placed; and to favour the construction of the projected canal, or any other means of communication, either by railway or canal, that was then or might thereafter be contemplated across the Central American Isthmus. The danger we have pointed out was averted in the Clayton and Bulwer treaty, by the proviso :

‘That the two contracting parties would use whatever influence they respectively exercised with any State, States, or Governments possessing, or claiming to possess, any jurisdiction or right over the territory which the said canal should traverse, or which should be near the waters applicable thereto, in order to induce such States or Governments to facilitate the construction of the said canal by all means in their power :’ —

and by the stipulation,

‘That when the canal should be completed the contracting parties would protect it from interruption, seizure, or unjust confiscation, and that they would guarantee the neutrality thereof, so that the canal might for ever be open and free, and the capital invested therein secure.’

The protection thus afforded was also extended to any other practicable communication across the Isthmus.

Something, however, had still to be done. The United States Government suspected that Great Britain had foreseen the probability of a ship-canal being constructed by the lake and river to which we have been alluding; and that it had for that express purpose taken possession of the mouth of the said river in order so to fortify and guard it, that either such canal should not be constructed, or that, if constructed, it should be entirely under British control. With a view of destroying these suspicions, and also with a view of preventing either Government obtaining possession of or control over the canal then particularly contemplated, or over any other canal or any railway which might hereafter be established, some agreement was necessary in order to restrict the ambition of either Government in the Central American territory. It would hardly, however, have done for a diplomatist at a distance from his own court, to have consented to put any restriction on the action, or any limit to the power, of Her Majesty’s Government, except in words which that Government had already approved. For this reason, in drawing up an article which was to have the effect described, both negotiators turned to a correspondence which had already taken place between Lord Palmerston and Mr. Lawrence, the United States Minister in London. In this correspondence, Mr. Lawrence on his

arrival in England, which took place in 1849, shortly before Sir Henry Bulwer quitted England for the United States, inquired of Lord Palmerston (November 8th 1849), 'whether the British Government intended to occupy or colonise Nicaragua, Costa Rica, the Mosquito coast, so called, or any part of Central America:' to which query Lord Palmerston replied that, 'Her Majesty's Government did not intend to occupy or colonise Nicaragua, Costa Rica, the Mosquito coast, or any part of Central America;' adding that 'a close political connexion had existed between the crown of Great Britain and the state and territory of Mosquito for a period of about two centuries, but that the British Government did not claim dominion in Mosquito.'

By the words thus quoted, Mr. Lawrence had designated the limits which the United States desired Great Britain should impose on her protectorate in Mosquitia, and which the United States deemed that both Great Britain and the United States might assign to their relations and connexion with Central America. To the restriction which these words defined, the British Minister of Foreign Affairs had assented; consequently these words were adopted by the negotiators, and transplanted by them into the treaty. We see, therefore, that the identical obligation thus more solemnly recorded had been, in fact, previously created; and that, if Great Britain can be justly charged with having violated the engagement which the particular words employed by Mr. Lawrence and Lord Palmerston would convey, she would equally have violated that engagement, which was given in Lord Palmerston's note to Mr. Lawrence, even if the treaty signed by Sir Henry Bulwer and Mr. Clayton had never been made.

And now, having fixed the attention of our readers on the point on which so much discussion has been raised, and having shown where this discussion originated, we deem it important to observe that during the two years which succeeded the signature of the treaty of 1850, there seemed no difference whatsoever between the United States and Great Britain as to the intelligible nature of terms which have since been held to be so obscure; and this fact is of the more significance because there happened to be during those two years at the head of the foreign affairs of the United States one of the greatest juriconsults, as well as one of the greatest statesmen, that North America or any other country has produced. Mr. Webster, to whom we allude, accepted office a short time after the ratifications of the treaty of 1850 had been exchanged. He

had sat in the Senate, and voted in favour of that treaty when it was sanctioned by the eminent body which shares with the President the treaty-making power. He had had—(as Mr. Clayton acknowledges in his Speech in the Senate of the 16th of January, 1854,)—a long conversation with him (Mr. Clayton) ‘respecting the whole bearing of the treaty, and his views ‘connected with it,’ immediately on his entrance into the State Department. Mr. Webster was also an intimate friend of Mr. Lawrence, with whom he was in constant official correspondence. From all these circumstances, therefore, it is to be presumed that Mr. Webster was as well qualified as any American statesman could be to understand what the treaty did or did not do. The Blue Book which has been published furnishes ample evidence, which it has not been attempted to disprove, of what his opinions were; and one phrase, which we here quote from his letter of 18th March, 1852, to Mr. Graham, Secretary of the United States Navy, will be sufficient to show them:—‘It is ‘well understood that Great Britain is fully committed to protect Greytown as belonging to the Mosquito Indians; and it ‘is not at all probable that she would see Nicaraguan authority, ‘or any other authority, take possession till pending negotiations ‘are closed.’

The pending negotiations thus spoken of were negotiations then proceeding for the purpose of withdrawing the protection of Great Britain (a protection which it will thus be seen she still claimed to exercise), however much it had been recently abridged, over Greytown and the adjoining territory; and these negotiations proceeded so favourably while Sir Henry Bulwer remained at Washington, that it was found easy after his departure, to establish upon the understanding which had existed between himself and Mr. Webster, a general arrangement with respect to the future condition of Mosquitia and Central America, which arrangement the two Governments of Great Britain and the United States communicated conjointly to Costa Rica and Nicaragua, the two States most interested in it. Moreover, when this plan was rejected by Nicaragua, the conduct of that small, obstinate, and quarrelsome State was deemed by Mr. Webster so unreasonable that he declared he should for the future act without consulting it.

We think we have satisfactorily proved that the construction which Great Britain put on the treaty with respect to the Mosquito Indians, was the construction also put upon it by Mr. Webster; and thus, in all the discussions which have since taken place, we have stood upon the precise ground, with reference to our protectorate over these Indians, that was ad-

mitted to be a just one by the best and most eminent American authority. It is true the United States Government did not recognise our position as protectors of these Indians: they never had recognised it; but this was a question with which they had nothing to do. If it is a question between us and any Power, it is a question between us and Spain, or between us and those Powers who pretend to have inherited the rights of the old Spanish monarchy. Mr. Webster admitted, as will be seen by his conversation with Sir Henry Bulwer, so early as July, 1851, that Great Britain had gratified the only direct interest that the United States ever had in this matter, by furthering the project of a canal communication; and in every discussion that we had with him concerning either the Mosquito coast, or Central America, acknowledged the honour of our conduct, and the justice of our proposals.

But with Mr. Pierce's accession to power a new era began. No sooner had Mr. Buchanan, his representative, arrived in this country, than he gave in a very able and artfully composed memorandum with respect to the views of the new President on Central American matters. In this memorandum, moreover, Mr. Buchanan words a portion of his demands in such a manner that it is difficult to show their injustice, because it is difficult to know precisely what they mean. For instance, he calls upon Great Britain, in virtue of the treaty of 1850, to withdraw from the Mosquito coast, because, he says, Great Britain promised she would not occupy that coast or any part of Central America. But he neither explains what Great Britain is to withdraw, nor does he give any precise interpretation to the word 'occupy.' We here insert, at length, the article on which Mr. Buchanan rested his demand, and to parts of which we have already referred:—

'Article 1. The Governments of Great Britain and the United States hereby declare that neither the one nor the other will ever obtain or maintain for itself any exclusive control over the said ship-canal, agreeing that neither will ever erect or maintain any fortifications commanding the same, or in the vicinity thereof, or occupy, or fortify, or colonise, or assume or exercise any dominion over Nicaragua, Costa Rica, the Mosquito coast, or any part of Central America; nor will either make use of any protection which either affords or may afford, or any alliance which either has or may have, to or with any State or people, for the purpose of erecting or maintaining any such fortifications, or of occupying, fortifying, or colonising Nicaragua, Costa Rica, the Mosquito coast, or any part of Central America, or of assuming or exercising dominion over the same. Nor will Great Britain or the United States take advantage of any intimacy, or use any alliance, connexion, or influence that either

may possess with any State or Government through whose territory the said canal may pass, for the purpose of holding, directly or indirectly, for the subjects or citizens of the one, any rights or advantages in regard to commerce or navigation through the said canal which shall not be offered on the same terms to the subjects or citizens of the other.'

It is clear from this article, that if Great Britain had on the Mosquito coast, or any part of Central America, any colony, or any army of occupation, she would be called on to withdraw such colony, and such army of occupation. Or, if she had erected any fort or fortification, she would be obliged to raze such fort; or if she had claimed dominion on the Mosquito coast, she would have been compelled to renounce that claim. But Great Britain does not claim dominion on the Mosquito coast, she has built no forts there, she has no garrison or army of occupation there. What can she then withdraw from the Mosquito coast? She has nothing to withdraw but her protection; and so far from the article, above cited, declaring that she is compelled to withdraw that, one clause expressly provides against her doing certain things in virtue of *any protection she affords, or may afford*. Great stress has been laid on the word 'occupy;' but whatever sense we attach to that word, Great Britain does in no way occupy the Mosquito coast. The meaning of the word occupy, however, is not so obscure as that it ought to puzzle American authorities. Let us see in what sense an American negotiator used that word about the very same period that Mr. Lawrence used it.

'The Government of the United States shall have the right to erect such forts and fortifications at the ends and along the lines of said works, and to arm and *occupy* the same in such manner, and with as many troops, as may be deemed necessary.' (*Article V. of Treaty between the United States and Nicaragua of 21st of June, 1849.*)

There never was a word, in fact, more commonly used, or more generally understood. How do the French occupy Rome? How have the Austrians been occupying the Principalities? How does one nation occupy another, or any town or territory of another? Why by an armed force. The term is so technical, so hacknied, so constantly used between nations in one sense, and in one sense only, that we should be ashamed to give an explanation of it, if we had not now for the first time seen its meaning become the solemn subject of international controversy.

Great Britain then has, as we have said, no armed force to

withdraw. She does continue to protect, and, she must continue to protect, a people who are not to be abandoned merely because they are feeble and defenceless, after our Sovereign, during successive administrations in this country, has pledged the royal word that protection should be afforded them, unless we can, by our friendly interference, procure them a protection equal, at least, to that which is extended by means of the British ship-of-war which guards their coast, and from which, if necessary, an armed force might descend to repel any act of aggression. We cannot desert an ally on account of his feebleness, any more than we can crouch before a foe on account of his strength. But Mr. Buchanan did not stop here: he added, that although he would not *insist* upon Great Britain immediately resigning the settlement of Belize, which she held under a treaty with Spain above half a century ago, provided she complied with all the other conditions which the United States imposed upon her—he nevertheless exacted that she should at once abandon all additions which had been made to this settlement subsequent to the treaties to which we have alluded. In short, the original settlement was to be held for a time on sufferance—the extension which had been given to it, without a moment's delay surrendered. What right had Mr. Buchanan to hold this language with respect to Belize, either with or without the additions which during the last fifty years it had received?

The obligations imposed by the treaty of 1850 do not extend further than Central America; whereas the settlement of Belize is known to be in Yucatan. We have a treaty respecting it with Mexico—a State which does not and never did belong to the country called Central America. Nor is this all: as that part of Mexico in which the settlement of Belize is situated, is adjacent to one of the Central American States, Her Majesty's Government instructed the British Minister at Washington to make, at the time that ratifications were exchanged, a special declaration that Belize was not in anywise within the terms of the treaty,—a declaration which we venture to think was in no wise needed, and which has probably led to the idea that the settlement in question might have been included without such declaration, but which nevertheless was made expressly to avoid misconception: and the Secretary of the State Department not only acknowledged to Sir Henry Bulwer that it was not understood by the negotiators that the treaty included the British settlement of Honduras; he also declared, when communicating the treaty to the Senate (July 20. 1850), 'That the said treaty did not recognise, affirm, or deny the title

‘ of the British settlement at Belize, which by the coast was 500 miles from the proposed canal, that settlement standing precisely as it stood before the treaty.’

In fact, unless as Mr. Clayton himself has since stated, in reference to this very point, the term Central America is confined to the *five republics* of Central America, which the two negotiators clearly understood to be the meaning of the word, it might extend to California just as well as to British Honduras—there would, in short, be no distinct limit to it. Nor can it be said that this construction merely guards Belize, as that settlement existed in 1786, without the extensions that were thereafter given to it, because none of such extensions have been carried within the boundaries which the Central American States possessed when they first assumed the title of ‘ Central American,’ by forming themselves into the Central American Confederation. There is thus not a shadow of ground for any demand on the part of the United States with respect to Her Majesty’s settlement at Belize, which demand could only have been thrown into the controversy as something that might be conceded if the other pretensions of the United States were allowed to prevail.

We now come to the only subject on which a case does arise of a somewhat complicated nature, and on which the United States Government might have asked that some impartial arbiter should express an opinion.

There is an island called Ruatan, with an important harbour, off the coast of Spanish Honduras, (which is not to be confounded with the Belize settlement called British Honduras,) surrounded by a certain number of small islands of little value. This island was held alternately by Great Britain and Spain, during their former history. Of late years it has been claimed by the State of Spanish Honduras, but inhabited by British settlers from the West Indian Islands, and governed by a magistrate named by the superintendent of Belize, who is himself under the Governor of Jamaica. The British Government so far took formal possession of this island, prior to 1850, as on one occasion to send a ship of war to haul down the flag of Honduras, which they had heard had been erected there, and hoist the British flag thereupon in its stead. But the island was not formally erected into a colony until 1852, when in conjunction with the other small adjacent islands, the whole establishment was called the ‘ Colony of the Bay Islands.’

Now the declaration made by Her Majesty’s Government at the time of the ratification of the treaty was not confined to the

settlement of Belize, but embraced Belize and its dependencies. Mr. Clayton, in his reply acknowledged, as we have said, that British Honduras was not included in the terms of the treaty, nor the small islands adjacent thereto, known as its dependencies. Sir H. Bulwer, in order to prevent any limitation which Mr. Clayton by the words above cited might have meant to convey, replied thereto; concluding his note by the following observation:—‘I understand that you fully recognise that it was not the intention of our negotiation to embrace in the treaty of April 19. whatever is Her Majesty’s settlement at Honduras, nor *whatever are the dependencies of that settlement*; and Her Majesty’s title thereto subsequent to the said treaty, will remain just as it was prior to that treaty, without undergoing any alteration whatever in consequence thereof.’

It was on this note of Sir Henry Bulwer, and not on the preceding note of Mr. Clayton, that the subject closed. It is clear, therefore, that the British negotiator, without intending to affirm that Ruatan was or was not a dependency of Belize—a point indeed which is doubtful, since it might rather be considered one of the West Indian Islands, and has been designated as such by different geographers—extended the protection of the declaration he was instructed to make over whatever might legitimately be considered dependencies of the Belize settlement.

But it matters little whether Ruatan is a dependency of Belize, or a West Indian island; the whole question is whether it is the property of Great Britain. Mr. Buchanan in his memorandum declares that it is not, but that on the contrary it belongs to Spanish Honduras; and that as Spanish Honduras is now a Central American State, any territory belonging to it is also within Central America, and cannot be made a colony of by Great Britain, as this island was made a colony in 1852, without an infringement of the treaty of 1850. Let arbiters, let any one decide this question between the two governments—nothing can be more simple—and every legitimate subject of discussion and difference ceases.

Here, indeed, we have disposed of the whole case of Central America; but we think it right, before concluding our remarks, to notice an error under which most persons with whom we have conversed on this matter seem to labour,—viz. that the two negotiators of the treaty have differed to any considerable extent upon its construction. We allude to this error because we think, while maintaining our own view, it is due to the good faith of Mr. Clayton to show that

we differ little, if at all, from the views which that gentleman, who ~~was~~ one of the negotiators, has maintained. In the first place; then, with respect to the British settlement of Honduras, no one can state more openly than Mr. Clayton has done in the United States, or show more conclusively, that Belize never was or could be within the limits of the treaty, even setting the declaration which accompanied it entirely aside. In a most able speech* he proves, we think beyond controversy, what we contend for—namely, that Belize not being in Central America, could not be touched by the treaty which only alluded to Central America. In the next place, with respect to the assertion that the treaty he negotiated did away with the protection of Great Britain over the Mosquitos, he expressly says that ‘the protectorate was not disavowed by the treaty, but disarmed by it:’ such is the fact, for the obligation not to fortify or have an army of occupation in right of such protection, did for all aggressive purposes clearly disarm it. Lastly, he acknowledges that he knew that Great Britain had possession of Ruatan at the time of the treaty, and that he had meant to leave the question as to whether it was or was not a lawful possession of Great Britain an open question. The only point of importance on which Mr. Clayton differs from Her Majesty’s Government, judging from his speeches which we have taken the pains to peruse, is one of those speculative points which are as frequently introduced into political controversy as into theological dispute, although they have in reality little practical bearing on the subject under discussion. Her Majesty’s Government happened to say that the treaty was prospective and not retrospective; and, to speak literally, it is only prospective, since the contracting parties state that they *will* not do certain things, and ‘will’ is the future tense of the verb To be: against this conclusion, however, Mr. Clayton strenuously contends, because, were it admitted, his countrymen would imagine that by the sly introduction of this little word ‘will,’ he had been ingeniously outwitted, and Great Britain enabled to retain a great number of valuable rights and possessions which she would otherwise have had to resign. If, however, we here refer to the original source from which the disputed passage in the treaty was drawn, and to which we have already more than once alluded, we shall see that ‘will’ was employed to convey the sense of ‘intend.’ Mr. Lawrence asked Lord Palmerston if the British Government ‘in-

* See Mr. Clayton’s speech in Senate (Jan. 16. 1854).

tended' to do certain things, which Lord Palmerston said the British Government did not intend to do. It is clear, therefore, that Mr. Lawrence did not consider that these things had then been done, or he would not have inquired whether there was an intention of doing them. A contracting party who says he *will* not do a thing implies equally that he has not done it. Thus the question as to whether the treaty is prospective or retrospective is a mere matter of words; for Great Britain does not acknowledge that she had at the time of the treaty done what she declared she would not do after it. She was suspected at the time of the treaty of an intention to occupy the Mosquito Coast, but she did not occupy it in 1850, and has not occupied it since 1850. The settlement of Belize was not within the limits of Central America in 1850. Great Britain has not extended that settlement into the limits of Central America since 1850. As to Ruatan and the Bay Islands, there was no recognition of their being within Central America in 1850; — it has not been established that they are within Central America at this time. If they are, we must have taken them unjustly from some Central American State. This fact, we consent to submit to arbitration, and if it is decided against us, their restitution would be an act of justice equally obligatory upon us if we had made no treaty at all with the United States.

We think that any one who has taken the trouble to go with us through this long-protracted controversy, of which we have endeavoured to condense into as small a space as possible the substance, will perceive how the United States Government has step by step advanced in its pretensions as we have consented to its demands. In the first instance its object is a canal and the freedom and neutrality of that canal. We meet its wishes by granting everything which could favour the construction of the projected canal or the general establishment of inter-oceanic communication across the Central American Isthmus, and the independence or neutrality of that isthmus. No special obligation to the United States forced us to do this; we did it from good will, and from desire to live in harmony and friendship with them, and from a belief that our interests* on this subject might be united with theirs. There was only one thing we could not do, — abandon our engagements with a poor and friendless people, merely for the sake of allowing the United States Government to boast that it had compelled us to this act of dishonour. For a time these concessions are deemed satisfactory; we enter into further negotiations, on our common understanding of them, with a view of complying with the

further wishes of the United States,—viz., that some adequate protection should be provided for the Mosquito Indians in lieu of ours. Our offers on this subject are considered entirely satisfactory by the government of President Fillmore. But just as we may fairly flatter ourselves that the views of the two Governments are at last perfectly identical, President Pierce succeeds President Fillmore. He is not satisfied with our declaration that we will not occupy or colonise Mosquitia; he is not satisfied with our desire to substitute some other adequate protection for our own over the Mosquitos; he at once insists upon our leaving these defenceless Indians, without any guarantee whatever, to their natural enemies. He then tells us that he will not instantly insist upon our abandoning a possession which has been undeniably attached to the British Crown upwards of seventy years, providing we will limit it to such dimensions as he thinks proper to mark out; and adopt his views on every other dispute in which he has thought proper to engage with us; and finally, instead of expressing an opinion, lays it down as a positive fact admitting of no doubt, no arbitration, that certain islands of which we hold possession have been wrongfully seized and unjustly placed within our dominions.

Every offer we make for compromise is rejected, until at last, when the question comes either to our resigning our rights (which we contend to be legitimate) in obedience to menace, or contending for them by force of arms, a disposition is shown to treat the affair in a more reasonable manner. We are emphatically for peace with the United States, but we as emphatically declare that we do not think that peace is to be purchased, if it were worth purchasing, by constant yielding to demands which we do not feel to be intrinsically just. The United States Government, although perhaps it may not have understood the spirit that has guided other Powers towards itself, has been in our opinion insulted, as well as spoiled, by the manner in which its boasting language has been tolerated, and the superiority it affects to assert over European Powers has been submitted to. It has been treated by these Powers as a man of breeding treats another man whom he considers to be deficient in manners and education,—it is not worth while to notice the fellow, he does not know better. This is the way in which a gentleman treats a man whom he does not deem to be a gentleman. But the United States have risen too high in the scale of nations to be thus treated any longer. There are not throughout the world men more intelligent and more gentlemanlike in their spirit and their bearing, than are to be found in the United States; and the opin-

ions and influence of these men upon the masses who are wholly ignorant of the power and condition of other countries, and of the conduct which ought to be observed towards them, and who are also perpetually receiving into their bosom many of the angry and discontented spirits of Europe, — glad under the garb of American citizens to vent their spleen or execute their vengeance on the old societies they have quitted, — would be far greater, and more in proportion to their worth and intellect than it now is if we only lent them our assistance. But whilst we complain that the enlightened few in the United States do not exercise sufficient control over their foreign relations, we do not ourselves give them fair play.

They remonstrate—we know that they remonstrate frequently — when their Government assumes a tone of menace and an air of defiance, which circumstances do not call for. But how are they met? They are told that their remonstrances would be well enough if there were any danger to be apprehended from the course which is being pursued, and which they reprobate; but England, it is said, will never go to war with the United States; she always has yielded to the United States, she is sure to yield to the United States again.

Constant concession to any State is a means of perpetuating constant system of political conflict with that State. But this is more particularly applicable to a democratic republic, the leaders of which constantly desire to flatter the national vanity, and will do so at your expense if you will allow them.

We are quite certain that no statesman in the United States really wants war with this country. No statesman will deliberately provoke that war, but he may by degrees lead his Government into a position in which war becomes a matter of honour. We believe, indeed, that the danger of such a calamity is only to be foreseen as the result of a policy calculated to induce the Government and people of the United States to suppose that this country will endure anything rather than resort to arms, until the discovery of the mistake into which they have been led allows of no retreat. In such a way we can conceive war, but in no other; and then with a government that is popular and a people that is brave, prudence having become impossible, desperation is its substitute. We, for our part, desire to avoid such a war as a terrible calamity; but though a terrible calamity to ourselves, it would neither shake our empire nor exhaust or even strain our resources. Would this be the case with the United States? Would the South, already on the verge of disunion from the North, stand firmly linked

together with it in a conflict which might foster the manufactures of the one, but would destroy the market for the natural products of the other? Would the intelligent and wealthy merchants of Boston and New York sacrifice their present gains and pour forth their acquired treasures in support of a contest provoked by the rash proceedings of an ignorant multitude, or the restless character of ambitious political adventurers?

Nor is this all. In times of peace the State expenses of the United States are paid by their Customs' revenue, whilst the internal improvements of the several States to which those States have owed their marvellous increase and prosperity are sustained by direct taxation. What then must occur in the event of a war with such a Power as Great Britain? The indirect revenue would undergo an instant decrease: a system of direct taxation for general purposes would at once absorb the revenue which in each separate State is now devoted to internal improvement. Could this state of things long continue without murmurs? No! A war with Great Britain induced by the idle prospect of an undesirable and perhaps dangerous increase of empire might terminate in disasters fatal to the power and to the greatness of which our noble and adventurous children are now so justly proud. We speak thus merely to show that there is no ground for the apprehension, that if everything is not yielded to violent demands the only alternative is cannon and the sword. A straightforward and steady course on the part of one State, must constrain and regulate the disposition to a crafty and turbulent course in another. Nor are we ready to believe that the Americans themselves are convinced of the justice of the complaints which we so frequently hear from them. How can we feel convinced that Mr. Crampton, the Minister of Great Britain, is dismissed as a necessary sacrifice to the outraged principles of Neutrality, when Padre Vijil, the Minister of General Walker, is received as the personification of a successful violation of those very principles? How is it possible to conceive that a treaty the meaning of which was thoroughly understood by Mr. Webster should be so obscure in the eyes of Mr. Marcy? We know there is no form of words, whether in a law or in a treaty, which may not admit of two interpretations: and the greatest philosopher of antiquity gave as one of the instances of human imperfection—the impossibility of putting our ideas into language that would not admit of dispute. We may have disputes as to the interpretation to be given to every law and to every treaty if the object of the parties who discuss their

meaning is not to agree but to disagree. It is time that this dangerous state of things should cease. We earnestly recommend to the people of this country to exact of their Government, in future dealings with the United States, the most courteous and conciliatory language on all occasions; the readiest and amplest atonement for any unintentional affront, and the most cheerful acquiescence in every just demand: coupled with the most firm, decided, and unhesitating resistance to every demand that is unjust.

If the rulers and people of the United States are once firmly convinced that we will treat them as equals whom we desire to love, but not as superiors whom we have any reason to fear, we are pretty confident that ere long the querulous, encroaching, and domineering policy which, if it do not actually drive the two countries to the extremities of war, periodically affects them with the apprehension that war is about to break out, would be laid aside, and we should enter in reality into those friendly relations which are now perpetually invoked and never cordially realised. For the present, our course is clear before us—we can offer again everything in the way of conciliation which we have already offered. Greytown*, we have proposed, should be made a free independent town, the port of which would thus, as Spain had originally intended, become a common advantage to the different contiguous States. We may again also propose to mark out, for the independent enjoyment of the Mosquito Indians a portion of that more extensive tract which is now claimed for them, on the condition that their rights should be respected in the territory thus assigned to them by the adjacent Powers;—and offer to consent to any plan for their protection which is adequate for its purpose, and least alarms the suspicions of the United States: we can furthermore agree to submit the claims which any State puts forward to Ruatan and the adjacent islands to the decision of any arbiter or impartial commission: and, finally, we can pledge ourselves, as we have pledged ourselves, not to extend British Honduras beyond the limits which we claimed for it in 1850†, the United States agreeing to disturb us by no further representations upon this matter, which, as it does not concern the treaty of 1850, does not concern them. Were our Government to make a proposition of this kind, we think it might be accepted: if it were not, the treaty of 1850, whatever the conse-

* See Lord J. Russell's dispatch to Mr. Crampton, Jan. 19. 1853.

† See Lord Clarendon's dispatch to Mr. Crampton, Nov. 10. 1855.

quences, must be scattered to the winds; and we then revert to our original position as protectors of the Mosquito coast, without having renounced the right of occupying, colonising, fortifying, or assuming or exercising dominion over the same.

If a treaty of alliance with Guatemala and Costa Rica, the two most flourishing of the Central American States, which have long desired such a league, were entered into, we might acquire a firmer hold over that isthmus of Central America in which the United States now deny us the shadow of a protectorate. A policy of defence might force us into a policy of prevention. The position of Central America, though not generally understood a short time ago—and so far we have to thank the controversy which has arisen upon it—is becoming more known and its importance more recognised. Our trade with it at this time is not extensive, its importance to us in its actual condition is not great, but its approaching destiny is becoming daily more manifest. The strip of territory which lies between the two great oceans of the world—possessing a soil teeming with every mineral and vegetable production; certain to be traversed by railroads, not unlikely to be traversed by a great ship canal; in the high road between Europe and China, which in another fifty years will probably undergo a new fate, and Australia, which in another fifty years will probably be peopled by communities as intelligent, as numerous, and as prosperous as those which now cover the great North American Continent,—is a territory which must fix the attention of any English statesman whose intelligence is on a level with his position, and who comprehends that in presiding over the policy of a nation, he is charged with the interests not merely of the living generation, but of a society whose life is for centuries and as much in the future as in the present.

To establish—as the treaty of 1850 meant to establish,—that this region should be a neutral territory to the maritime nations of the earth, and that it should be dedicated to the purposes of traffic and transit with means of communication constructed and protected under their auspices, and open on equal terms to the whole world,—was a great idea worthy of us, and worthy of those whom we wished to share with us in the honour and advantage to be derived from such an arrangement. But to allow a maritime rival to take entire possession of this territory, possessing so important a coast both to the Atlantic and the Pacific,—a rival, moreover, whose commercial policy, in direct opposition to our own, is a policy of protection and restriction,—would be a fault for which our posterity, who has a

right to be considered in our policy, inasmuch as it is charged with our debts, would never, and ought never, to forgive.

Let the United States Government ponder over these things : the men who are now governing those States will likewise be answerable for what they are now doing or may do for their children ; and if instead of the splendid legacy they received from their fathers, they bequeath to their descendants—as the consequence of unjustifiable arrogance and unprovoked hostility—a divided people, a bankrupt exchequer, and a dismembered commonwealth, England will regret the loss which civilisation has sustained, but America will execrate the name of those by whom this catastrophe was brought about.

NOTE ON THE SUEZ CANAL.

ON the eve of going to press we have received a second pamphlet from M. de Lesseps on the subject of the Suez Canal, to which is appended a reply, by M. Barthelemy de St. Hilaire, to the article which appeared in our January Number on this subject. M. de St. Hilaire, who is, we believe, the Secretary of the Commission and the Company to be formed for the promotion of this undertaking, has entirely mistaken the spirit and purport of our observations. We have no object to serve but the discovery of truth in a question of considerable geographical and mercantile importance ; and the opinion we have formed is entirely independent of any considerations of political or pecuniary interest. There is, therefore, an essential difference in this respect between the promoters of the scheme and its opponents.

This attempt to answer plain arguments by representing the writers of the article in this Journal as 'ignorant,' 'inexperienced,' and 'incapable,' may safely be left to the judgment of any one who will read the article and the reply with a desire to form an unbiassed opinion on the subject. The thing that interests the public is to know that the project now comes forward in a very different shape from that in which it appeared last year ; and that almost every point for which we had contended has now been virtually conceded.

The answer to the experience gained by the traffic in coals during the last sixteen years in the Red Sea is contained in a passage (page 60.) which to us is absolutely unintelligible ; but in the following page the objection, whatever it may be, is abandoned by the proposal to establish steam-tugs, and to adopt

the auxiliary screw; and at page 88. the experience of the *steam* fleet of the Peninsular and Oriental Company is quoted to prove how safe the sea is. All this is precisely what we contended for,—that the sea is the best possible for steam navigation, but the worst for that of sailing vessels. When sails are abandoned by the commercial navy, we shall be prepared to re-argue the question.

The difficulty pointed out with regard to the locks is met by the total abandonment of them, notwithstanding the expense of cutting the whole canal to the greater depth, and the immensely increased cost of maintenance, supposing it to be possible either to make or maintain it without at least one lock at Suez. The idea of connecting two seas by a mere cutting or Bosphorus, when one of these seas is affected by tides to a height of many feet and the other not affected by them, and when both seas are subject to considerable variations of level under the influence of particular winds, is certainly one of the most singular parts of the whole proposal; and the loose nature of the soil of the isthmus, which has now been ascertained by boring, materially increases the expense of constructing and maintaining such a cutting, since it must be rapidly destroyed either by running water or by the application of steam power.

The difficulty of bringing the materials for the moles at Pelusium from the hills behind Suez is met by a still more startling proposition. They are now to be brought from quarries along the Syrian shore, 'whether (*sic*) from the islands of Cyprus, Rhodes, or Scarpanto.' As nothing of the sort was ever attempted in any age of the world, it is difficult to estimate the cost of such an operation, but the sum at which it is set down in the estimate is simply ludicrous. And so it is throughout. Amidst much abuse of the writer of the review, the errors we pointed out are tacitly abandoned, our conclusions admitted to be correct, and the project modified accordingly; but it must still take a very different shape before competent judges will lend it the sanction of their names.

It is idle to assert that 'the Fellahs are perhaps the best 'navvies in the world.' In no part of the world is anything to be seen so barbarous and unskilful as the tools and processes of the Egyptian population, or so brutal as their treatment; and we venture to assert that nowhere is so little work done by such a number of hands, and at such an expense of misery and human life. If these poor wretches are driven into the desert by the present ruler of Egypt to work on this proposed canal, it will be accompanied by a fearful sacrifice of human life. They must perish there in thousands from want of food and of other com-

missariat arrangements which would be nearly impracticable among the most civilised communities, but impossible in a semi-barbarous country like Egypt.

When the report of the International Commission is published we may have further data to judge from; and it may then be worth while for those who are most deeply interested in this project to go again into the engineering question, and ascertain what are really the difficulties or facilities of the undertaking. As the case at present stands, nothing has been produced which at all invalidates the assertion of this Journal—that the construction of a first-rate port at Pelusium is a more difficult engineering operation than has yet been accomplished anywhere; and that the Red Sea is, and must remain, comparatively useless to the commerce of the world, so long as sails continue to be the principal mode of propulsion used to work our argosies across the ocean.

THE
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N^o. CCXII.

- ART. I.—1. *Œuvres de François Arago, Secrétaire Perpétuel de l'Académie des Sciences, &c.* Paris: 1855.
2. *The Autobiography of Francis Arago.* Translated by Rev. Professor POWELL, F. R. S. (*Traveller's Library.*) London: 1855.
3. *Meteorological Essays.* By F. ARAGO. With an Introduction by Baron HUMBOLDT. Translated by Colonel SABINE, V.P.R.S. &c. 8vo. London: 1855.
4. *Popular Astronomy.* By the same. 2 vols. 8vo. Translated by Admiral SMYTH, F. R. S. &c., and R. GRANT, Esq., F. R. A.S. London: 1855.
5. *Biographical Notices.* By the same. Translated by Admiral SMYTH, the Rev. Prof. POWELL, and R. GRANT, Esq., F. R. A.S.
6. *The Life and Miscellaneous Works of the late Thomas Young, M.D., F.R.S.* Edited by GEORGE PEACOCK, D.D., Dean of Ely. London: 1855.

IT appears from these publications that the collected scientific writings of the distinguished foreign philosopher whose name they bear have no sooner been edited in his own country, than they are reproduced in an English translation. This spirited undertaking cannot but be regarded as a favourable indication of the increasing interest taken by our countrymen in scientific subjects: while the names of the writers employed in the translation will be a guarantee to the public, not only for the correctness with which the scientific language of the author is rendered, but also for the soundness of the explanations and illustrations with which this version is occasionally interspersed. Such additions

were not unfrequently required for the correction of misconceptions, and even of misstatements, on the part of the author, whose high scientific reputation cannot exempt him from the charge of partiality in some of his decisions.

The vivid sketch of Arago's earlier life, which we have from his own pen, evinces in a high degree his lively powers of description and narrative, though a tone of rather warm colouring pervades some incidents in his story. But we peruse with higher interest all that relates to his scientific pursuits, commenced from an early age by his own unaided efforts, and successfully followed to the close of his life.

We propose to pass briefly over the former part of these memorials, and then to show at greater length what are the claims of Arago to rank amongst the most eminent men of science of his time.

François Arago was born in the commune of Estagel, in the Eastern Pyrenees, Feb. 26. 1786, of a family of Spanish extraction. He received the rudiments of education in the school of that place, and from the local accident of a frequent passage of troops, he early acquired a strong taste for military service. Passing over some juvenile exploits, we find that when he was about fourteen years old, his family removed to Perpignan. It was here that a permanent direction was given to his pursuits by his intimacy with a young officer of engineers, who represented to him the prospects opened by entering the *École Polytechnique*. He accordingly devoted his energies to the study of mathematics, - reading by himself the works of Lagrange, Laplace, and other writers of the highest class, with such success as soon to gain him admission into the School (1803), and to pursue his studies there with credit.

The *École Polytechnique* is, indeed, brought prominently into notice in nearly all the biographies contained in these volumes, having been the great nursery of the scientific talent of France from the time of its foundation. It is not, therefore, without much interest, of more than a personal kind, that we read in these memoirs some curious details of the modes of instruction in that renowned institution. Thus the opening scene of Arago's preliminary examination is singularly characteristic: —

‘ At last the moment of examination arrived, and I went to Toulouse in company with a candidate who had studied at the public college. It was the first time that pupils from Perpignan had appeared at the contest. My intimidated comrade was completely discomfited. When I repaired after him to the table, the strangest conversation took place between M. Monge (the examiner) and me.

“If you are going to answer like your comrade, it is useless for me to question you.”

“Sir, my comrade knows much more than he has shown; I hope to be more fortunate than he has been; but what you have just said to me might well intimidate me and deprive me of all my powers.”

“Timidity is always the excuse of the ignorant; it is to save you from the shame of a defeat that I make you the proposal of not examining you.”

“I know of no greater shame than that which you now inflict upon me. Will you be so good as to question me? it is your duty.”

“You behave yourself very confidently, sir! We shall see presently whether this be a legitimate pride.”

“Proceed, sir; I am ready.”

M. Monge then put to me a geometrical question, which I answered in such a way as to diminish his prejudices. From this he passed on to a question in algebra, to the resolution of a numerical equation. I had the work of Lagrange at my fingers' ends; I analysed all the known methods, pointing out their advantages and defects: Newton's method, the method of recurring series, the method of depression, the method of continued fractions, — all were passed in review; the answer had lasted an entire hour. Monge, brought over now to feelings of great kindness, said to me, “I could, from this moment, consider the examination at an end. I will, however, for my own pleasure, ask you two more questions. What are the relations of a curved line to the straight line which is a tangent to it?” I looked upon this question as a particular case of the theory of osculations which I had studied in Lagrange's “*Fonctions Analytiques*.” “Finally,” said the examiner to me, “how do you determine the tension of the various cords of which a funicular machine is composed?” I treated this problem according to the method expounded in the “*Mécanique Analytique*.” It is clear that Lagrange had supplied all the resources of my examination.

“I had been two hours and a quarter at the table. M. Monge, going from one extreme to the other, got up, came and embraced me, and solemnly declared that I should occupy the first place on his list. Shall I say it? during the examination of my comrade I had heard the Toulousian candidates uttering not very favourable sarcasms on the pupils from Perpignan; it was principally for the sake of reparation to my native town that M. Monge's behaviour and declaration transported me with joy.” (*Autobiography*, p. 4.)

Without dwelling longer on these scenes, which are characteristic of the spirit not even now extinct in the principal mathematical schools of France, we must pass on to the more immediate history of French Science and of Arago.

While yet in his earlier days at the school, Lagrange observed of him to Humboldt, ‘That young man will go far;’ and his progress fully realised the prediction. His advance seemed

incredibly rapid. He had not been more than a year in the school, when, having entered the artillery, and without renouncing his prospects in that service, he was appointed to the office of Secretary to the Observatory of Paris, a situation the most valuable to a rising young man of science; especially as it directly brought him into immediate intercourse and connexion with the most eminent philosophers.

He was soon officially engaged in active scientific labours; being associated with Biot, first in experiments on the refraction of gases, and subsequently in the extension of the measurement of the arc of the meridian in Spain, which had been interrupted by the death of Mechain. Biot and Arago proceeded to Spain in 1806, and having joined the Spanish commissary Rodriguez, immediately commenced their operations.

The more ordinary work of carrying on the survey in the mountains of Catalonia involved no small amount of exertion, exposure, and privation. To vary the monotonous labours of the theodolite we are presented with several marvellous episodes of adventures with monks, jealous lovers, peasants, prelates, and brigands, which carry us back to the days of *Gil Blas*.

As a specimen take the following short extract:—

‘One day, as a recreation, I thought I could go, with a fellow-countryman, to the fair at Murviedro, the ancient Saguntum, which they told me was very curious. I met in the town the daughter of a Frenchman resident at Valencia, Madlle. B——. All the hotels were crowded; Madlle. B—— invited us to take some refreshments at her grandmother’s; we accepted; but on leaving the house she informed us that our visit had not been to the taste of her betrothed, and that we must be prepared for some sort of attack on his part: we went directly to an armourer’s, bought some pistols, and commenced our return to Valencia.

‘On our way I said to the calezero (driver), a man whom I had employed for a long time, and who was much devoted to me:—

‘“Isidro, I have some reason to believe that we shall be stopped: I warn you of it, so that you may not be surprised at the shots which will be fired from the caleza (vehicle).”

‘Isidro, seated on the shaft, according to the custom of the country, answered:—

‘“Your pistols are completely useless, gentlemen; leave me to act; one cry will be enough; my mule will discombarrass us of two, three, or even four men.”

‘Scarcely one minute had elapsed after the calezero had pronounced these words, when two men presented themselves before the mule and seized her by the nostrils. At the same instant a formidable cry, which will never be effaced from my remembrance,—the cry of *Capitana!*—was uttered by Isidro. The mule reared up

almost vertically, raising up one of the men, came down again, and set off at a rapid gallop. The jolt which the carriage made led us to understand too well what had just occurred. A long silence succeeded this event; it was only interrupted by these words of the calzero, "Do you not think, gentlemen, that my mule is worth more than any pistols?"

'The next day the captain-general, Don Domingo Izquierdo, related to me that a man had been found crushed on the road to Murviedro. I gave him an account of the prowess of Isidro's mule, and no more was said.'

We must add one more anecdote of a yet more singular nature: ---

'The scene with the gun, always present to my mind, seemed to make it clear to me that the Aragonese monk, if actuated by his passions, would have been capable of the most criminal actions. Thus, I had a very disagreeable impression when one Sunday, having come down to hear mass, I met this monk; who, without saying a word, conducted me by a series of dark corridors into a chapel where the daylight penetrated only by a very small window. There I found Father Trivulcio, who prepared himself to say mass for me alone. The young monk served at it. All at once, an instant before the consecration, Father Trivulcio turning towards me, said these exact words: — "We have permission to say mass with white wine; we therefore make use of that which we gather from our own vines; this wine is very good. Ask the prior to let you taste it, when on leaving this you go to breakfast with him. For the rest, you can assure yourself this instant of the truth of what I say to you." And he presented me the goblet to drink from. I resisted strongly, not only because I considered it indecent to give this invitation in the middle of the mass, but because besides, I must own, I conceived the thought for a moment that the monks wished, by poisoning me, to revenge themselves on me for M. Biot having insulted them. I found that I was mistaken, that my suspicions had no foundation; for Father Trivulcio went on with the interrupted mass, drank, and drank largely, of the white wine contained in one of the goblets. Be that as it may, when I had got out of the hands of the two monks, and was able to breathe the pure air of the country, I experienced a lively satisfaction.'

From the time of his being left alone with Rodriquez in Majorca, to connect the Spanish triangulation with the Balearic Isles, a more serious train of misfortunes commenced, in which Arago ran many fearful risks and underwent many hardships. The first commencement of these disasters arose out of the prevailing fear of a French invasion among the inhabitants; whose ignorant alarm converted the blazing signals of the survey into modes of communication with the supposed enemy, and invested Arago with the character of a spy. A narrow escape with his life from the infuriated populace, in

May 1808, was but the prelude to a series of similar dangers and sufferings to which he was exposed on the coast of Spain and in Algiers, between that date and July 1809, when he finally reached France.

During this eventful part of his life, after extricating himself from some of the difficulties and perplexities (not always very clearly explained in the narrative) which detained him in Spain, he set sail for Marseilles; but was driven by contrary winds to a part of the coast of Africa, whence he determined on making his way by land to Algiers. We extract one curious scene which occurred during this journey, amid the multitude of extraordinary adventures which combine to make him the hero of the narrative:—

‘ We made a bargain with a Mahomedan priest, who promised to conduct us to Algiers for the sum of twenty “piastres fortes” and a red mantle. The day was occupied in disguising ourselves well or ill, and we set out the next morning, accompanied by several Moorish sailors belonging to the crew of the ship, after having shown the Mahomedan priest that we had nothing with us worth a sou, so that if we were killed on the road he would inevitably lose all reward.

‘ Another time we laid down in a lurking-place dignified by the fine name of *caravanseray*. In the morning, when the sun rose, cries of “*Roumi! Roumi!*” warned us that we had been discovered. The sailor, Mehemet, he who figured in the scene of the outh at Palamos, entered in a melancholy mood the enclosure where we were together, and made us understand that the cries of “*Roumi!*” vociferated under these circumstances, were equivalent to a sentence of death. “Wait,” said he; “an idea has come into my head of a means of saving you.” Mehemet entered some moments afterwards, told us that his means had succeeded, and invited me to join the Kabyls, who were going to say prayers.

‘ I accordingly went out, and prostrated myself towards the East. I imitated minutely the gestures which I saw made around me, pronouncing the sacred words,—*La elah el Allah! oua Mahammed raoul Allah!* It was the scene of Mamamouchi of the “*Bourgeois Gentilhomme*,” which I had so often seen acted by Dugazon,—with this one difference, that this time it did not make me laugh. I was however ignorant of the consequences it might have brought on me on my arrival at Algiers. After having made the profession of faith before Mahomedans—*There is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet*, if I had been informed against the muphti, I must inevitably have become a Mussulman, and they would not have allowed me to go out of the Regency.

‘ I must not forget to relate by what means Mehemet had saved us from inevitable death. “You have guessed rightly,” said he to the Kabyls; “there are two Christians in the *caravanseray*, but they are Mahomedans at heart, and are going to Algiers to be adopted by

the muphti into our holy religion. You will not doubt this when I tell you that I was myself a slave to some Christians, and that they redeemed me with their money." "In cha Allah!" they exclaimed with one voice. And it was then that the scene took place which I have just described.'

His first reception on his native shore was an inhospitable consignment to strict quarantine in the lazaretto of Marseilles. But the monotony and annoyances of this detention were mitigated by the kind attention of Humboldt, who on this occasion commenced a long-continued friendship by a letter of mixed condolence and congratulation, and also by a visit from Pons, the astronomer of Marseilles. Arago's return home was quickly followed by his election into the Academy of Sciences, which became for the next forty years the seat of the extraordinary power he exercised over science and scientific men in France. The following scene offers a striking picture of the interior of the Imperial court, and illustrates the nature of Napoleon's patronage of science: not, indeed, placing it or its professors in the most dignified point of view:—

'The members of the Institute were always presented to the Emperor after he had confirmed their nominations. On the appointed day, in company with the presidents, with the secretaries of the four classes, and with the academicians who had special publications to offer to the Chief of the State, they assembled in one of the saloons of the Tuileries. When the Emperor returned from mass, he held a kind of review of these savans, these artists, these literary men, in green uniform. I must own that the spectacle which I witnessed on the day of my presentation did not edify me. I even experienced real displeasure in seeing the anxiety evinced by members of the Institute to be themselves noticed.

"You are very young," said Napoleon to me on coming near me; and without waiting for a flattering reply, which it would not have been difficult to find, he added,— "What is your name?" And my neighbour on the right, not leaving me time to answer the certainly simple enough question just addressed to me, hastened to say,—

"His name is Arago."

"What science do you cultivate?"

My neighbour on the left immediately replied,—

"He cultivates astronomy."

"What have you done?"

My neighbour on the right, jealous of my left-hand neighbour for having encroached on his rights at the second question, now hastened to reply, and said,—

"He has just been measuring the arc of the meridian in Spain."

The Emperor, imagining doubtless that he had before him either a dumb or an imbecile man, passed on to another member of the Insti-

tute. This one was not a novice, but a naturalist well known through his beautiful and important discoveries; it was M. Lamarck. The old man presented a book to Napoleon. "What is that?" said the latter; "it is your absurd *metenrology*, in which you rival Matthieu Laensberg. It is this 'annuaire' which dishonours your old age. Do something in Natural History, and I should receive your productions with pleasure. As to this volume, I only take it in consideration of your white hair. Here!" And he passed the book to an aide-de-camp. Poor M. Lamarck, who, at the end of each sharp and insulting sentence of the Emperor, tried in vain to say, 'It is 'a work on Natural History which I present to you,' was weak enough to fall into tears.

'The Emperor immediately afterwards met with a more energetic antagonist in the person of M. Lanjuinais. The latter had advanced, book in hand. Napoleon said to him sneeringly:—"The entire Senate, then, will have to give place to the Institute?" "Sire," replied Lanjuinais, "it is the body of the state to which most time is left for occupying itself with literature." The Emperor, displeased at this answer, at once quitted the civil uniforms, and busied himself among the great epaulettes which filled the room.'

On the death of Lalande, Arago had been nominated to the vacant place in the Bureau des Longitudes as assistant astronomer, and in the same year (1809) he succeeded Monge in the chair of Analytical Geometry in the Ecole Polytechnique. During the following years some of his most important optical researches were made. In 1816 Arago, in company with Gay Lussac, visited England, and formed personal acquaintance with the most eminent men of science. In that year also he and the same friend set on foot that valuable scientific periodical 'the *Annales de Chimie et de Physique*.' In 1818 and the following year he revisited England, in conjunction with Biot, for carrying on the geodesical operations to connect the French with the English arc of the meridian.

The year 1830 formed a remarkable epoch in his life, being marked at once by his election to be Perpetual Secretary to the Academy,—his elevation from the secondary position he had long occupied at the Observatory, to be its head and director,—and, on the breaking out of the Revolution, by his election as a member of the Chamber of Deputies for the Lower Seine. He again visited England in 1834, and attended the meeting of the British Association at Edinburgh, where his appearance and striking eloquence will be remembered by a large number of the friends of science in this country.

It was an unfortunate circumstance in Arago's life that he should latterly have been mixed up with politics, especially as he professed extreme Republican opinions. During the earlier part

of his career as a deputy he seldom spoke in the Chamber unless to urge some measure for the advancement of science or popular instruction, or some object of national utility: among which his advocacy of the construction of Artesian wells, of railways and electric telegraphs, was peculiarly prominent and successful. But there were occasions when the vehemence of his political feelings was more strongly roused: thus more especially in the fatal outbreak of 1848, he seems to have been so far misled by his excited feelings in favour of Republicanism as to have warmly promoted what he believed to be a restoration of popular liberty; and he became a member of the Provisional Government, accepting the office of Minister of War and of the Marine, in which he exerted himself to the utmost to promote the interests of the public service. It seems incredible that a man accustomed to scientific reasoning could have been led into the adoption of such absurd political errors, especially the National Workshops and their accompanying follies, without foreseeing the inevitable result. When, however, the catastrophe of June did at length take place, Arago's courage and firmness were conspicuously displayed in attempts to pacify the exasperated mob; and not until after his ineffectual efforts to appease them had exposed him to the most imminent personal danger, was he persuaded to retire; from that time he never mixed again in affairs of state.

On the change of government in 1851, an oath of obedience to the new constitution was required of all public functionaries. As head of the Bureau des Longitudes he was of course subject to this requisition. But in common with almost all the most eminent men in France, Arago refused to take this oath; but in the letter to the minister, in which he peremptorily tendered his resignation, the striking picture he drew of the condition of the Observatory, the result of his energetic superintendence, and a brief reference to his past services to science, contrasted with his then enfeebled state, was obviously intended as an appeal to the Government against the hardship of enforcing that deprivation which his determined refusal would entail. Copies of this letter, to make the appeal more forcible, were simultaneously inserted in all the journals. The minister referred to the Prince President, and out of consideration to Arago's services and age, a special exemption from the oath, in his case, was decreed; and in consequence he remained undisturbed in the home he had so long occupied to the end of his life. This, however, was, unhappily, no very long period.

In the summer of 1853, his health had become much enfeebled; indeed, as he pointedly observed, it was scarcely to be

expected that the hardships, privations, and labours of his earlier years should not have left deep traces which would manifest themselves in more marked and dangerous consequences with advancing age. He was advised to try the effects of his native air, and, accompanied by his affectionate niece, Madame Laugier, he proceeded to the Eastern Pyrenees; but not deriving the benefit he expected, returned to Paris with little hope of recovery. He sank gradually, and died on the 2nd of October 1853, in the sixty-seventh year of his age.

One of his biographers has observed* :—

‘Arago was endowed with an ardent temperament, which occasionally had the effect of involving him in controversies, tending to detract from the influence so justly due to his high intellectual qualities. These, however, are faults which are more or less inseparable from human nature in its present existence: assuredly when they have been long forgotten, the name of François Arago will still continue to occupy its distinguished place in the annals of science.’

To this characteristic remark we will add that of a distinguished philosopher who enjoyed the advantage of his intimate friendship during a long period of years; and who in the introduction prefixed to his collected works, after giving an enumeration of Arago’s writings, thus concludes his memorial of his friend:—

‘The works of M. Arago have raised him to the rank of the most eminent men of the 19th century. His name will be honoured wherever respect is preserved for services rendered to science, for the feeling of the dignity of man, for independence of thought, and for the love of public liberty. But it was not alone the authority of powerful intellect which gave M. Arago the popularity which he enjoyed: what contributed yet more to render his name honoured, was the conscientious zeal which did not fail him at the approach of death, shown in unceasing efforts to fulfil to the last moment the most minute duties. To render one last homage to him who has just sunk into the tomb, I will subjoin some lines which have already been

* Of the particulars of Arago’s life, besides his own autobiographic sketch of his earlier years, accounts more or less detailed have been given in the *éloge* of him, delivered officially by M. Flourens, who succeeded him as Secretary of the Academy, in a notice by M. De La Rive, in the *Bibliothèque Universelle de Genève* (tom. xxiv. p. 264.), and in a memoir by his friend M. Barral (Paris, 1853), as well as in the brief sketch prefixed to his works by Humboldt. To which we may add that an article in the *North British Review* (Feb. 1854), contains some particulars of his history, communicated from personal knowledge by a distinguished British philosopher who had been his intimate friend.

published elsewhere : — “ That which characterised,” said I, “ this unique man, was not alone the powerful genius which both produces and fertilises, or that rare penetration which knows how to develop new and complicated views as though they had been long ago attained by human intelligence ; it was also the attractive combination of the power and elevation of a character of strong emotion, with affecting sweetness of feeling. I am proud to think that by my tender devotion, and by the constant admiration which I have expressed in all my works, I have been united to him forty-four years, and that sometimes my name will be mentioned in connexion with his great name.”

‘ ALEXANDER HUMOLDT.’

Notwithstanding the high tone of these commendations, we regret to feel the necessity for adding, that Arago’s moral qualities were not altogether marked by the same elevation as his intellectual faculties ; and indeed, in some instances, we fear, even those discussions properly belonging to science were not uninfluenced by unworthy and ungenerous passions. His views of the scientific claims of other philosophers, of the priority of discoveries, and similar questions, were too often dictated by prejudice or partiality, party spirit or national jealousy ; while his personal demeanour towards his contemporaries, and especially his subordinates, was frequently offensive from an arrogant, overbearing spirit, displayed both in the affairs of the Academy of Sciences, and the management of the Observatory, as well as in other cases to which his influence extended, so as to obtain for him the sobriquet of the ‘ Napoleon of Science.’

Having thus far briefly sketched the main events of Arago’s personal history, we shall proceed to give an account of his literary and scientific labours, his written works, and experimental discoveries. Eminent as were his services to science as an astronomer and as a general physicist, yet in neither of those departments were his abilities so conspicuously exercised, or his achievements of such capital importance, as in the field of optical research. He has indeed been taxed with holding the important position of astronomer to the State, and yet doing nothing for astronomy ; and of neglecting the proper province of the philosopher for that of the mere popular lecturer : but these charges sink to the ground on the bare enumeration of his diversified original writings.

It was in connexion with his official duty as a member of the Board of Longitude, that Arago, in 1822, commenced editing the celebrated ‘ *Annuaire* ’ of that Board ; to which, in addition, to the regular contents of an Astronomical Almanac, he almost every year contributed those remarkable articles in which some

scientific topic, chiefly astronomical or meteorological, of special interest at the time, was expounded in a popular manner, with all that union of mathematical clearness and precision, which he so preeminently possessed the talent of infusing into the details of scientific discussion.*

In the capacity of Perpetual Secretary to the Academy of Sciences, the duty devolved upon him of writing and delivering the *éloges* of defunct academicians, a task peculiarly congenial to his taste, and for which his qualifications were remarkably adapted. Uniting a comprehensive knowledge of various branches of science and literature, which enabled him to appreciate the attainments and discoveries of eminent men in all departments, with a singularly happy style of lucid eloquence in expounding and illustrating them, he was equally instructive and attractive, in the brief and animated sketches he gave of the labours and successes, the toils and triumphs, of so many of his immediate predecessors and contemporaries, in the pursuits of abstract science, experimental research, and practical invention. These *éloges* are, in fact, more or less extended biographical memoirs of the individuals honoured with places in the Academy, whether natives or foreigners; combined with outlines of their chief investigations, usually prefaced and elucidated, by such a glance at the existing condition and previous progress of the particular branch of science, as would be necessary to render the account of their labours intelligible.

On his appointment as Director of the Observatory, he lost no time in endeavouring to introduce the improvements which had long been needed to restore its efficiency. Among other objects, by his influence with the government, he procured the grant of 90,000 francs for a large equatorial telescope, which at this moment is, we believe, only just completed; although Arago had in the first instance prepared the building with its revolving dome, and portions of the mounting requisite for an instrument with an object-glass of fourteen inches diameter, at that time the largest attempted, being upwards of twenty feet focal length.

Of his labours connected with subjects properly of an astronomical nature, we can do no more than barely enumerate a few. Some improvements in the micrometer, and measures of

* One excellent specimen of these compositions was long ago brought before English readers, in the translation, by Colonel Gold, of Arago's 'Essay on Comets,' occasioned by the threatened near approach of the comet of 1832, which seems to have caused much alarm in France.

the diameters of the planets, by means of it, gave an increased accuracy to such data. In conjunction with M. Matthieu he instituted researches on the parallax of the star 61 Cygni, which has excited so much interest, as being next to *α Centauri* the nearest of the fixed stars yet known to us. The ordinary standard observations, such as those on the solstices and equinoxes, declinations of stars, and others of the like nature, though carefully carried on, were not of that class which peculiarly attracted the attention of Arago; his choice was rather for those kinds of astronomical research which are more connected with physical and optical considerations. Thus, comparisons of the brightness of the stars, of the luminosity of different parts of the disks of the moon and planets, the polar snows of Mars, the belts of Jupiter and Saturn, the physical structure and constitution of the sun as disclosed by his spots, atmospheric refraction as affecting astronomical observations, irradiation, and variable stars, were among the miscellaneous and varied points to which he particularly attended, and to the elucidation of which he brought, in aid of the measurements of the astronomer, the skilful and ingenious combinations and appliances of the refined physicist.

It was before his elevation to be head of the Observatory that he commenced that long-continued series of public lectures, which, as far as his astronomical celebrity is concerned, will remain perhaps as the greatest testimony to his utility; and, without undervaluing his labours in the more specific department of the Observatory, we may fairly assert that in promoting a more widely extended knowledge of astronomy, for which service he possessed qualifications of the most rare order, he was perhaps doing as much for the advancement of the science, as others in a different way effect by the accumulation of observed results. His 'popular' lectures have since been printed from his own dictation during the last months of his life, by his able and devoted secretary M. Gorjan. The delivery of them, extending from 1812 to 1845, took place in the splendid amphitheatre of the Observatory; and was attended by large audiences composed of all classes of society,—philosophers, ladies, politicians, and operatives. These lectures now form an important portion of his collected works. 'Reading the work,' says Humboldt, 'will re-awaken very delightful, and at the same time very sad recollections amongst those who have had the good fortune to be present during these lectures, of admiring his delivery, equally clear, convincing, and winning.'

Arago, in fact, possessed in a preëminent degree the peculiar talent of bringing down the abstractions of science to a

level with popular apprehension, without sinking into puerile explanations, or that kind of empty and frivolous declamation, which, under a specious exterior of fine words, mystifies the subject, and leaves the hearer without any definite conception at all. It has been stated, apparently on good authority, that his practice was to watch those of his audience who looked the least intelligent, and fixing his eye upon them, to repeat one illustration after another, till he observed them begin to evince some brightening of countenance,—then he saw that he had succeeded in his object. A story is told of an individual who had thus been experimented upon, who calling on him the next day, after expressing admiration of the lecture, thanked him for the attention shown to himself personally, ‘You seemed,’ he said, ‘to lecture only to me.’ Another of his auditors, M. Cormenin, on a different occasion, when in the tribune of the Chamber of Deputies, Arago was pressing some scientific object on the Government, thus graphically describes his manner :—

‘The very moment he enters on his subject, he concentrates on himself the eyes and the attention of all. He takes science as it were between his hands: he strips it of its asperities and its technical forms, and he renders it so clear, that the most ignorant are astonished, as they are charmed at the ease with which they understand its mysteries. There is something perfectly lucid in his demonstrations. His manner is so expressive that light seems to issue from his eyes, from his lips, from his very fingers.’ . . . ‘When he is as it were face to face with science, he looks into its very depths, draws forth its inmost secrets, and displays all its wonders; he invests his admiration of it with the most magnificent language, his expressions become more and more ardent, his style more coloured, and his eloquence is equal to the grandeur of his subject.’

The discoveries made by Arago in *magnetism* are distinguished for the accuracy with which the observations were conducted *: and this was dependent on the method of availing himself of the oscillations of a magnetic needle, which, when disturbed from its position of rest, seeks to regain it with greater rapidity in proportion as the force acting on it is of greater intensity. By this method small differences of effect could be detected, and by the skilful adoption of it, Arago was enabled to establish the general fact that some substances not containing iron exercise an influence on the magnetic needle. If this had been partially pointed out by others, there is no doubt that Arago was the first to follow out the research with accuracy, and certainly the first to detect such power in a number of substances in which it had never before been suspected to exist.

* See *Meteorological Essays* (Transl.), p. 315.

It can hardly be necessary to allude to the more remarkable generalisations on the subject since arrived at by Faraday.

Another discovery followed in the train of these last, the first glimpse of which Arago states himself to have perceived when at the Royal Observatory at Greenwich (1818),—that when a metallic and non-magnetic plate, placed immediately under a needle supported separately above it, is made to rotate rapidly in its own plane, it causes a similar rotation in the needle, all precautions being taken to secure it from the influence of currents, vibrations, &c. Arago afterwards went into an extended mathematical discussion of the analysis of the forces thus in action, and the experimental inquiry was warmly pursued by Messrs. Babbage, Herschel, Barlow, Christie, Nobili, and others both in England and on the Continent.

The year 1820 was signalised by the grand discovery of Ørsted, which has opened so vast and wonderful a new world of scientific truth and practical invention.* All preceding philosophers had been operating in every possible way upon galvanic currents, imagining their close connexion with magnetism and other agents, but always making their attempts with wires from the two ends of the battery presenting two poles, by which doubtless the most striking displays of galvanic power had always hitherto been produced. Ørsted simply united the poles in an unbroken circuit, and the long-attempted problem was solved; the galvanic current immediately acted on the magnetic needle: and the whole series of splendid results dependent on this mode of action was developed.

In this grand scientific movement Arago was one of the first to take a part. Contemporaneously with Seebeck and Davy, but independently of them, he observed the power of the electric current to impart magnetism to iron and steel needles, first suggested by its attraction for iron filings, and found to be most effective when the wire passes round the needle in the multiplied convolutions of a helix. The more full prosecution of this subject was, however, taken out of his hands by his friend and colleague, Ampère, a man of even greater depth and originality than Arago himself.

Arago's diversified researches on terrestrial magnetism, include the discovery of the fact of an hourly variation of inclination and intensity, besides the daily; he pursued meteorology in its various aspects, and especially as his overruling taste always led him, in reference to the *optical* phenomena connected with it; the colour of the sky, photometrical measures of its brightness, and various other similar points.

* See *Meteorological Essays* (Transl.), p. 277.

His experiments in conjunction with Biot on the specific gravity of air; with Duborg on the elasticity of steam up to extremely high pressures, conducted under circumstances of considerable danger; as well as on the pressure of gases as always proportional to their density; on the velocity of sound; on the cold produced by evaporation, and on the quantity of rain which falls at different heights; on several points of terrestrial physics, together with various inquiries on physical geography, — are among a few of the most prominent of the investigations which occupy many elaborate memoirs by Arago both in the volumes of the Academy of Sciences and in the '*Annales de Chimie et de Physique*.'

In this enumeration, however rapid and imperfect, it will probably be allowed that we have already indicated a sufficiently long list of researches to establish claims in science which might well satisfy the ambition of any cultivator of its inviting fields. But we have still to crown the catalogue of his successes, by referring to those which, after all, will probably be always considered as marking out his more peculiar and appropriate field of toil and glory, — *his discoveries in PHYSICAL OPTICS.*

In any review of the life and works of Arago, not to attempt some account, however slight and imperfect of his optical labours, would be to omit the most characteristic feature in the portrait. And he has himself furnished no unimportant aid to such an attempt, by the luminous and popular expositions he has given of the closely allied researches pursued by his predecessors and contemporaries in this field, in his *éloges* of Malus, Fresnel, and Young. In connexion, also, with the mention of the last-named distinguished philosopher we must refer our readers to the copious life and reprint of his miscellaneous works, the former written, and the latter edited, by the able hand of the Dean of Ely, with the aid of Mr. Leitch in the literary and antiquarian departments, — and the more so as, in regard to some points in the researches and history of Dr. Young, this publication affords important elucidations and even corrections of Arago's statements.

Thomas Young, whose fate it was to be the successful rival of the most eminent French discoverers in the distinct walks of optical science and hieroglyphical interpretation, deserves, indeed, more than a passing mention. Born in 1773 of a Quaker family, his education was almost entirely private, yet from his earliest years he evinced the most extraordinary precocity of intellectual powers, exercised almost equally upon every branch of knowledge — in which precise and definite

conclusions were attainable—the only exceptions, apparently, to his omnivorous mental appetite being found in those subjects of metaphysical, æsthetical, and moral speculation where this definite precision is unattainable. Hence in any literary, antiquarian, or scientific researches, whether of minute philological criticism, of mathematical invention, of physical or mechanical discovery, equally with difficult artistic manipulation, down to feats of gymnastics and equitation, his desire to excel and unremitting efforts to attain excellence acquired for him at Cambridge the cognomen of ‘Phenomenon Young.’ Nominally devoted to the medical profession, and carrying it on so far as to follow a limited practice and to deliver lectures at one of the metropolitan hospitals, his private fortune was probably sufficient to render him in a great degree independent of his professional success, which was certainly impaired by the attention he devoted to scientific and literary pursuits. Amid the multitudinous subjects which engrossed his studies there stood conspicuous, the interpretation of the Egyptian hieroglyphics and the investigations of physical optics.

It is on the former subject that Young was immediately brought into competition with the literary and scientific men of France. The rival claims of Champollion raised a controversy in which feelings of national jealousy at the time largely intermingled: in particular, Arago’s biographical notice of Young has been not unjustly charged with partiality and unfairness in reference to this part of his labours, as Dr. Peacock has, we think, fully proved. It is related that Arago himself admitted that he had felt it too great a sacrifice of national vanity to scientific truth to award the palm to an Englishman in two branches of original research; and he therefore defrauded Young of his rightful fame with reference to hieroglyphics, in spite of the personal friendship which subsisted between them. In all that relates to his optical discoveries, however, Arago does him ample justice notwithstanding the rival claims which might have been set up for the independent discovery of the same great principle in France, though later in date. Without, however, going further into personal details, we shall endeavour, in the most brief and familiar way, to describe the nature of these discoveries.

Whatever view be taken of the nature of *light*, it must be confessed to be one of those subjects which in its full extent, seems almost beyond the powers of human comprehension to grasp. The main and primary difficulty which attends all theories of its action, is the apparent impossibility of

completely realising the conception of its propagation through all space, in all directions, at the same instant without interruption or confusion. Whether we conceive molecules or waves, emission of matter, or communication of motion,—particles darted into our eyes, or vibrations communicated to them equally from the most distant stars and the minutest atoms close to us,—the mind in vain attempts to seize the conception of the *modus operandi*, or to imagine by what means such extreme complexity of action, as must occur in the crossings and interminglings of such an infinitude of projections or propagations, can possibly be kept up in incessant action, as it has been from the remotest epochs which geology reveals, up to the present time. Yet the simple and straightforward path of the inductive inquirer leads him, undismayed by any such difficulties, to divest the question of all irrelevant speculations, and to grapple with the palpable phenomena, seeking means to reduce their features to measurement; the measurement to laws; the laws to higher generalisation, and so step by step to advance to causes and theories.

After the establishment of the law of refraction by Snell, (the claim laid to which by Descartes is strenuously supported by Arago *,) and the fundamental discovery of the unequal refrangibility of the primary elements of white light by Newton, the most material advance of the science was the disclosure of the following singular phenomena — the colours of thin films, which Newton attributed to certain modifications of light which he called ‘fits,’ disposing it alternately to be reflected or transmitted: the phenomena of ‘diffraction,’ or the luminous bands fringing the edges, and within the shadows of bodies in a very narrow beam of light, which Newton ascribed to a peculiar ‘inflection’ of the rays, but which Grimaldi traced to the mutual action of the light passing at each side, and maintained the paradox that in this case ‘light added to light produced darkness:’ and the double refraction in Iceland spar, which Huyghens explained by an ethereal medium, in which two sets of waves, propagated one in a spherical, the other in a spheroidal, form, gave respectively the ordinary and the extraordinary refractions. But, in all these instances, the causes assigned had no connexion with one another. There was no common principle; no connexion established between one explanation and another; each stood isolated.

The name of Newton has been often associated with the molecular or emission theory of light: he in fact applied mathe-

* Notice of Fresnel, Œuvres, tom. i. p. 121.

matically the theory of attraction of molecules to explain refraction, and that of mechanical impulse for reflexion; but it is clear from numerous passages in his writings that he never exclusively maintained it as a general theory of light. He expressly put forth the hypothesis of an ethereal medium, which he thought might be the immediate agent in many physical phenomena; and in optics he adopted sometimes the one, sometimes the other idea, just as they seemed best calculated to afford illustration, but without dwelling on either as an established theory.

Thus the subject rested for nearly a century: Euler, indeed, brought forward some apparently formidable arguments against the emission principle: to which controversialists on the other side, with the same plausibility, retorted equally serious objections against the wave hypothesis, as it then existed. But a point ultimately of far greater importance, and of a kind more congenial to Euler's high analytical talent, was the discussion carried on between himself and D'Alembert, of a dynamical analysis of the motion of waves generally, more directly applicable to those constituting *sound*, but on which at a much later period the whole theory of light has been founded.

In more recent times, the subject was revived by the re-examination of double refraction by Haidy in 1788, and still more when in 1802 Dr. Wollaston repeated Huyghens's measures with extreme accuracy and fully confirmed their truth, which had been called in question by Newton: those experiments lent a powerful support to the undulatory view; though, with his habitual caution, Dr. Wollaston would not commit himself to a distinct adoption of it.

On the other hand, Laplace's memoir on double refraction in 1809, founded on the molecular hypothesis, seemed perfectly to explain the phenomena. This paper appears to have exercised a powerful influence in favour of the theory of emission, especially among the *savans* of France, who at that time were disposed to bow with unlimited deference to the authority of Laplace. His memoir, however, was exposed to a very formidable attack from Dr. Young; who entirely disputed the mechanical and mathematical grounds of Laplace's investigation, and at the same time showed that the laws of double refraction could be far more easily and accurately deduced from the *wave* theory, which he had recently established on a new and firmer basis.

The theory of double refraction was confessedly the one point of strength on which the emission theory could rely. When this had been both theoretically and experimentally wrested from its dominion, it could hardly be said to retain any

substantial ground of support, notwithstanding the temporary credit it afterwards attained through the able investigations of Biot; which (we anticipate the order of time to notice) may be called its last struggle for life.

But 'up to this period, though the molecular theory might be discredited, there could hardly be said to exist any complete rival theory to take its place. The vague suggestions of Hooke as to the action of waves, and the more precise conceptions of Huyghens as to the form of the waves propagated within a crystal, were as yet too hypothetical and uncertain to offer anything like a distinct and compact system.

The first great requisite was to suggest anything like a common principle by which the several cases might be connected. And if such a principle were not an arbitrary creation, but a fair consequence of some recognised mode of physical action, supported by analogy with known cases, then indeed, it must be admitted, that some real progress towards a philosophical theory would have been made. Now precisely such a step was taken, in the discovery made by Dr. Young, of the great principle of *interference*: the first idea of this ingenious theory, he has recorded, occurred to him in 1801, but though published within a few years afterwards, it was long undervalued and neglected.*

There is something peculiarly impressive and mysterious in optical experiments. Our academical readers will readily imagine themselves for a moment transported back to the lecture theatres of Walker or Challis, Forbes or Lloyd:—they will well remember the darkened room, the suppressed whispers of expectation, the slightly audible note of preparation, the last ~~funereal~~ closing of the shutter, the seemingly interminable adjustment of the apparatus: when at length a cloud comes over the sun, and all is at an end! Supposing ourselves, however, more fortunate in our weather, let us rejoin Dr. Young; and without dwelling on minor delays, disappointments, or difficulties (of which he had many to encounter) let us come at once to his capital and crucial experiment; an experiment of that rare kind, which by instrumental means of almost absurd simplicity, educates at once, without doubt or possibility of misconception, the most decisive and instructive universal conclusions.

The rays of the sun (previously for convenience brought into a horizontal direction by a mirror outside), were admitted into a dark room through a *pin-hole*. Upon a table just beneath the level ray, were disposed some little moveable card screens which

* See notice of Young, *Cœuvres*, tom. i. p. 241.

could intercept the whole or a part of it. This constituted the whole apparatus. One larger screen was placed at a considerable distance, and was wholly illuminated by the beam of light. Between this and the pin-hole, the others could be shifted to different distances or moved side-ways as occasion required. When any one of them was placed so as to intercept a part of the light by its edge, its shadow on the permanent screen presented the well-known external fringes of Grimaldi and Newton already mentioned. But it was on the internal bands that Young fixed his immediate attention, which when a narrow slip of card was used, ran parallel to the sides, of the same breadth throughout, alternately dark and bright; that which occupied the exact centre being always bright.

Young perceived at once the bearing of this simple fact. The beam of light was to his mind's eye a series of waves propagated onward from the pin-hole. The card acted merely as an obstacle: round its edges sets of waves diverged anew; and by their crossing and mingling with each other in alternate points reinforced or neutralised each other; thus giving a series of dark and bright spaces. Conclusive supplementary experiments proved this to be the true explanation; which was readily extended to the *external* interference of the new waves with the original set at each side. But another labourer in the same field soon after began to enlarge these discoveries.

Of the various biographies contained in these volumes few, perhaps, present a series of incidents better calculated to display the peculiarities of individual character, and the struggles of genius with adverse circumstances, than that of Fresnel; and none, perhaps, in a scientific point of view, are of deeper moment, as developing the stages of the establishment and triumph of a great physical theory at the very crisis and turning point of its progress.

Fresnel was born in 1788, and at school acquired the sobriquet of 'the genius.' His talents for science were developed in that great nursery of mathematical ability the Ecole Polytechnique. But his high powers were almost obscured by an excess of modesty, and the transparent honesty and simplicity of his character did not promote his success in life.

His earlier employments as an engineer in the department of the '*Ponts et Chaussées*,' gave little scope to his scientific abilities; and it was not until 1815, that, having retired in ill health into seclusion, his scientific career can properly be said to have commenced, by the communication of several Papers to the Academy of Sciences. Thus his biographer tells us,—

'The first experimental researches of Fresnel date only from 1815: but from that epoch memoirs succeeded to memoirs, discoveries to discoveries, with a rapidity of which history furnishes few examples. On Dec. 28. 1814, Fresnel wrote from Lyons, "I do not know what they mean by the polarisation of light: beg my uncle, M. Mérimée, to send me some works from which, I can obtain information on "this subject." Eight months had hardly elapsed, when ingenious labours had placed him among the most celebrated physicists of our age. In 1819 he carried off the prize proposed by the Academy on the difficult question of diffraction. In 1823 he became a member of that body by an unanimous vote: a species of success extremely rare, since it presupposes not only merit of the highest order, but also on the part of all the competitors a very frank and explicit confession of inferiority. In 1825 the Royal Society of London admitted our colleague into the number of its associates. Lastly two years later it awarded to him the medal founded by Count Rumford. This homage of one of the most illustrious academics of Europe, this judgment honoured by a rival nation, by the most enlightened fellow-countrymen of Newton, in favour of a physicist, who attached no value to his discoveries except as being subversive of the theory which that powerful genius had supported, seem to me to possess all the characters of a decree which posterity will confirm.'*

To recur to the particular period of Young's discovery of *interference* before alluded to, so much had the war interrupted scientific intercourse between the two countries, or so close was the seclusion in which Fresnel lived, that several years after the experiment we have just described, and in entire ignorance of what Young had done, Fresnel presented to the Academy a memoir on the very same subject, including the establishment of the same views by closely similar experiments, worked out independently and originally; nor were any of his colleagues, at the time, aware of the real state of the case. He, however, extended greatly the analytical details of the theory, and made several important improvements in the mode of conducting the demonstration.

One of the most material of these improvements was this: according to the old theory it was held that the edge of the intercepting body produced the effect by some peculiar action on the rays. To disprove this, Fresnel devised a simple and decisive experiment, in which no material substance whatever was interposed, but two streams of light were made simply to act on each other. Light originating from a single luminous point was divided into two streams by being reflected from two plates

* See notice of Fresnel, Œuvres, tom. i. p. 119. M. Arago omits to state that the Academy had previously rejected Fresnel.

of glass having the slightest imaginable inclination to each other, or transmitted through a plate of glass one of whose surfaces was cut with two faces having the like small inclination; the two streams thus crossed at an extremely acute angle, and at the point of intersection exhibited a distinct and vivid set of dark and bright stripes, by means of an eye-piece having its focus at the intersection. In this case the interference is exhibited in perfect simplicity and independence; and in the full effulgence of the united illuminations of the two lights the alternate intervals are as intensely black as if the rays were shut out by the most impenetrable screen.

Arago, in conjunction with Prony, had been appointed by the Academy to report upon Fresnel's paper. They saw and acknowledged its excellence, notwithstanding the existing powerful prejudice among the French mathematicians in favour of the emission theory. The immediate effect of this was the formation of an intimate friendship between Arago and Fresnel, and a combination to carry on these researches together.

The vehemence and even violence with which opposite opinions on points of science of the most abstract nature, are sometimes maintained, and controversial discussions respecting them carried on, offers one of the most curious subjects of contemplation to the observer of human nature. The state of opinion among the French *savans* was at this time by no means generally favourable to the wave theory. Thus, when the discoveries of Fresnel were prominently brought under the notice of the Academy by Arago, though warmly supported by his illustrious friend Humboldt, and in a more measured tone by Ampère and Fourier, yet the violent opposition of Laplace, combined with that of Poisson and Biot, kept up a strong feeling against the new discoveries. Biot, indeed, engaged in so fierce a controversy with Arago on some points connected with the question, as to lead to an unfortunate and permanent estrangement between these two eminent philosophers, who had for so long a period been not only intimate friends, but associated in so many toils and dangers in their earlier labours, in carrying on the measurement of the arc in Spain. It is gratifying, however, to learn that before Arago's death, this quarrel was fully made up.

The hostility which thus prevailed against the views of Fresnel in the Academy accounts, in some degree, for the otherwise inexplicable neglect which allowed some of the valuable and masterly memoirs which he presented in rapid succession to that body, to remain for years unpublished, and their contents known to the scientific world only through meagre abstracts in

scientific journals. Even at a much later period (in 1823), when he was a candidate for the vacant place of an academicien, the majority was against him. On another opening, however, towards the end of that year, the sense of his real merits overpowered even that formidable hostility; he was elected a member, without opposition, and from this time, probably, may be dated the revival of a better spirit among the men of science in France, and a greater readiness to appreciate the fair claims of a theory now beginning to evince its power of meeting and solving the most formidable difficulties which were successively suggested.

The first reception of Young's investigations in this country was not more flattering; and it must be acknowledged that the manner in which they were discussed at the time in this Journal*, seemed entirely to overthrow the claims of the new theory, and had the effect of materially influencing the reception of Young's researches, even among men of science in this country, predisposed as they were, from the veneration justly entertained for Newton, to adhere to the molecular theory, commonly, though in fact erroneously, associated with his name.

It hardly requires to be added that in both countries alike, after the lapse of a few years, the injustice done to these distinguished philosophers was amply repaired; and perhaps to no individual was this more eminently due than to Arago. He had duly appreciated Young's eminence. But in the particular instance of his claim to priority in the discovery of *interference*, we have a peculiarly interesting anecdote of the circumstances under which Arago was first brought to recognise it, which we must give in his own words: —

‘In the year 1816 I visited England, accompanied by my scientific friend Gay Lussac. Fresnel had then just entered on his career of science in the most brilliant manner, by his memoir on Diffraction. This work, which in our opinion contained a capital experiment, irreconcilable with the Newtonian theory of light, became naturally the first subject of our conversation with Dr. Young. We were surprised at the numerous qualifications which he put upon our commendations of it; when at length he declared that the experiment which we thought so important was to be found published as long ago as 1807, in his lectures on Natural Philosophy. This assertion seemed to us questionable, and a long and minute discussion followed. Mrs. Young was present, but without taking any part in

* Dr. Young's not undignified reply to the criticisms to which he had been exposed, is reprinted in the collection of his works, vol. i. p. 193., and it deserves perusal, — the more so perhaps as when published originally, in the form of a pamphlet, *only one copy was sold.*

the conversation; as we thought, from the fear of being designated by the ridiculous sobriquet of *bas bleu*, which makes English ladies reserved on such subjects in the presence of strangers. Our want of discernment did not strike us until the moment when Mrs. Young, somewhat abruptly quitted the room. We were beginning to apologise to her husband, when we saw her return with a large quarto volume under her arm. It was the first volume of the "*Natural Philosophy*;" she placed it on the table, opened the book, without saying a word, at page 787., and pointed with her finger to a diagram, where the curvilinear course of the diffracted bands, which was the subject of the discussion, is theoretically established.*

The principle of interference is characterised by the high generality of its application. Once recognised, it connected by a common law all the diversified effects hitherto imagined due to an equal diversity of causes; the colours of thin films — the diffracted bands,—the colours of fine dew, and fibres of narrow grooves, of mother-of-pearl, investigated by Young and Brewster, — as afterwards those of gratings and apertures, applied to the object-glass of a telescope, by Fraunhofer; while by another application it was found to obviate the objection which the *rectilinear* course of light opposed to the wave theory: and later instances of bands formed by partial interception of the prismatic spectrum, observed by Brewster, Airy, Powell, and Stokes, and the elaborate calculation of nearly all possible combinations of diffractive phenomena by Schwers, have afforded equally successful proofs of its fertility.

Meanwhile a discovery, made some years previously, was beginning to bear an important relation to these researches, and was destined ultimately to change the whole aspect of this branch of the science. But we may fairly preface the mention of this discovery by a brief reference to the biography of its author; one of the most deeply interesting of Arago's notices.

Etienne-Louis Malus, born in 1775, having passed through the Ecole Polytechnique, and entered the army as an engineer in 1796, was employed in the Egyptian expedition, in which, after a series of arduous labours in his department, and being engaged in the celebrated siege of Jaffa, he was left in that city in charge of those attacked with the plague. The horrors of that well-known visitation were described with fearful truth in his own journal, until he was himself prostrated by the disease, and we read in language which conveys the vivid impression of its truth, the hopeless condition to which he was reduced, and the marvellous tale of his gradual recovery, while all around him were dead

* Biographical Notice of Young, tom. i. p. 292.

or dying. After taking part in some of the subsequent actions of the campaign, and going through a series of adventures graphically depicted in his memoranda, he at length returned to France in 1801, and having been employed in various engineering works, he finally retired to Paris, where from the date of 1807 he devoted himself to scientific and especially to optical pursuits.

In the midst of his toils and privations in Egypt, he had found leisure to compose a memoir on an optical subject, and in 1807 and 1808, he presented others of a more profound character to the Academy of Sciences. But the one point on which his high scientific reputation rests was his grand discovery of the *polarisation of light by reflexion*. The date of this discovery has usually been given as 1810, arising from the circumstance that the Academy in that year awarded a prize, agreeably to their announcement some years earlier, to his essay containing an account of the discovery. But in fact the discovery was communicated to them in December 1808; and soon effected an entire revolution in the branch of physical optics which relates to the properties acquired by light evincing different modifications impressed upon it at the opposite *sides* of a ray.

Such properties had hitherto been recognised only in the instance of the rays transmitted through doubly-refracting crystal, in which these peculiarities had attracted the notice of Newton, who had suggested the analogy of opposite *poles*, like those of an imaginary series of magnetic needles arranged at successive points across the direction of the ray. Each of the two rays into which a doubly-refracting crystal separates light, is so modified as to have these directions at right angles to each other. We will give the account of Malus's discovery in the language of Arago:—

‘Such was the state of our knowledge on this branch of optics, at once so delicate and so peculiar, until one day, at his house in the Rue d’Enfer, Malus set himself to examine, with a double-refracting crystal, the rays of the sun reflected by the panes of glass in the windows of the Luxembourg. Instead of two brilliant images, which he expected to see, he only perceived one, which was the ordinary, or the extraordinary, image, according to the position into which the crystal was turned before his eye. This strange phenomenon struck our friend greatly: he tried to explain it by supposing particular modifications which the solar light might have received in traversing the atmosphere. But night having arrived, he caused the light of a candle to fall on the surface of water at an angle of 36° , and satisfied himself, by making use of a double-refracting crystal, that the light so reflected was polarised, just as if it had been transmitted by a crystal

of Iceland spar. An experiment made with a glass reflector at an angle of 35° gave him the same result. From that moment it was proved that double-refraction was not the sole means of polarising light, or of making it lose the property of dividing itself constantly into two rays in traversing the Iceland spar. Reflexion at the surface of transparent bodies, a phenomenon of constant occurrence, and as old as the world, had the same property, although no man had ever yet had a suspicion of it. Malus did not stop here; he caused simultaneously to fall on a surface of water, the ordinary and the extraordinary ray proceeding from a double-refracting crystal, and remarked that at an inclination of 36° these two rays comported themselves very differently.

‘When the ordinary ray underwent a partial reflexion, the extraordinary ray was not reflected at all: that is to say, traversed the liquid undiminished. If the position of the crystal was such relatively to the plane in which the reflexion took place, that the extraordinary ray was partially reflected, it was then the ordinary ray which was transmitted entire.

‘Thus the phenomena of reflexion became a means of distinguishing from each other, rays polarised in opposite directions. In this evening which followed the fortuitous observation of the sun’s rays reflected from the windows of the Luxembourg, Malus created one of the most remarkable branches of modern optics, and acquired the right which no one has contested to an immortal renown.’*

After mentioning his supplementary researches on partial polarisation, Arago continues the statement with the following equally lucid description of Malus’s further discovery of *polarisation by refraction*.

‘After his first researches, Malus believed that the reflexion from certain substances, whether transparent or opaque, was besides double refraction, the only means of polarising light. At the end of the year 1809, his views on this subject received a great extension. He recognised, in fact, experimentally, that light, after traversing the thickness of a plate of glass, presents, at a certain inclination evident traces of partial polarisation, and that if we form a pile of plates of glass, the ray of ordinary light which traverses them all, on emergence is found completely polarised. He did not fail to remark that the polarisation of the ray, in this case, was the reverse of that which the *reflected* ray would possess under the same circumstances, so that if the *one* were identified with the *ordinary* ray emerging from a doubly-refracting crystal, the *other* would resemble the *extraordinary*.’†

The strongest proof which could be given of the value of these discoveries was evinced in the fact that in the height of the arduous war in which England and France were then en-

* *Memoirs of Malus, Œuvres*, vol. i. p. 142.

† P. 144.

gaged, the Royal Society awarded in 1811 the Rumford medal to Malus for his researches, the decision being notified to him in a letter of the most complimentary character from Dr. T. Young (then the foreign secretary of the Society) enhancing the acknowledgment of Malus's merits by the candid confession that his discovery seemed to subvert Dr. Young's own theory of waves. Such was the impression at first produced by a phenomenon soon after destined to afford the strongest confirmation of that theory. We cannot follow the minute points connected with this capital discovery, many of which continued to engage Malus's attention in conjunction with that of Arago and Fresnel, until his constitution, already broken by the fearful sufferings and toils he had undergone, finally gave way, under the inroads of a consumption which terminated his life towards the close of 1811, at the early age of thirty-six. Fresnel and Arago were thus left to pursue the research with only the aid of correspondence with Young. Fresnel, always in delicate health, still devoted his energies with a singular success and felicity of resources (only to be appreciated by those who profoundly study the mathematical theory) until, sinking under the pressure of disease, he just lingered to receive on his dying bed the valued testimonial of the Royal Society's Rumford medal in 1827.

The various properties of polarised light were soon successively disclosed:—its relation to double refraction; the reverse experiment of applying the reflector or the double-refracting crystal to test or analyse the polarisation; the use of tourmaline for the same purpose; the laws of the variation of intensity of the light at different azimuths of the analyser; and lastly Sir D. Brewster's law, that the maximum polarising effect takes place at the *angle whose tangent is the index of refraction of the substance*.

There is an innate love of the marvellous and mysterious in the human mind, and it seems there is something in the term 'polarisation' in a high degree calculated to command public reverence and awe. In any branch of science the experimentalist, when he meets with any new but obscure phenomenon, has only to look solemn, and pronounce it to be a species of 'polarity,' and the popular voice immediately accords to him the credit of a profound discovery. When the 'Library of Useful Knowledge' came out in numbers, we remember hearing it stated, that of all the scientific tracts, that on 'Polarisation' had by far the largest sale. The many thought there was some occult mystery in it, and that in proportion as it was incomprehensible it must be more deeply

philosophical. Nor was this altogether without foundation in the perplexity and obscurity in which the first announcement of this property seemed to be involved even among philosophers, and in some measure even in the minds of those who discovered and investigated it. And it is by no means one of the least curious circumstances in the history of this theory that it was soon found itself to furnish the solution of those difficulties, which at first seemed so fatal to its admission.

In 1811 Arago published a discovery of an entirely new class of facts connected with polarisation: and doubtless from the same want of communication with the Continent, already referred to in a similar case, it occurred that Sir D. Brewster was at the same time independently working on the same subject, though his results were not published till 1813. These phenomena have been distinguished by the names of *depolarisation*, or, as suggested by Professor J. Forbes, more expressively *dipolarisation*, or more commonly 'polarised tints,' 'polarised rings,'—that is, the succession of tints of colour displayed by plates of various crystals, such as those of mica and selenite, or calcspar cut perpendicular to its axis, when polarised light is transmitted through them and examined by an analyser. Similar phenomena were discovered by Brewster in glass artificially compressed, or in an unannealed condition; and in certain cases of crystals with two axes, where the rings assume peculiar forms, by Sir J. Herschel. These tints were employed by Arago to detect the existence of polarisation in light from various sources, as for instance, in that of the planets and comets, proving it to be *reflected*, and in the diffuse light of the atmosphere dependent on the place of the sun; an idea which Professor Wheatstone has so ingeniously applied to the construction of a polariscopic dial.

● The explanation of these phenomena was not for some time apparent. Young, in 1814, ascribed them generally to interference: but Arago soon noticed that this explanation was incomplete. It remained so until he and Fresnel jointly succeeded in demonstrating a new law, that '*two polarised rays cannot interfere unless polarised in parallel planes.*' This afforded the clue to the polarised tints, though at first sight seeming to have little connexion with them. It directly involved the idea of vibrations *transverse* to the direction of the ray. The two rays into which the light is divided in traversing the plate of crystal have their vibrations at right angles to each other; and therefore cannot interfere. But the application of the analyser resolves each ray into two, one parallel to its own plane, and one perpendicular, which it suppresses. The two which reach the

eye are in the same plane, and thus directly manifest their interference, and produce the periodical colours.

Yet to reconcile the idea of these *transverse* vibrations with the dynamical conditions of a wave was long a serious difficulty in the minds of the philosophers who adopted it. Fresnel would hardly venture to embrace, still less to announce, an idea which he believed so much at variance with dynamical principles.

Dr. Whewell mentions from personal information, that

‘Arago was wont to relate that when he and Fresnel had obtained their joint experimental results, of the non-interference of oppositely polarised pencils, and that when Fresnel had pointed out that transverse vibrations were the only possible translation of this fact into the undulatory theory, he himself protested that he had not the courage to publish such a conception; and accordingly the second part of the memoir was published in Fresnel’s name alone. What renders this more remarkable is, that it occurred when Arago had in his possession the very letter of Young (1818), in which he proposed the same suggestion.’*

We have, however, a familiar though rough illustration in a rope fastened at one end and agitated at the other by the hand, when we can easily cause a series of waves to run along it; but the particles of the rope really retain their original distances from the hand, and merely move up and down in directions *transverse* to its length. In a somewhat similar way the ethereal molecules are, according to this theory, made to vibrate, or, as Fresnel graphically expressed it, to ‘*tremble laterally*.’

The dynamical views of the subject followed out by Fresnel were more systematic than those of Young; yet neither of them were so fully developed as to be free from obscurities and they still involved assumptions which seemed in some degree gratuitous. Nevertheless the idea of transverse vibrations once admitted, its consequences were readily seen to influence the whole conception of the theory of waves. By the application of the theory of transverse vibrations the mysterious agency of polarisation was reduced to the simplest of all mechanical conceptions—a *resolution of rectilinear motion into two components at right angles*. A ray impinging on a plane surface at a certain angle, with its transverse vibrations in all possible planes round the line of its direction, has every one of them resolved into two: one parallel to the surface, the other perpendicular to it; one set are reflected, the other transmitted. The same thing happens in transmitting a ray through a doubly-refracting crystal, each set

* Hist. of Inductive Sciences, vol. ii. p. 418.

forming a separate ray; in passing through a tourmaline, one set is suppressed or absorbed.

Fresnel's investigations have in fact formed the basis of all subsequent mathematical views of the theory. From the general idea of transverse vibrations he advanced to the deduction of formulas of a very comprehensive character, embracing all the laws of polarised light, including Brewster's law of the tangent (before mentioned), which was thus shown to be a consequence from theory, as were several other observed facts which had occasioned considerable perplexity in the first instance.

One other result was the singular anticipation, from a mere interpretation of an algebraical symbol, made by Fresnel, that a ray polarised at half-right angles to the plane of incidence, after two internal reflexions in glass, will emerge with vibrations no longer rectilinear, but performed in circles; if at any other inclination, in ellipses. Experiment confirmed the remarkable prediction: such a ray differs both from common and plane polarised light, and is said to be circularly or elliptically polarised. It was some time after proved to be the same modification which Brewster had found to be imparted to light by reflexion from metals, and had, on a different analogy, called by the same name. This subject of circular and elliptic polarisation, especially in the reflexion of metals, has opened a wide field of research. The polarised rings in such light undergo a curious dislocation in their form, which is fully explained by the formulas of theory, and has been used to detect such polarisation in a variety of cases, especially in some investigations of Mr. Airy. The effect was always supposed due to some peculiarity in *metals*. But Professor Powell found it in the reflexion from some substances *not* metallic,—a fact further generalised by Mr. J. A. Dale in a valuable research (to which, we think, due justice has not been done*), by which he showed the existence of elliptic polarisation, in the reflexion from a number of substances wholly non-metallic but agreeing with metals in having very high refractive powers; this then is the immediate cause of ellipticity, and not metallic character as such, as commonly asserted.

To return:—Arago was the first who observed a yet more remarkable case of polarised tints, presented by plates of quartz, or rock crystal, cut perpendicular to the axis: they were analysed by Biot, up to the essential fact that a series of tints are developed in a certain order, as the analyser is made to revolve, the cause of which is that as the polarised ray traverses

* See British Association Report, 1846, section A.

the crystal its plane of polarisation is continually changing, and this in a different degree for each primary ray. Thus, on emergence the analyser transmits a ray of that colour whose vibrations accord with its position, and consequently different tints as it rotates. The tint will also vary with a different thickness of the plate. This twisting of the plane of polarisation takes place in some specimens of rock crystal towards the *right* hand, in others towards the *left*; and this has been found by Sir J. Herschel to correspond to a like peculiarity in the disposition of the natural facets round the summit of the crystal. The same property was observed by Biot and Seebeck in certain liquids, and even vapours.

The peculiar phenomena exhibited by quartz, in polarised light, above mentioned, were subjected to theoretical inquiry in the first instance by Fresnel, who proved that along the axis the light consists of two circularly polarised portions superimposed; and afterwards by Mr. Airy, who showed that in other directions the two corresponding portions are elliptically polarised, in opposite directions. The theory was still further followed out in connexion with mathematical considerations by Professor Maccullagh. This investigation is perhaps on the whole the most difficult and complex of any which the theory of undulations presents, and can hardly yet be said to have been fully elucidated in all points, especially in its connexion with a dynamical theory. The phenomenon is expressively designated by the term 'rotatory polarisation.' It is this property which has been so marvellously shown by Professor Faraday to be communicated to glass by magnetism.

Another remarkable class of phenomena, first examined by Arago in 1817, were the changes in the colours of thin films in polarised light. Some analogous inquiries were afterwards pursued by Mr. Airy, which have an important bearing on the confirmation of the theory; and some similar experiments were made by Nobili, especially on the beautiful coloured metallic films which he had produced by galvanic deposition. These researches are closely connected with the general question of the reflexion from '*metallic*' surfaces which is still surrounded with difficulties that have exercised the talents of several eminent mathematicians; and in relation to which the late Professor Maccullagh produced some very elaborate and profound researches, of which his deeply lamented premature death prevented the completion. But the subject has been much elucidated and brought into closer relation, to the formulas of Fresnel, by the recent investigations of M. Jamin, and in a different point of view, by those of Professor Stokes.

Two important investigations of Arago, however, remain to be mentioned. At the date of his chief optical researches the spirit of controversy between the undulatory and the molecular theories was still kept up. But at present, though much objection still remains on the minds of some persons to the undulatory theory, it is not associated with the slightest attempt to revive the credit of the molecular; which, like the system of Ptolemy, has died a natural death, sinking under the oppression of the vast and daily increasing complexity of subsidiary hypotheses which were necessary to adapt it to new phenomena. In Arago's writings, however, we trace everywhere an anxiety to seize opportunities of contrasting the rival theories, and to institute experiments for the purpose of testing their relative capabilities to account for phenomena; and these must still be regarded with great interest.

One such investigation referred to the question, whether a difference of the velocity of the incident light would produce any difference in the amount of refraction. Now on the emission theory, there would be less refraction in proportion as the original velocity might be greater. On the undulatory theory, it is remarkable that neither Fresnel nor Arago, in the first instance, seemed altogether prepared to say what the result ought to be. Though from some expressions of Arago*, it would seem as if he considered that the same result ought to occur. The experiment consisted in observing the refraction of the light of a star situated in that part of the heavens towards which the earth was at the time moving, compared with that of one situated at the opposite part, or from which the earth was receding. The velocity of the light being in the one case increased, in the other diminished, by the whole of the earth's velocity, which (as is well known from the fact of aberration) bears a sensible proportion to that of light.

The apparatus was sufficiently delicate to exhibit differences of the most minute amount; and consisted of a prism, attached to the object end of a telescope furnished with a micrometer. The result of numerous observations was, that no difference whatever could be detected in the refraction, in the two cases. This result was afterwards shown to accord with the wave theory, but as Arago observed, it could be reconciled with the molecular view only by inventing the complicated additional hypothesis, that an infinity of rays of all velocities are sent forth by luminous bodies, but only those of a certain velocity are capable of affecting our eyes. This, however, would only be

* See Biographical Notice of Fresnel, tom. i. p. 155.

to add 'cycle and epicycle,' to 'save appearances,' and afforded no real solution.

But somewhat connected with this last experiment was another, also proposed by Arago, and the history of which has a sort of melancholy interest attached to it, as one of those conceptions which the infirmities of his later years compelled him to leave to others to put in execution.

We cannot describe this better or more briefly than in the words of Humboldt:—

'M. Arago had already, as I mentioned above, discovered, in 1818, the remarkable effect produced in the phenomena of interference by a very thin plate, placed in the path of one of the two interfering rays. There is then *displacement of the fringes*, and retardation of the light, which moves more slowly through a denser substance.

'When Mr. Wheatstone had succeeded in his beautiful researches on the velocity of electrical light (1835), in availing himself of his ingenious rotatory apparatus, M. Arago gained a glimpse at once of the possibility of measuring, by angular deviations, and by applying the same principle of rotation, the difference in the velocity of light in liquid and in the air. He gave an account to the Institute, towards the end of 1838, of the experiment which he proposed to make. Aided by an experienced and clever artist, M. Breguet, Junr., he succeeded, after changes in the apparatus, in realising his project. In the course of these attempts M. Breguet had been able, by disencumbering the axis of the weight of the mirror which it supported, to make the axis turn eight thousand times in a second. All was ready in 1850, and the perfected apparatus could be put in action; but the great and sad alteration which the eyesight of M. Arago had experienced almost suddenly, left him no longer the hope of being able to take part in the observations. He says, with a noble simplicity, in a note presented to the Institute, the 29th of April, 1850, "My pretensions must confine themselves to having laid down the problem, and to having indicated (by publishing them), certain means for solving it. I can do no more, in the present state of my sight, than accompany with my good wishes those experimenters who will follow my ideas, and add a new proof in favour of the system of waves, to the proofs which I deduced from a phenomenon of interference, too well known by physicists to be necessary to repeat here." M. Arago was able to see his wishes favourably carried out. Two experimenters, equally distinguished by their talent and by the delicacy of their modes of observation, M. Foucault, to whom we owe the physical demonstration of the rotation of the earth by means of the pendulum, and M. Fizeau, who determined by an ingenious method, the velocity of light in the atmosphere, have succeeded in adding some improvements to the means proposed by M. Arago, to resolve the question, and this on the side subversive of the system of emission. MM. Foucault and Fizeau presented the results of their labours to the Academy of Sciences, the first in May, 1850, the second in September, 1851.' (*Introduction*, p. xi.)

Our remarks thus far have arisen strictly out of the attempt to elucidate the discoveries of Arago. Though we have now arrived at the terminating point of his labours, yet it is by no means here that their influence on the progress of the science will be found to cease;—and it is no more than a strict adherence to what our proposed object demands, to close these remarks (though already, we fear, too extended for the patience of many of our readers), by a few words, as to the general condition and prospects of the theory of Light.

The *dynamical* views of Fresnel were wanting in systematic completeness: this has been supplied, and new generalisations given to the theory in the researches of M. Cauchy (1830), founded on an extension of the original equations of Euler and D'Alembert, giving the complete dynamical exposition of transverse vibrations, and at length leading to the great desideratum, the explanation of *unequal refrangibility*, the want of which had hitherto been the reproach of all theories. These researches were extended and simplified by English mathematicians—Airy, Kelland, Lubbock, Lloyd, O'Brien, Green, Hamilton, Tovey, Challis and Stokes; and the precise application to the question of unequal refrangibility, fully evinced by numerical accordance with a limited range of results of high accuracy obtained by Fraunhofer, was carried on through a wider range of refractive indices determined from his own observations, by Professor Powell, and while the accordance was sufficient for all media except two or three, those few doubtless constituted the most important tests: in those instances the theory remains incomplete. An empirical change in the formula satisfies them; but it is not yet shown whether theory can justify such a change.

The formulas of Fresnel for reflected light are essentially dependent on the angle of *refraction*. Hence when applied to crystals in which there is an extraordinary as well as an ordinary refraction, and still more to those in which both rays are in fact extraordinary rays,—the Biaxial class,—we cannot strictly apply the formulas since there are the two refractions to be taken into account. This difficult and intricate question can hardly be considered as even yet completely investigated, but researches of a very extensive kind have been made towards its solution by the late Professor Maccullagh and by M. Neumann of Königsberg.

We cannot close this rapid enumeration with all its imperfections and omissions, without mentioning the latest and most remarkable optical discovery of the present day. Newton laid it down as a sort of axiom, that 'to the same ray ever belongs 'the same refrangibility.' On the molecular theory, some such

property might be conceived inherent; but why so on the undulatory? Professor Stokes, however, has shown it not to be the fact. Certain media, indeed very many, possess a property of changing the nature of a simple primary ray of light passing into them, by a peculiar superficial action. They abstract some ray from a compound beam, which is found wanting when the residue is analysed; they emit it having a less refrangibility, a greater wave length, and a colour lower in the prismatic scale. This property is termed 'Fluorescence,' being found in fluorspar, canary glass, solution of quinine, &c. Professor Stokes has also pointed out, both theoretically and experimentally, a remarkable change in the direction of polarisation produced by *diffraction*, which leads directly to the settlement of the long-disputed question whether the plane of the vibrations is parallel or perpendicular to that of polarisation, in favour of the latter view.

The phenomena of light have received explanations from theory in a degree by no means proportioned to their simplicity of character or familiarity of occurrence. In fact some of the most abstruse and complex appearances are precisely those most easily explained, while some of the most common and simple are just the cases where the theory is most at fault. Thus the familiar fact of the varied and apparently capricious absorptions of certain rays and portions of the spectrum exercised by all coloured transparent bodies, and especially by certain gases and vapours, notwithstanding the very elaborate investigations of Lloyd, Van Wreede, and Power, can hardly be said to be explained to the satisfaction of all who have inquired into the subject. And, again, the simple occurrence of innumerable dark lines in the prismatic spectrum has remained without even any attempt at theoretical explanation. No candid inquirer would wish to shut his eyes to the difficulties of the theory; nor can we close a sketch of its triumphs without a passing reference to alleged failures and objections.

We have already adverted to the difficulty relative to dispersion. Some objections have been alleged relative to certain cases of diffraction: another has been recently adduced by Professor Potter, from the results of experiment and calculation, by which he maintains that the explanation of the interior secondary bands of colour seen in very bright rainbows cannot be accounted for by interference, as was originally suggested by Young, and since upheld by others. To these, other instances might perhaps be added. Thus, while it is freely admitted that there are many outstanding classes of facts, to which the undulatory explanation has not yet been applied, and some which even still appear at variance with the deduc-

tions from its principles, yet it is eminently worthy of remark that of these points no explanation whatever has been attempted on any other principles. The undulatory theory, defective as it may be, has now no rival. It is not the best but the only theory we have. Not one of its able assailants has maintained, or even imagined, any opposite theory to apply to the same range of subjects. None of the opponents of waves are now advocates of emission. We must now regard as absurd and exploded the party designations of *undulationists* and *emissionists*, or of those neutrals, whom Biot designated as '*Rienists*.' The undulatory doctrine has successfully maintained at least a very extended and daily enlarging empire. There are still some small rebellious districts, but its past successes warrant the expectation that these will sooner or later be reduced to obedience. There are also large regions explored, but not under its dominion: yet these are, at least, not held by hostile powers: they are simply unoccupied tracts, waiting to be taken possession of, and colonised.

ART. II. — 1. *Festus: a Poem.* By PHILIP JAMES BAILEY. Fifth Edition. 1854. •

2. *The Angel World, and other Poems.* By PHILIP JAMES BAILEY. 1850.

3. *The Mystic.* By PHILIP JAMES BAILEY. 1855.

4. *The Roman: a Dramatic Poem.* By SYDNEY YENDYS. 1850.

5. *Balder.* Part the First. By the Author of '*The Roman*.' Second Edition. 1854.

6. *England in Time of War.* By SYDNEY DOBELL, Author of '*Balder*,' &c. 1856.

7. *Sonnets on the War.* By ALEXANDER SMITH and the Author of '*Balder*' and '*The Roman*.' 1855.

8. *Poems.* By ALEXANDER SMITH. Fourth Edition. 1856.

9. *The Music Master, a Love Story; and Two Series of Day and Night Songs.* By WILLIAM ALLINGHAM. 1855.

10. *Poems.* By GEORGE MEREDITH. 1851.

11. *Clytemnestra, The Earl's Return, The Artist, and other Poems.* By OWEN MEREDITH. 1855.

12. *Poems.* By MATTHEW ARNOLD. Second Edition. 1854 and 1855.

13. *Poems.* By the Author of 'Paul Ferroll.' Including a New Edition of IX Poems by V. With former and recent Additions. 1856.
14. *The Ballad of Babe Christabel, with other Lyrical Poems.* By GERALD MASSEY. Fifth Edition. 1855.

POETRY is an infinite subject, and an infinite number of clever things, true and false, have been said about it. 'It is the pleasure of a truth,' says Aristotle; 'It is the pleasure of a lie,' says Bacon. We of course side with Aristotle, who gave the Muse the worthiest praise she has ever received, when he wrote, 'Poetry is more philosophical and more deserving of attention than history, for poetry speaks more of universals, but history of particulars.' Sir Philip Sydney, in his 'Defence of Poesy,' proves further that poetry is more philosophical than philosophy itself, and he does the Muse excellent service in relieving her and Plato from the current supposition that she was excluded from the 'Republic' on any abstract and general grounds of bad citizenship. The scope of poetry is, in fact, 'as broad and general as the casing air:' wherever there is interest properly human, there, too, may be poetry. There are, indeed, many things which seem, not only to be most at home, but absolutely to require to be expressed in prose; though, by the way, prose itself has, or should have, only a lower degree of rhythm. Thus, mere physical interests are best discoursed of in prose. But no sooner are the facts of science regarded in their widest reference to the universe and its source, than they may abandon the swaddling clothes of prose, and assume the singing robes of verse. Whatsoever stands immediately and obviously in relation to universal truth and permanent humanity,—be it action or suffering, thought or emotion, a psychological fact or a phenomenon of nature,—is perceived, by those who are able to appreciate that relation, to have within it a capability of being sung—a tendency, in short, to 'move harmonious numbers.' Thus Milton, concerning the poetic faculties, declares: 'These, wheresoever they be found, are the inspired gift of God, rarely bestowed; and are of power, besides the office of a pulpit, to allay the perturbations of mind, and set the affections to right tune; to celebrate in glorious and lofty hymns, the throne and equipage of God's almightiness; to sing victorious agonies of saints and martyrs. Whatsoever in religion is holy and sublime, in virtue amiable or grave, whatsoever hath passion or admiration, in all the changes of fortune from without, or the wily subtleties and reflexes of man's thought from within,—all these things, with a

‘solid and treatable smoothness, to point out and describe, teaching over the whole book of sanctity and virtue with such delight, that, whereas the paths of honesty appear now rugged, they will then appear to all men both easy and pleasant.’ All the well-established and permanently significant results of intellectual and moral investigation are the poet’s domain; though the paths to these results lie within the realms of prose.

Poetry, so far as it relates to moral and intellectual truth, has the somewhat paradoxical recommendation of having to do mainly with truisms. The central thought about which the characters in each of Shakspeare’s plays group themselves, is some meagre truism of morality; and all the greatest poets seem to have been equally partial to commonplace themes, as well in incident as in moral; for these reasons, among others, that moral truth is usually important in proportion to its triteness; that the poet is doing his noblest work in resuscitating moral truths from the inert condition of truisms and conferring upon them a perennial bloom and power; and that a poem, unlike a novel, ought to contain no element of effect calculated to diminish or fail in its operation after repeated perusals. The poet more than justifies his adoption of truisms and stale legends by his mode of dealing with them: he shows that, in such things, acknowledged and spoken of by all men, there are more and deeper meanings than may be fully expressed or comprehended by any man; ‘some-what,’ as Hooker says, ‘which exceedeth the reach of sense; yea, somewhat above capacity of reason, somewhat divine and heavenly, which, with hidden exultation, reason rather surmisseth than conceiveth.’ The same great writer affirms that ‘goodness doth not move by being, but by being apparent;’ and all the highest poets have faithfully followed this high ministerial vocation of moving the hearts of men to love goodness by making it apparent.

It is difficult to take a lofty view of poetry, or any other art, without considering its relation to Christianity. With the Christian poet religion maintains her right position as the sole, but unobtrusive, source of all excellence and real loveliness, and does not show her unveiled countenance without reason. Art, though of universal appeal, is especially the gospel of the sceptical and ignorant, who, although unable to receive religious truth in its direct statement, may not be unaffected by the same truth shown livingly forth in clouds of glory and darkness, in mysteries of music, and in the various forms of symbolical nature.

Be the theme of the poet magnificent or humble, be it his purpose to justify the ways of God to man, or to publish the

praises of the 'small celandine,' it is certain that, in order to sing, he must first feel. Poetry is truth or fact of properly human import and general intelligibility verbally expressed so as to affect the feelings. This rough definition includes much writing which is not in verse, but none that is not, in some degree, metrical and musical. To this it must be added, that what is poetry to one person or period is not necessarily so to another. In art, people can feel, in any particular direction, only so far as the power and activity of simple perception exceed, for the time being, the power and activity of the conscious understanding in the same direction. Beauty of various kinds, appreciable by totally uneducated persons, may be quite inappreciable, or *unfelt*, by persons accustomed, as whole classes in these days are, to the unceasing exercise of the analytic faculty. But, by a more mature and substantial culture, this faculty, though fully developed, is rendered capable of seasonable repose; and, where this is the case, the beauty, perceived or felt by children and ignorant persons, blossoms anew.

Of the interest which people feel, or profess to feel, in poetry, or any other art, it is melancholy to find how little is artistic and sincere, how much attributable to a vulgar vanity of connoisseurship. To this vanity, infecting classes which a few years ago were comparatively unsophisticated, we must attribute the strange phenomenon of poetic reputation, and even popularity, attaching to a set of writers whose chief characteristics, violence and incongruity, have fixed upon them the appropriate designation of the 'spasmodic school,' and whose verses do little else than incessantly contradict the right definition of poetry, and, indeed, every other definition which asserts any relation of poetry to the realities of nature and of sane humanity. To certain merits, which it would be unjust to deny to the leaders of this school, Mr. Bailey, Mr. Alexander Smith, and the gentleman calling himself by the singular inversion of Sydney Yendys, but whose name now appears to be Sydney Dobell, we shall presently do justice; in the mean time, we will take a hasty glance at the most prominent general features of the school which, in spite of certain rough blows already dealt against it, still appears to number disciples and admirers.

In the opinion of these writers, a poet is nothing if not *striking*. Accordingly every line they put forth is, or at least is intended to be, a fine thing, though some of the dramas of this school are twenty thousand lines long. The consequence is, that the 'poems' of these writers are, to what we and the world hitherto have regarded as true poems, pretty much what 'christmas trees' are to 'forest trees. Sugar-plums, quick-

silvered globes, oranges, gimcracks, and lighted candles are not more incongruous ornaments to the stunted fir tree which they decorate for the nonce at a Christmas party than the tinsel thoughts and images which illustrate the subjects chosen by these poets. Probably nothing will convince these writers of their mistake; but for the sake of their readers, who may not be beyond the reach of remonstrance, we submit that there is an indefinable congruity and propriety in the most far-fetched imagery of true poetic feeling which nothing but true feeling can produce. The imagery in true poetry is always felt to be simply illustrative, and never attracts attention on its own account. If we call an image or a thought in a genuine poem 'striking,' the chances are that we have discovered it to be so only after having voluntarily regarded it in isolation from its context. In the whole of Shakspeare's plays we shall scarcely find one 'striking thing' in the sense in which almost all our living verse-writers aspire to be sayers of such things. The contrary notion, which widely prevails, is mainly owing to the evil influence of a remarkable school of critics who, in the early years of this century, made it their chief delight to dwell with altogether disproportionate emphasis of praise upon the mere niceties of verbal expression in our ancient poets. The unearthing of that great sayor of 'fine things,' Fletcher, and the immoderate praise bestowed upon him and other members of the early 'spasmodic school' of English dramatists, we are disposed to regard as having been great misfortunes for modern English poetry. The ultimate result is now seen, on the one hand, in such criticisms as those of Mr. George Gilfillan, and, on the other, in such poems as 'Festus,' and 'A Life-Drama.' In all such writings we find literally nothing but an aimless and incoherent succession of 'striking things,' many bad, some good, but all elaborately and by malice propense 'striking.' Hence, to a reader of old-fashioned mental habits, one who has been accustomed to expect and require purpose, unity, and vital sequence in all kinds of intellectual products, and, in return, to give habitually that attention which such qualities demand for their appreciation, the writings in question are absolutely unreadable. The current of meaning or emotion, if meaning and emotion can be predicated of such productions, is never the same for ten lines or three sentences together; and the conscientious endeavour to follow the general action or idea, and at the same time to attend to all the collateral incoherences, is, without exaggeration, the most distressing operation to which we have ever been under the necessity of submitting our understanding.

We do not deny that the writers, of whom these complaints are made, have the faculty of occasionally expressing an image or a thought in what might be regarded as a picturesque manner, were such expressions found in the verses of a different order of poets; but as a wise sentence is despised in the mouth of a fool, so a beautiful phrase has little force when its intellectual origin is discredited by the context of tawdriness, bombast, and imbecility. Such accompaniments impair the tone of mind which is the condition of the reception of pleasing impressions; we naturally conclude that the poetic phrase has been either stolen or struck off by chance; and thus we miss that sense of relation to a source of living reality and humanity which is at the foundation of all feeling of beauty, poetic or otherwise, and we are rather shocked than delighted with the additional incongruity of a sentence here and there which, to quote a good line of Mr. Alexander Smith's, shines 'like a great diamond on a 'threadbare robe.' Our surprise at the occurrence of such passages becomes almost as small as our admiration when we reflect that to make an occasional hit of this kind is commonly the great end and occupation of the author's life. A better poet than these gentlemen can ever hope to become might no doubt, if he chose to sacrifice all higher considerations to superficial glare, make every line or stanza separately a work of independently 'striking' beauty or power. Indeed, in some of Mr. Tennyson's early poems, this experiment has been made. The 'Palace of Art,' for instance, is one string of 'fine things,' each of which may stand alone without loss, or rather with very much advantage; for their unflagging succession constitutes one of the least readable of Mr. Tennyson's poems. How refreshing in comparison is the other extreme of puritanical simplicity in the same poet's idyl called 'Dora,' in which we have a really fine poem with scarcely a quotable 'fine thing' in it! Mr. Matthew Arnold's Preface affords a passage so much to our purpose on this subject that we must extract it.

'We can hardly at the present day understand what Menander meant when he told a man who inquired as to the progress of his comedy that he had finished it, not having yet written a single line, because he had constructed the action of it in his mind. A modern critic would have assured him that the merit of his piece depended on the brilliant things which arose under his pen as he went along. We have poems which seem to exist merely for the sake of single lines and passages, not for the sake of producing any total impression. We have critics who seem to direct their attention merely to detached expressions, to the language about the action, not to the action itself. I verily think that the majority of them do not in their hearts believe that there is such a thing as a total impression to be derived from a

poem at all, or to be demanded from a poet; they think the term a commonplace of metaphysical criticism. They will permit the poet to select any action he pleases, and to suffer that action to go as it will, provided he gratifies them with occasional bursts of fine writing, and with a shower of isolated thoughts and images.'

Another characteristic, common to the writers we are describing, is an eager and feverish craving for poetic reputation, far different from the calm confidence, often boldly expressed by great poets, in ultimate fame. We ask particular attention to this quality, because it seems to us to constitute the very spring, the pseudo-Picrian, from which these writers draw whatever force they appear to have.

'O, fame, fame, fame, next grandest word to God!'

Foolishly and impiously exclaims one of the school; and for this he and his order prefer to pluck bright honour from the moon by the publication of verses seemingly written under her culminating influence. In accordance with this view of the false inspiration of the writers in question, we find that the works produced under the first fury for fame are commonly their best. They mistake the deluding and transitory popularity which rewards unusual extravagance and self-assertion for the first instalment of true fame; their motive for doing their best is at an end; and in no subsequent attempt can they equal themselves.

But the most remarkable quality common to these writers is their surprising lack of acquaintance with all that is the true poet's chief material, namely, the ordinary realities of human nature. We have the latest geological, astronomical, chemical, and botanical discoveries; the newest applications of steam and electricity; the very last imported curiosities of social and religious heresy, put under contributions for the development and illustration of—nothing! We seek in vain among these elaborate and pretentious glosses and commentaries for the simple text of humanity. It is all 'words, words, words!' The men and women are the meagre and ghastly offspring of a debilitating egotism. What Mr. Ruskin, in his last publication, says of the false 'high art' painters, is exactly true of such poets. 'They mistake their vanity for inspiration, their ambition for greatness of soul, and take pleasure in what they call "the ideal" merely because they have neither humility nor capacity enough to comprehend the real.' Fine poems, like fine manners, so far from contradicting common sense, as the vulgar often think, carry out its dictates with extraordinary minuteness and perfection; and, at the very least, we expect that persons pretending to the august rank of poets should write things which

persons of average good sense and feeling might acknowledge without discredit. 'A palace,' Coleridge said, 'should at least be a house;' and a poet should at least be a sensible man. But how strangely is this primary necessity overlooked in our days, as well by poets as their readers. They give us the paper-hangings of fancy, the chandeliers of imagination, and the 'stucco' of poetic diction; but where are the bricks of common-sense, the rafters of reflection, and the corner and key-stones of morality, that should constitute the solid structure of which all this magnificence is properly nothing but the appendage?

As we might expect, the vastness of the aim professed in each of the works of such writers is commonly in direct proportion to the incapacity of the author, who generally sets out with the intention of writing, not only a great poem, but the great poem of this age, and of all ages past and to come. The 'place' of their dramas—for they all write dramas—is usually space; the 'time,' eternity; the 'dramatis personæ,' the hierarchies of heaven and hell, a certain number of 'walking gentlemen' of the intermediate mortal rank, and 'the coming poet,' who combines the characteristics and prerogatives of all three, and for the original of whom we have seldom far to seek. From these elements the 'problem of life,' whatever that may mean with these persons, all of whom seem to be deeply concerned in its elucidation, is to be evolved. Their heroes have a supreme disregard for every kind of moral or social 'conventionality' and a manifest contempt for all action or purpose in life, but that of making poems and long speeches about themselves and the sublime and beautiful. They have always the misfortune—the worst that can happen to men or poets—of having no profession but that of contemplating stars and primroses, despising their fellow creatures or patronising them with a still more contemptuous philanthropy, and making love in a condescending style to young ladies of the 'sumptuous' type. These writers invariably take occasion, in the course of their 'Life,' 'Death,' or other 'Drama,' to print their arrears of unpublished lyrics without the slightest pretence of congruity. The chief of these lyrics is usually one in 'Lockesley Hall' metre, the prevailing thought—to express it in the characteristic language of one of the school—being,—

'Lo, this gorgeous day goes queenlike with the treasures of all time,
And her men and women dangle on the verge of the sublime.'

How explain the fact that, in some instances, the sale of the works of these writers rivals that of the publications of the Poet Laureate, and that, for the most part, they have been

welcomed by the minor critics with respect, and sometimes with enthusiasm? We admit our inability to account for this singular caprice of the public taste, for it seems that, although very little good poetry is written in these days, a great deal of indifferent poetry is bought; we feel bound, however, for our own justification, to note such approximate reasons as occur to us. The temporary popularity of these poems among persons of some culture and understanding, seems partly explicable when we discover that these writings contain innumerable good things from the great and comparatively unread poets, diluted, disjointed, and vulgarised so as to enable them to strike a common order of apprehension. In all but one or two exceptions these works are tissues of gross, though perhaps unconscious plagiarism. For one person who is capable of appreciating a well-sustained poetic flight there are a hundred who can derive a certain amount of pleasure from a good image or a well-turned line, when its effect is emphasized by isolation. Hence separate bright thoughts and images, which, in a great writer, make less popular effect, because they are the appropriate and subordinate parts of a whole, are received with enthusiastic admiration when they glitter one by one among the decorations of Mr. Smith's or Mr. Bailey's christmas tree. Writers like Mr. Henry Taylor and Mr. Aubrey De Vere, who excelled in the opposite, but far nobler and more truly poetic extreme of depending somewhat too exclusively upon the higher qualities of our nature, are scarcely regarded as poets by the partisans of the new school; nor can we feel surprise at this when we consider the almost savage repugnance to, and incapacity for, *attention*, which appear to be increasingly characteristic of the popular mind in our day. It not only requires no attention to enable a reader to receive whatever poetic delectation there may be in most of our modern poets; but a dormant condition of that faculty is one of the prime conditions of receiving pleasure from their writings. Fortunately for the popularity of many modern writers, in prose as well as verse, the intellects of most modern readers move, as it were, in 'snow-shoes,' which enable them to traverse an unsubstantial surface without sinking into the depths of mud which obstruct at every step the advance of a thoughtful reader. Wherever, as is sometimes the case even with Mr. Tennyson and Mr. Browning, the meaning is hidden by the hardness of the expression, the reader is carried along by the play of verse, and he may console himself for having missed what will hardly repay the effort of extracting it from such a knot of words.

But, after all, the vanity of connoisseurship, as we have

already said, is the chief clue to the solution of the present riddle. There is a tradition,—extremely well-founded,—that when, from time to time, great poets have appeared, it has commonly been their fate to be for a long while overlooked and neglected by all but the finest intellects of their day; the latest instance, and one of the most notorious, being John Keats. A quarter of a century has sufficed, not to make Keats a popular poet, but to make his name and style well known to that large and ever increasing class of persons who pique themselves on the possession of literary taste. Now the appearance of any writer whose verses very closely resemble those of Keats seems, we suppose, to these persons to be a good opportunity of proving themselves to be among the select minds of the time, who know a poet when they see him. In this conclusion, however, there lurks a fallacy: the fact of the verses of such a writer being very much like the verses of Keats constitutes the greatest possible *difference* between that writer and Keats, who wrote verses quite unlike any one who ever lived before him,—the ability to do so having constituted at once his claims to be regarded as a true poet, and the cause of his neglect.

The parade, invariably made by these poets, of a lofty metaphysical purpose, and their abundant employment, at third or fourth hand, of a German religio-philosophic slang, are also strong recommendations to a large number of readers, who (perhaps justly) despise whatever they can understand.

In entering now upon particulars, we must premise that the foregoing censures, though characterising the class of writers in question with general truth, would, if taken without qualification, express a condemnation more absolute than is merited by any one of the more conspicuous members of that class.

The author of 'The Roman' and 'Balder' has unmistakeable claims to whatever respect may be due to genuine poetic power wasted in the wielding of it. In 'The Roman,' his first work, there are many hundreds of lines of true eloquence bordering very nearly upon true poetry, and reminding us strongly of the best of the French dramatists of the classical era. The following passages are selected from many others not inferior to them; and although they are somewhat laboured and obscure, with here and there a puerile conceit, they are not without the force of true poetic diction.

The Coliseum in Ruins.

'When conquering suns
Triumph'd in jubilant earth, it stood out dark
With thoughts of ages; like some haughty captive

Upon his death-bed in a Christian land,
 And lying, through the chant of psalm and creed,
 Unshriven and stern, with peace upon his brow,
 And on his lips strange gods.'

The Plains of Italy.

'Rude heaps, that had been cities, clad the ground
 With history; and far and near, where grass
 Was greenest, and the unconscious goat browsed free,
 The teeming soil was sown with desolations,
 As though Time, striding o'er the field he reap'd,
 Warm'd with the spoil, rich droppings for the gleaners
 Threw round his harvest-way. Frieze, pedestal,
 Pillars that bore through years the weight of glory
 And take their rest. Tombs, arches, monuments,
 Vainly set up to save a name, as though
 The eternal served the perishable; urns
 Which winds had emptied of their dust, but left
 Full of their immortality.'

Truth.

'Truth, partial to her sex, made woman free
 Even of her inmost cell; but man walks round
 The outer courts, and by the auspices
 And divinations of the augur Reason,
 Knows her chaste will, her voice and habit better,
 With a sure science, more abstract and pure,
 Than she who runs by instinct to her knee.'

Some of the lyrics in 'The Roman,' though entirely out of place, are poems of true merit, expressing as they do, lively feeling in what almost always accompanies lively feeling, — when the mechanical practice of verse has been acquired, — rhythm of sweet and novel movement. This drama, indeed, though full of constructive faults and greatly wanting in human verisimilitude, is not worse in these respects than nearly all dramas of a very modern date, and the sustained eloquence of much of the writing takes it out of the category of the 'spasmodic school.' It is in 'Balder' that Mr. Sydney Dobell puts forth his claim to rank with the first in that unhappy clique; and, strange to say, it is also in 'Balder' that he proves himself to be, not only a rhetorician in verse, but by nature a poet; witness the following short passages, which might do credit to any poet living:—

The Past.

'I have linger'd by the Past,
 As by a death-bed, with unwonted love,
 And such forgiveness as we bring to those
 Who can offend no more.'

His Mistress.

'My first love and my last, so far, so near,
 So strong, so weak, so comprehensible
 In these encircling arms, so undescribed
 In any thought that shapes thee; so divine,
 So softly human, that to either stretch
 Extreme and farthest tether of desire,
 It finds thee still.'

Ghosts.

'Doubtless there are no ghosts;
 Yet somehow it is better not to move,
 Lest cold hands seize upon us from behind.'

Charity.

'The secret that doth make a flower a flower,
 So frames it that to bloom is to be sweet,
 And to receive to give.
 No soil so sterile, and no living lot
 So poor but it hath somewhat still to spare
 In bounteous odours. Charitable they
 Who, be their having more or less, so have
 'That less is more than need, and more is less
 'Than the great heart's goodwill.'

Dante.

'Who wove his web
 And thrust it into hell, and drew it forth
 Immortal, having burned all that could burn,
 And leaving only what shall still be found
 Untouch'd, nor with the smell of fire upon it,
 Under the final ashes of the world.'

Our readers will thank us for having culled these specimen flowers from the interminable prairie in which we have discovered them—not without difficulty; for although they grow thickly, it is scarcely until they are relieved from their untruthful and intolerably wearisome context, that they affect us with their unquestionable poetic force. We must further credit this writer for a high and just appreciation of feminine loveliness. In this he stands quite alone in the class of which he is a member; and it is with sincere delight that we turn from the degrading materialism of most modern descriptions of poetic heroines to anything so much like the antique chastity and honour as the following fragments of a picture much too elaborate to be given in full:—

'Thus she who came unknown
 Into the stranger crowd with modest step

And eyes that rather would be ruled than rule,
 Having no need of praise, nor hope of fame,
 Nor conscious of dominion, did subdue
 Its chaos to her nature, being divine;
 And, merely present, could no less than stir
 The dull and grosser essence to revolve
 About her, as by instinct, and hid force
 Of that well-ordered universe whereof
 Its matter was a part. Herself informed
 The jarring elements, till, as her sway
 No outer sign enforced, no shows of power,
 Nor but a golden sweet necessity
 Sovereign, unseen, the subject heart gave like
 Confession. Not as they confess a queen
 With sudden shout, but as two friends regard
 A rising star, and speak not of it while
 It fills their gaze. The loud debate grew low,
 What was unseemly chasten'd, and the fear
 Of beauty waking her moralities
 Sent through the adjusted limbs the long-forgot
 Ambition to be fair. Nor sex, nor rank,
 Nor age, nor chang'd condition, did absolve
 Her rule, which whatsoever was remote
 From sin the more saluted.
 She was much like the moon
 Seen in the daytime, that by day receives
 Like joy with us, but when our night is dark,
 Lit by the changeless sun we cannot see,
 Shineth no less. And she was like the moon,
 Because the beams that brighten'd her passed o'er
 Our dark heads, and we knew them not for light
 Till they came back from her's; and she was like
 The moon, that whatsoe'er appeared her wano
 Or crescent was no loss or gain to her,
 But in the changed beholder.'

That the man who is capable of writing verses so good as these, should also be capable of anything upon the whole so bad as 'Balder,' and 'England in Time of War,' is to us a mystery.

Mr. Alexander Smith's 'Life Drama,' though it abounds with remarkable verbal beauties, surpasses everything we have met with in its display of ignorance of that kind of reality which it is a poet's first duty to seize. Its views of human nature and society are literally such as Gaspar Hauser—the man who had been shut up in a hole in the earth from his first infancy—might have been expected to depict, had aspirations for fame induced him to set about the execution of a 'Life Drama' before his eyes were become well used to the light of day. The hero, Walter, a great poet of course, though

as yet only in intention, is discovered at midnight in an antique room. He reads aloud certain crack lines of Mr. Smith's poetry, but, a better judge than their real author, tears them into fragments as unworthy of publication. He invokes fame in that remarkable apostrophe which we will not give our readers the pain of perusing a second time; and immediately after spares our breath by dubbing himself 'poor fool.' Soon after, the would-be famous minstrel falls asleep in a forest. In singular keeping with what is obviously intended to be the thoroughly modern costume of the poem, a young lady, rushing by with a fawn, sees him 'thick in the light of his own beauty,' 'like 'young Apollo in his golden curls.' She declares in soliloquy her admiration of his 'dainty cheeks and ringlets like a girl,' and innocently confesses that 'his slumber-parted lips 'twere 'sweet to kiss.' The young fellow wakes up, and entering forthwith into confidential talk, expatiates to the strange lady on the all-absorbing plan of a great poem; the lady declares that the scheme 'is wide and daring as a comet's spoom;' and, after appointing another solitary meeting, rushes on her way with her fawn, which comes in for the sake of the picturesque, like St. Peter for that of the metre. The second meeting arrives, and the pair wander by the side of a river. Walter veils his declaration of passion in a tale, not apprehending, we suppose, in the charming modesty of youth, that the young lady's conduct has been of a nature to render all disguise of his feelings superfluous. The tale shows how a certain damsel, whose blood had coursed through the veins of a hundred earls, —the family honours dating, therefore, from about the time of King Cambyzes,—cast herself back on her couch in an extremely 'sumptuous' manner, and, having summoned her black-moor page to her side, talks to him of love; telling him, among other things, how her cousin had taken the orthodox poetical mode of declaring his affections by reciting a long tale, which she repeats, and which had nothing in common with the said cousin's condition except that its hero was in love; how she had refused him; how her heart was as yet untouched, but ready to dote on him that should 'leap into it' with sufficient audacity; the story says further how the lady on the couch asks the page if he thinks her fair; how the little blackamoor, or 'cub o' the 'sun,' as Mr. Smith calls him, owned that he loved the daughter of the hundred earls as she lay 'carelessly displayed' before him; how he was turned out of the room in consequence; how he was no sooner gone than she expressed her real willingness to grant his utmost wishes, and 'pasture him on her lips until 'his beard was grown.' Whether she ultimately did so is only

to be presumed, for Walter break off his story, and pays the lady of the fawn the compliment of identifying her with the heroine and himself with the 'cub o' the sun,' although, as in the case of the tale within the tale, we are unable to comprehend the slightest parallelism between the illustration and the position illustrated. After a little more equally pertinent discourse, listened to without reproof by the lady, the poet somewhat abruptly, but certainly not without ample encouragement, declares it to be his intention forthwith to 'taste the bliss' of his companion's lips; but the lady draws back, and informs him for the first time that in a few days she will be the bride of another. The plighted bride, who seems to represent tempted, and suffering, but triumphant virtue, tears herself away, exclaiming, 'Walter, I am thine!' and promising to die shortly and to pass into daisies, which should wave recognition at his approach. Walter is much soured at this unlooked-for slip between the cup and the lip, and passes some time in despair and yearnings for a great poetic reputation. We then find our poet making one of a party at 'a manor.' The party consists of a Mr. Wilmott, his daughter Violet, and several young men. Miss Wilmott, who is represented as a person of good position and great personal charms, and who, it seems, is accustomed to make one at roystering bachelors' parties, is impatient at a pause in the conversation, and proposes a song. The young men sing a number of songs in praise of 'wine and women,' but these lyrics are too Anacreontic for extract in our pages. Walter, who is struck with the young lady's charms, repeats the stock artifice of telling an entirely *mal-à-propos* story of a poet who was in love, and Miss Wilmott, at its conclusion, inquires with charming *naïveté*,

'How look'd this youth?

Did he in voice or mien resemble you?

Was he about your age, wore he such curls?

Such eyes of dark sea-blue?'

Upon this hint, we suppose, he spake, for soon after we find the young lady reposing by the side of the poet, on her father's lawn, and bestowing, unsolicited, the favour of a kiss. All this, and what follows, as forcibly indicated by the simple exclamation 'Walter!' which closes the scene, may be very natural, for aught we know, under certain social conditions; but we altogether deny that the poet's desperate and enduring remorse consequent upon this little accident, has a shadow of meaning or verisimilitude. It seems, however, that this 'experience' has at last rendered him capable of a great poem. It is accordingly written and published, and, to use the expressive phrase of his friend

Edward, 'that was a hit!' Walter's poem, by the way, with such experience and culture as his seem to have been, and 'each 'word sincere as blood drops from the heart,' must have remarkably resembled the 'Life Drama.' At the end of the play, it appears to have occurred to the poet that his remorseful feelings, which have now endured for some years, and have answered their literary purpose, might as well be allayed by a legitimate union with the debauched and deserted Violet, and the curtain falls with the hero's intimation that more 'great songs' are to be expected from him, now that he has completed his moral and intellectual education.

We assure our readers that this analysis of Mr. Smith's poem is a great effort of our indulgence, and that nothing but the unabridged work could convey a competent notion of its absolute lack of truth, actual or imaginative. Here and there, nevertheless, amidst this surprising display of ignorance of humanity,—an ignorance much too profound to be attributed to anything but a natural defect of feeling, and the power of observation which feeling gives,—we are startled by a true thought, as

'He had no heart to grasp the fleeting hour,
Which, like a thief, steals by with silent foot,
In his closed hand the jewel of a life.'

Or by a piquant touch of description, as—

'I saw a misery perch'd
I' the melancholy corners of his mouth,
Like griffins on each side my father's gates!'

Or by a brilliant phrase, as—

'My drooping sails
Flap idly 'gainst the mast of mine intent,
I rot upon the waters when my prow
Should grate the golden isles.'

Perhaps the best passage of the same extent in this poem, is the following,—

'The lark is singing in the blinding sky,
Hedges are white with May. The bridegroom sea
Is toying with the shore, his wedded bride,
And, in the fulness of his marriage joy,
He decorates her tawny brow with shells,
Retires a space, to see how fair she looks,
Then, proud, runs up to kiss her. All is fair!
All glad from grass to sun! Yet more I love
Than this, the shrinking day that sometimes comes
In winter's front, so fair 'mong its dark peers,
It seems a straggler from the files of June,'

Which in its wanderings had lost its wits
 And half its beauty; and, when it returned,
 Finding its old companions gone away,
 It join'd November's troop, then marching past;
 And so the frail thing comes and greets the world
 With a thin crazy smile, then bursts in tears,
 And all the while it holds within its hands
 A few half-wither'd flowers.'

There is in this and other passages a certain largeness of handling, and a command of words, which distinguish Mr. Smith from the older and more hopelessly 'spasmodic' poets; but these qualifications are impaired by the extraordinary incapacity he displays for regarding steadily, and recording sincerely, any scene, thought, or emotion which requires more than two or three lines for its expression. In this extract, for example, which is of much more than Mr. Smith's average precision, we find several glaring inaccuracies,—in a matter, too, of merely external nature, where accuracy is comparatively easy. The lark and the hedges white with May are in the worst possible keeping with the sea-shore, where the verses are supposed to be said; and the pretty lines about the sea do not in any way assist the description of a peculiarly fine summer's day, to which the remaining portion of the passage is intended to be an antithesis. The second half of the passage, like many other morsels in this poem, has a musical movement which would be remarkable had we not heard every inflexion of it in Shakspeare; and although the humour of the poet is expressed with great ingenuity and delicacy of language, the fanciful reaches the fantastic, and the impression left upon the mind is neither natural nor pleasing.

The worst feature about 'Balder' and the 'Life Drama' is, that what power they have is *mature*. These poems, the only works of the school which are not quite destitute of promise, are yet not at all like anything we remember of the early failures of true poets. Coleridge, Byron, Keats, and others of their order, began, it is true, by writing a good deal of trash, but the difference between the trash of such poets and that of those under our notice is, that the one kind is a mere falling short, whereas the other takes its rise in extravagant perversity. If, however, contrary to our expectation, the authors of 'Balder' and the 'Life Drama' ever take rank as poets, they will be among the readiest to acknowledge with us that there is no excuse for the man who publishes bad poetry, because there is none for the folly and conceit which cause him to mistake his vocation and capacity. Most certainly want of education will

not supply him with an excuse, for the plough and the sheep-hook have been the youthful occupation of many a true poet; and there never was a period in the history of literature and society at which an acquaintance with the best writers might be more easily obtained. That which is wanting to these aspirants is neither a knowledge of past excellence nor encouragement to their own deserts; but rather the sacred gift of invention and the faculty divine which intuitively reflects the face of nature and the life of man.

Mr. Bailey's 'Festus' is a dramatic poem more than twice as long as 'Paradise Lost.' It contains enough poetry to have set-up a dozen minor poets, yet is Mr. Bailey no more than such a poet himself, and his work is just such a production as might have been looked for from a minor poet attempting to write the greatest poem of the world.

Really, Mr. Bailey should have had some respect for the angels, archangels, and all the company of heaven. He rushes in where Milton stumbled, and Dante feared to tread, and makes the cherubim and seraphim, not to mention higher names, vent volumes of such religion and philosophy as would be appropriate only in the mouth of the prophet of the Agapemone. Our readers have only to imagine (if they can) the effect of twenty thousand consecutive lines like the following, in order to obtain a tolerably just estimate of 'Festus.'

God. The earth shall not be when her Sabbath ends,
In the high close of order.

Lucifer. Heaven, farewell!
Hell is more bearable than nothingness.

Thrones. Thou, God, art Lord of Mercy; and Thy thoughts
Are high above the star-dust of the world!
The spheres themselves are but as shining noughts
Upon the mantle of the night imperled.
From rank to rank in Thearchy (*sic*) divine,
We angel raylets gladden in Thy sight;
Whose thousand thrones are holy in the heavens,
And hidden in Thy universal light.

Dominations. Between Creation and Destruction now
The lull of creatural action intervenes.
God rests; and the world is working out its week;
His hand is in his bosom, and at rest, &c.

Powers. Thy might is self-creative, and Thy works
Immortal, temporal, destructible,
Are ever in Thy sight and blessed there.
The heavens are in thy bosom, and thine eye
Is high o'er all existence; yea, the worlds
Are but Thy shining foot-prints upon space.

Princedom. Eternal Lord! Thy strength compels the worlds

And bows the heads of ages ; at Thy voice
Their unsubstantial essence wears away.

Virtues. All-favouring God ! we glory but in Thee.
Ye heavens exalt, expand yourselves ; they come,
The infinite generations, all divine,
Of Deity, our brethren and our friends, &c. &c.'

Colloquies of this kind, sometimes thousands of lines long, are relieved by jaunty conversations on love, literature, theology, Shakspeare, and musical glasses, between Frank, Edward, Harry, Caroline, Helen, Marian, and other mortals, whose talk, for the most part, is very much what one may imagine would take place at a *soirée* of such persons as Mr. Dickens loves to describe. Yet strange to say, here, as in 'Balder' and the 'Life Drama,' we not unfrequently come upon a poetic passage which, for a moment, refreshes our weariness and checks our general feeling of unqualified dislike ; as, for example, these lines about 'Another and a better world.'

'This is a world where every loveliest thing
Lasts longest ; where decay lifts never head
Above the grossest forms, and matter here
Is all transparent substance ; the flower fades not,
But every eve puts forth a fragrant light,
'Till by degrees the spirit of each flower,
Essentially consuming the fair frame,
Refines itself to air.

The beautiful die never here : Death lies
A dreaming ; he has nought to do : the babe
Plays with his darts.'

Or, again, this touchingly expressed dismissal of an unworthy lover :—

'Go ; I cannot choose
But love thee, and thy love refuse ;
And if my brow grow lined while young,
And youth fly cheated from my cheek,
'Tis that there lies below my tongue
A word I will not speak :
For I would rather die than deem
Thou'rt not the glory thou didst seem.'

The writers to whom these remarks apply, although they have attracted far more than their proper share of attention, have by no means filled the whole poetical horizon during the last few seasons. Not to speak of Mr. and Mrs. Browning, and two or three others, who are scarcely 'new poets,' and therefore not within our present scope ; we have Matthew Arnold, William Allingham, Owen Meredith, George Meredith, and 'V.,' all of whom are writers, not only of 'some promise'—a very dubious

commendation for those who have ventured into print—but also of some performance. Mr. Matthew Arnold, in ‘Sohrab and Rustum,’ and ‘The Death of Balder’; and Mr. Allingham, in ‘The Music Master,’ have written poems which, although they are not faultless, are as much better than any equal amount of the poetry of the spasmodic school, as a diamond which weighs an ounce is better than an ounce of diamond-dust; in the ‘Earl’s Return,’ and ‘Queen Guenevre,’ Owen Meredith has given us two admirably descriptive pieces; and in the verses called ‘Love in the Valley,’ George Meredith has produced a little poem of singular sweetness, truth, and originality.

The ‘Music-Master,’ the only poem in Mr. Allingham’s volume of more than a few stanzas in length, is a work which, in some important respects, is superior to anything emanating from the ‘new poets’ whose names are at the head of this article. Without equalling Mr. Arnold’s principal poems in metrical finish, or the force and beauty of detached passages and single lines in Mr. Dobell’s or Mr. Smith’s poetry, the ‘Music-Master’ surpasses as a *poem* all that these writers have done, if a simple and sustained obedience to the muse’s injunction, ‘Look in thy heart and write’ be, as we believe, the first of all poetic requirements. In this idyl Mr. Allingham, who is an Irishman, has produced a love-story in which singular tenderness, simplicity, and purity of feeling are combined with a peculiar national colouring. The art of construction is considerable, but perfectly well concealed; and, without being at all like any other poem we have read, it has none of the conscious pretension to originality which infects so much of our recent verse. Its appeal is not to our admiration, but to our feelings; yet those who have a right understanding of poetic art will not fail, after the subsidence of the deep emotion which this idyl is calculated to call forth, to be much impressed with the skill of the poet in his management of a story which turns upon a course of conduct created by the most subtle and shadowy, though perfectly real and essential, refinement of natural feeling in the two lovers. There is no piece, in any of the volumes before us, to which extract could do so little justice. The following lyric, selected from another part of the volume, will give our readers a good idea of the sweetness, simplicity, and unpretending vigour of Mr. Allingham’s ordinary style.

‘ Bud and leaflet, opening slowly,
 Woo’d with tears by winds of spring,
 Now, of June persuaded wholly,
 Perfumes, flow’rs, and shadows bring.

- ‘ Evey, in the linden alley,
 All alone I met to-day,
 Tripping to the sunny valley,
 Spread across with new-mown hay.
- ‘ Brown her soft curls, sunbeam-sainted,
 Golden in the wavering flush ;
 Darker brown her eyes are, painted
 Eye and fringe with one soft brush.
- ‘ Through the leaves a careless comer,
 Never nymph of fount or tree
 Could have press’d the floor of summer
 With a lighter foot than she.
- ‘ Few her words ; yet like a sister,
 ‘ Trustfully she look’d and smiled ;
 ‘ Twas but in my soul I kiss’d her,
 As I used to kiss the child.
- ‘ Shadows, which are not of sadness,
 Touch her eyes, and brow above ;
 As pale wild roses dream of redness,
 Dreams her innocent heart of love.’

The greater portion of Mr. Allingham’s volume consists of short lyrics, few of them without merit, some well maintaining the reputation of Irish minstrelsy. It is with justifiable pride that the author, in his preface, tells us that some of his songs ‘ have already an Irish circulation as “ ha’penny ballads.” ’

We scarcely know what to say of ‘ Clytemnestra,’ ‘ The Earl’s Return,’ ‘ The Artist,’ and other poems, by Owen Meredith. That this volume indicates remarkable ability in so young a writer as we understand its author to be, is unquestionable ; but whether that ability includes the exceedingly rare conjunction and balance of intellectual forces which constitute the nature of an original poet is more than we can undertake to determine from the evidence before us. It is certain that the best pieces in this volume are those in which the writer consents to look upon nature through the eyes of others ; and so singular is his power of doing this, that his imitations sometimes surpass, in their own way, the originals. ‘ The Earl’s Return,’ by much the most remarkable piece in the collection, sustains to the extent of eight hundred lines, the peculiar sharpness and intensity which distinguish the best of Mr. Browning’s descriptive passages. The opening lines of this poem are no more than an average specimen of its quality.

- ‘ Ragged and tall stood the castle wall,
 And the squires, at their sport, in the great South Court, ’

Lounged all day long from stable to hall,
 Laughingly, lazily, one and all.
 The land about was barren and blue,
 And swept by the wing of the wet sea-mew.
 Seven fishermen's huts on a shelly shore;
 Sand-heaps behind, and sand-banks before;
 And a black champagne streak'd white all through
 To a great salt pool which the ocean drew,
 Suck'd into itself, and disgorged it again,
 To stagnate and steam on the mineral plain;
 Not a tree of a bush in the circle of sight,
 But a bare black thorn which the sea winds had wither'd
 With drifting scum of the surf and blight,
 And some patches of gray grass-land to the right,
 Where the lean, red-hided cattle were tether'd;
 A reef of rock wedged the water in twain,
 And a stout stone tower stood square to the main;
 And the flakes of the spray that were jerk'd away
 From the froth on the lip of the bleak blue sea,
 Were sometimes flung by the wind, as it swung
 Over turret and terrace and balcony,
 To the garden below, where, in desolate corners,
 Under the mossy green parapet there,
 The lilies crouch'd, rocking their white heads like mourners,
 And burn'd off the heads of the flowers that were
 Pining and pale in their comfortless bowers,
 Dry-bush'd with the sharp stubborn lavender,
 And paven with discs of the torn sun-flowers,
 Which, day by day, were strangled and stripp'd
 Of their ravelling fringes and brazen bosses,
 And the hardy mary-buds nipp'd and ripp'd
 Into shreds for the beetles that lurk'd in the mosses.'

'Queen Guenevre,' and one or two other pieces, reproduce the manner of the Poet Laureate quite as strikingly as the 'Earl's Return' does that of Mr. Browning. If 'Owen Meredith' is himself anywhere, he is so in the two poems called 'Good-night in the Porch,' and 'The Wife's Tragedy.' In these pieces there is an expression of passion apparently un-borrowed; but the flow and force of it is sadly marred by the crying sin of almost all recent writers, the introduction of minute observation, and description of natural objects which would certainly not attract the notice of persons under the circumstances and with the feelings of the supposed speakers. We hope to hear of 'Owen Meredith' again, not under a *nom de guerre*, but by a name which has an hereditary claim to distinction in English literature.

Mr. Matthew Arnold's poems are very refreshing and instructive contrasts to the works of the writers who engaged our

attention in the first part of this article. Mr. Arnold seems to have been driven, by the consideration of the faults of those writers, into almost an affectation of indifference to minute verbal beauties. He has altogether failed to establish or illustrate the chief doctrine propounded in his preface; but he has done much to deserve our thanks in more substantial ways. For combined culture and fine natural feeling in the matter of versification Mr. Arnold has no living superior. Though sometimes slovenly in the versification of his smaller poems, when he is put upon his mettle by a particular affection for his subject, he manages the most 'irregular' and difficult metres with admirable skill and feeling.

As a specimen of an order of poetical ability to which his critics have not, we think, hitherto done justice, we extract from 'The Buried Life' a passage which, although it does occasionally echo an immortal strain of Wordsworth's, deserves to be remembered for its own merit.

‘ Often, in the din of strife,
There rises an unspeakable desire
After the knowledge of our buried life;
A thirst to spend our fire and restless force
In tracking out our true, original course;
A longing to inquire
Into the mystery of this heart that beats
So wild, so deep in us, to know
Whence our thoughts come and where they go.
And many a man in his own breast then delves,
But deep enough, alas, none ever mines:
And we have been on many thousand lines,
And we have shown on each talent and power,
But hardly have we, for one little hour,
Been on our own line, have we been ourselves;
Hardly had skill to utter one of all
The nameless feelings that course through our breast,
But they course on for ever unexpress'd.
And long we try in vain to speak and act
Our hidden self, and what we say and do
Is eloquent, is well—but 'tis not true:
And then we will no more be rack'd
With inward striving, and demand
Of all the thousand nothings of the hour
Their stupifying power;
Ah, yes, and they benumb us at our call:
Yet still, from time to time, vague and forlorn,
From the soul's subterranean depth upborne
As from an infinitely distant land,
Come airs, and floating echoes, and convey
A melancholy into all our day.

' Only — but this is rare —
 When a beloved hand is laid in our's,
 When jaded with the rush and glare
 Of the interminable hours,
 Our eyes can in another's eyes read clear,
 When our world-deafen'd ear
 Is by the tones of a loved voice caress'd, —
 A bolt is shot back somewhere in the breast
 And a lost pulse of feeling stirs again,
 The eye sinks inward, and the heart lies plain,
 And what we mean we say, and what we would we know.'

Here, and in many other poems, we recognise with delight the coolness of head and warmth of heart, which pass for insensibility with the multitude, who commonly mistake a fevered brain, with its invariable accompaniment, an unfeeling breast, for poetic passion.

Although Mr. Arnold's passionate partiality for ancient models is not without damage to his poetical aims and practice, it is impossible not to respect the sincerity and enthusiasm with which he holds up the example of the Greek tragedians as a protest against much of our modern practice. And here let us remark that the best poets of recent times have flatly contradicted the vulgar notion that the poetical and critical faculties are incompatible with each other. Mr. Arnold, like Wordsworth, is a very good, though not an infallible critic; and Göthe and Coleridge, two of the greatest poets of recent times, are by far the greatest critics of recent, and we might almost say of any times. • We rejoice in every additional testimony to the too often denied truth that, although the true poet's song is never trammelled with a present consciousness of the laws which it obeys, science, not ignorance, supplies the conditions of such absence of consciousness. The free spirit of art, in its noblest developments, has ever been obtained, not by neglect, but by perfection of discipline.

Not unlike the poems of Matthew Arnold, for quality and style, are the poems by 'V,' of which we have before us a new edition with several additions. 'V' is the accomplished authoress of 'Paul Ferroll,' a tale which, in spite of the horrid subject on which it is founded, and the false interest it attaches to a great criminal, is unquestionably a very powerful work of fiction. The same literary talents have been more agreeably displayed by Mrs. Clive in her poetical writings. In description, with which her poetry abounds, she displays that coexistence of the synthetic and analytic modes of looking at things, the general want of which is the great defect of most modern poetry, even of a high

class. 'The Valley of the Morlas' is perhaps the best piece in the volume, but its merit is of a kind to which comment and extract must fail to do justice, residing as it mainly does in the sustained loftiness and individuality of moral tone, which more or less distinguish all the verses of 'V' from the ordinary poetry of the day.

Mr. Gerald Massey's lyrics have already gone through several editions, and some of them deserve their popularity. The most fastidious tastes will be the most charmed with such verses as those called 'That merry, merry May,' and the following stanzas, entitled 'Unbeloved':—

- ' Like a tree beside the river
Of her life that runs from me,
Do I lean me, murmuring over
In my love's idolatry.
And I reach out hands of blessing,
And I stretch out hands of prayer,
And, with passionate caressing,
Waste my life upon the air.
In my ears the syren river
Sings and smiles up in my face;
But for ever and for ever,
Runs from my embrace.
- ' Spring by spring the branches duly
Clothe themselves in tender flower;
And for her sweet sake as truly
All their fruit and fragrance shower;
But the stream with careless laughter,
Runs in merry beauty by,
And it leaves me, yearning after,
Lorn to weep and lone to die.
In my ears the syren river
Sings, and smiles up in my face;
But for ever and for ever
Runs from my embrace.'

There is a real glow about all that Mr. Massey writes, though this glow, especially in the love poems, is often somewhat hectic. The political and 'patriotic' pieces in this volume are of little value, as indeed their author in his preface allows. His excuse for retaining them, now that he knows better, appears to us unsatisfactory. They express, he assures us, a state of feeling and opinion out of which he has himself grown, but in which thousands among the poorer classes still remain. Merely to represent this state, which he admits to have been a false one, without representing its falsehood, is to inflame and propagate,

instead of curing or alleviating, it in others. We would recommend Mr. Massey, in printing a future edition, to omit most of these poems, and to tone down some of the amatory pieces.

Upon the whole, we cannot conclude this rapid survey of the latest poetical growth of English literature without arriving at a low estimate of its character and its tendencies. The harvest is great, but the labourers are weak, though not few. We utterly dissent, indeed, from the hasty and superficial opinion that there is anything in the spirit of these times which renders men insensible to the charms of the highest poetry, or disqualifies them from producing works more worthy of the language and the country in which they are born. The liberal patronage, the intelligent curiosity, the lenient and even enthusiastic criticism, which the humblest of these writers has met with, suffice to show that the English public were never more eager to hail the productions of literary genius. But the prevailing taste of the latest school of poetry in England is neither a healthy nor a vigorous one. It is infected with something of that mannerism which has produced the Pre-Raphaelite school of painters. In the absence of the higher qualities of art, such as enlarged creative powers of fiction, the charm of narrative, and the broad light and shade of character and thought, these poets linger with tedious predilection over the mosses on a wall or chase the shadows of the plain. There is not enough of human interest in their hearts. Their work is fanciful and unreal: their meaning too frequently obscure, and their diction elaborate without being harmonious or correct.

We have no doubt that these are passing imperfections, and the increased attention given to such poetry as we have leads us to hope that we shall emerge ere long from the regions of silence and obscurity into those of light and song. In spite of the fashion of the day, which may serve to raise this or that writer into a semblance of popularity, we must venture to record our opinion that the high places of English poetry are at this time unfilled, and that the man whose genius shall next enable him to embody in some living and original form the spirit and the feeling of our times has not yet revealed himself to us by his works.

- ART. III.—1. *Sinai and Palestine in connexion with their History.* By ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY, M. A. With Maps and Plans. 8vo. London: 1856.
2. *Personal Narrative of a Pilgrimage to El-Medinah and Meccah.* By RICHARD F. BURTON, Lieutenant, Bombay Army. 3 vols. 8vo. London: 1855-6.

THERE is not a region in the world whose physical condition is in more striking contrast with its historical importance than the little peninsula of Sinai. The traveller who enters it from the side of Egypt, where every step has been through evidences of past greatness such as no other country can show, will find it hard to acquiesce in a startling observation quoted from Chevalier Bunsen by Mr. Stanley, that, with all its colossal remains, 'Egypt has, properly speaking, no history;' and still more difficult to realise, amid the desolation of Sinai, what M. Bunsen subjoins, that 'History was born in that night when Moses led forth his people from the Goshen;' or at least that its birthplace can have been this silent and deathlike waste, with scarce a single monument to connect it with the ancient world, and with hardly a sign of life to identify it with the world of to-day.

Nevertheless, such, rightly considered, is the relation of the two countries. Egypt, to an unreflecting observer, appears a land teeming with historical interest. More than two thousand years ago, her temples, her palaces, her tombs, the mysterious characters with which they are inscribed, supplied a theme of wonder to the Father of History; they are fraught with the same ever-fresh character for the scientific antiquarian of the present year. Sinai, on the other hand, seems as meagre in past interest as it is destitute of present attraction; without one ruin to arrest the traveller's eye, without an object (except the immemorial puzzle of the Sinaitic Inscriptions), to invite the research of the antiquarian; without a single record beyond that awful and undying one written by Nature herself in the very desolation which, verifying with startling minuteness every detail of the Sacred narrative, constitutes the sole historical inheritance of this strange region. And yet, although M. Bunsen has overstated the case in denying to Egypt all claim to a history, it must be confessed that her history is merely the background of that great picture whose main and prominent action is placed among the rifted rocks and arid sands of Sinai. Considering history in its best and highest sense, not as a mere catalogue of names and events,

but as a record of spiritual and intellectual advancement or decline, the temples and tombs of Egypt, striking as they are to the eye, can hardly be said to possess any independent historical significance. They represent, and perhaps record, the material events which they were designed to commemorate; but, in the thoughtful words of Mr. Stanley, they tell of 'no before and after, no unrolling of a great drama, no 'beginning, middle, or end of a moral progress, or even of a 'mournful decline.' In the Desert, on the contrary, every object, however 'unattractive to the eye of sense, — the desolate waste, the fire-stricken mountains, the stunted vegetation, the silence, the gloom, the utter desolation of life, — all have their language for the historian of the human race; all speak

'Of those immortal Truths which dwell
Self-radiant in man's heart.'

'The moment the green fields of Egypt recede from our view, 'still more when we reach the Red Sea, the further and further 'we advance into the Desert and the mountains, we feel that 'everything henceforward is continuous, that there is a sustained 'and protracted interest, increasing more and more till it reaches 'its highest point in Palestine, in Jerusalem, on Calvary, and 'in Olivet.'

The historical relations of the Peninsula, therefore, may be said to resemble its geographical position. As the ground which it occupies is central to those three countries which have influenced most strikingly the spiritual destinies of the East—Egypt, Palestine, and Arabia, so its history is connected with them all. To Egypt, to Palestine, and to Arabia, each in turn, it has been, as it were, a Holy Land. Even before the days of the Exodus, it possessed a religious interest for Egypt, which is still attested by the Sinaitic Inscriptions, and which was probably the ground of Moses's petition to Pharaoh for leave to 'go out three days' journey into the desert and sacrifice 'unto the Lord.' For the Jews of Palestine it was sacred as the scene of all that is grandest and most awful in their religious history. For the Moslem Arabs it is consecrated, as we see by the frequent allusions of the Koran, as by the tradition of the visit of Mahomet to the convent of St. Catherine, where the footmark of his mule or dromedary is still pointed out; and to this Moslem belief of its special sanctity the monks of Sinai have long been indebted for the immunity from insult and outrage which they alone, of all the denizens of the Desert, have enjoyed.

It is not the least singular among the many strange revolu-

tions of the East, that a region which was of old the nursing-land of these great religious influences, and which is still, for the Christian and the Moslem world, the centre of so many sacred associations, should now, in the mysterious ways of Providence, have itself, as regards religion, become an utter blank ! Travellers have long been struck by the godless manner of life of the Bedouins of the Peninsula, and by the total absence of religious practices among them. To those indeed who have reverently examined the analogies with the Jewish and Christian systems discernible through all the corruptions of Mahometanism, this very characteristic of the modern Bedouins has proved a source of painful, but curious interest. The wandering and altarless homes of this wild people are, as it were, a neutral ground between the lands of the Bible and of the Koran, the traditional customs of which still serve to explain how Jew and Mahometan, members of the same race, while most widely parted in doctrine, may yet maintain the closest union in many important points of the moral and social system.

But without entering upon an inquiry far too vast for such limits as ours, it is clear that there are so many points of contact between Palestine and Arabia that they may well be considered in connexion with each other ; and, as a partial illustration of these kindred associations, we have selected, as the subject of a joint notice, the works of Mr. Stanley and Lieutenant Burton, the two latest pilgrims, the first to the Holy Land of the Christian, the second to that of the Moslem,—pilgrims of a very different order of mind, indeed, and of very dissimilar feelings and habits of thought, but nevertheless presenting, each according to his own lights, the newest and most authentic information on their respective subjects.

Mr. Stanley's tour of Sinai and Palestine was made in the winter and spring of 1852-3 ; but his work has very little of the character of a personal narrative. When occasion arises, he enters fully into the details of his own examination of the various localities which he describes ; but, in general, his book is rather the work of a thoughtful and accomplished scholar, condensing into a careful summary the results of the observation and the learning of others, than a detailed account of what he himself has seen. It is partly a description of the present condition of the well-known scenes of the sacred narrative in Arabia, Palestine, and Syria, partly an essay on their historical associations, compiled, or at least meditated, upon the spot, by a man already familiar with all that had been written on those

countries by the innumerable travellers and scholars who had gone before him. We know few books of travel which present such evidence of extensive erudition and accurate research; certainly not one which unites so happily great reading and solid judgment, and which turns the learning of others so liberally to account without the least compromise of its own freedom of thought. Mr. Stanley has for once successfully shown that it is possible to unite erudition and originality, to be profound without dullness, and accurate in the details of a historical subject without losing sight of its bearings upon general history. He has gathered his stores out of every writer of authority from Bochart or Quaresmius down to Laborde, Ritter, and Robinson; and yet, free from pre-judgments to a degree which, strange as it may seem, almost amounts to a defect, we could hardly venture to say that he manifests any special predilection for the views of any one of his predecessors. With a keen perception of the natural beauties of scenery, and a still keener appreciation of its past associations, he never passes by anything that illustrates the topography, the history, and especially the sacred memorials, of the scene of his journey; yet he has happily escaped that prolixity into which these qualities but too commonly betray.

Mr. Stanley's work will retain its place in literature as a contribution to the historical geography of Arabia and Palestine. The two most recent investigators of this important subject, Robinson* and Ritter†, if they have done much to elucidate it, have also done a great deal to unsettle and embarrass its study. Robinson is very often mainly aggressive in his strictures. He addresses himself far more to the demolition of existing theories than to the reconstruction of a system which may be received in their place. Ritter is always learned, and, generally speaking, singularly impartial; but he is often so hesitating and so distrustful of his own convictions, that we know few writers from whom, even when we most admire his learning, his industry, his candour, and his clearness, we rise with so utterly vague and unsatisfied a feeling as to the practical conclusion to be deduced from his investigations. It is chiefly in the track of these (although not to the exclusion of the older writers) that Mr. Stanley has followed. Many of their difficulties in the topography of Palestine he has satisfactorily resolved in

* *Biblical Researches in Palestine*, 3 vols. 8vo. 1841.

† In his great work, the '*Welt-Kunde in Verhältniss zur Natur und zur Geschichte des Menschen*,' vols. xiv. xv. and xvi.; vol. xiv. contains Sinai; vols. xv. and xvi., Palestine.

the part of his work devoted to that subject; and if we cannot speak with the same unreserve of the chapters on Sinai,—if his statements here are occasionally vague and his conclusions faltering or uncertain,—it is not that he has evaded the difficulties of that intricate subject, or neglected the learning which others have expended upon their investigation. On the contrary, we can hardly doubt that the very extent of his reading and his desire to do full justice to each of the conflicting views which prevail on this subject have been, on more than one occasion, the occasion of betraying him into that hesitation which he himself deplors in his great master, Ritter.

It would be unjust, however, to Mr. Stanley to consider him as a mere antiquarian, adjusting disputed measurements and determining doubtful localities. For the thoughtful student the charm of his book will be, that, without neglecting these considerations, it passes beyond and above them. Fully alive to the importance of bringing out the agreement between the history of the Bible and the geography and natural scenery of the lands of the Bible,—the striking correspondence, for example, between the actual localities of the Sinaitic Desert and the recorded events of the wanderings of the Jewish people; the harmony between the history of Joshua and the still discernible scenes of the battles which he is related to have fought; the lifelike truthfulness of the allusions to the natural characteristics of Arabia and Palestine with which the Prophecies and the Gospels abound,—he nevertheless deals with these subjects, and such as these, far less in the spirit of a polemic, than in that of a man full of his own convictions, and speaking, not so much for the purpose of convincing others, as of expressing, from the very fulness of this belief, that which he himself feels so strongly.

For, even independently of their doctrinal importance, or of the polemical or antiquarian illustrations to be derived from them, there is an intrinsic charm in these scenes to which no cultivated (not to say religious) mind can be insensible. Without caring to determine the precise locality of every interesting incident, there are few imaginations, except of the very rudest, which will be dead to the influences of such a region. There are few even amongst ourselves who can follow this path of pilgrimage and not clothe those mountains once again with the terrors of that awful Presence, or people anew with their mysterious occupants the

‘ Wilds, where, mid the feline race,
Couched hungry seers and prophets vigil-blind;’

few, who among the time-worn caves of Mount Serbâl, for example, will not go back to the days when Elijah 'came thither 'into a cave, and lodged therein;'* or, again, upon what is still the high road of the yearly caravan of Mecca pilgrims, fancy that perhaps this is the very track of Paul on his outward or homeward journey, 'when he went into Arabia and returned again 'to Damascus;† or, amid the dreamy silence of some noon-day halt, picture the young camel-driver of Mecca, as he rested from his toilsome march, as yet without a single thought of the mighty destiny which lay before him, and cherishing no higher aspiration than for a safe transit through the desert and a ready market for his merchandise! It may be doubted, perhaps, whether Mr. Stanley has not gone beyond the general feeling, when he suggests that this pleasure of association is in all cases increased when the events which we recall 'occurred, not within 'perished or perishable buildings, but on the unchanging scenes 'of Nature; on the Sea of Galilee, and Mount Olivet, and at 'the foot of Gerizim, rather than in the house of Pilate, or the 'inn at Bethlehem, or the garden of the Holy Sepulchre;' but there certainly are many incidents in sacred history, and especially in the history of our Lord, the memory of which comes back upon the pilgrim with tenfold more pleasure on the grassy plain, or on the bare mountain-side, or upon the shore of the silent sea, than if it were commemorated by the most gorgeous monument that ever

. 'Stood, the sun outfacing
With its marble and its gold!'

And at all events, whatever may be the diversity of temperament, or the variety of attraction which the several scenes of this sacred land possess, Mr. Stanley certainly does not overstate its general interest, when he says that

'The whole journey, as it is usually taken by travellers, presents the course of the history in a living parable to us, to which no other journey or pilgrimage can present any parallel. In its successive scenes, as in a mirror, is faithfully reflected the dramatic unity and progress which so remarkably characterises the Sacred History. The primeval world of Egypt is with us, as with the Israelites, the starting point—the contrast of all that follows. With us, as with them, the pyramids recede, and the desert begins, and the wilderness melts into the hills of Palestine, and Jerusalem is the climax of the long ascent; and the consummation of the Gospel History presents itself locally, no less than historically,

* 1 Kings, xix. 9.

† Gal. i. 17.

as the end of the Law and the Prophets. And with us, too, as the glory of Palestine fades away into the "common day" of Asia Minor and the Bosphorus, gleams of light still continue—first, in the Apostolical labours, then fainter and dimmer in the beginnings of ecclesiastical history—Ephesus, Nicæa, Chalcedon, Constantinople; and the life of European scenery and western Christendom completes by its contrast what Egypt and the East had begun. In regular succession at "sundry" and "divers" places, no less than in sundry "times and divers manners," "God spake in times past to our "fathers," and the local as well as the historical diversity is necessary to the ideal richness and completeness of the whole.' (Pref. xxv.)

Although the work may be properly said to commence with the scenes of the Exodus, it is introduced by some slight but interesting sketches of the principal localities in the ordinary tour of Egypt and the Nile. These sketches, as well as those of the several stages of the journey through the Peninsula of Sinai, are given in the form of extracts from the author's original journals, or from letters addressed to friends at home. They are written without any appearance of study, and are but a transcript of the impressions received upon the spot; but to many readers they will prove more attractive than the elaborate descriptions which are interspersed through the work, the fruit of study and research superadded to the observations made at the time.

We shall not dwell, however, upon those portions of Mr. Stanley's work which are already familiar to the readers of eastern travels. He has described with great success the characteristic features of the desert of Sinai—its arid and desolate plain—that singular mountain-range whose jagged and fantastic peaks Sir Frederick Henniker happily likened to 'an ocean of lava, 'which, while its waves were running mountains high, had 'suddenly stood still;' the wild and picturesque passes, the wadys, the springs, the oases, the strange and stunted vegetation. It is the utter absence of the ordinary accompaniment of mountain scenery in Europe,—of the variegated drapery of oak and birch, and pine and fir, nay, even of the grass, the fern, or the lichen which clothe, however scantily, the bleakest European mountains, that constitutes the great peculiarity of the mountains of the Desert to the eye of a western traveller. To this, too, Mr. Stanley, with much probability, ascribes a phenomenon which was first remarked by Niebuhr:—

'The deep stillness and consequent reverberation of the human voice can never be omitted in any enumeration of the characteristics of Mount Sinai. From the highest points of Râs Sasâfeh to its lower peak, a distance of about sixty feet (?), the page of a book, dis-

tinctly but not loudly read, was perfectly audible; and every remark of the various groups of travellers descending from the heights of the same point rose clearly to those immediately above them. It was the belief of the Arabs who conducted Niebuhr, that they could make themselves heard across the Gulf of Akaba,—a belief doubtless exaggerated, yet probably originated or fostered by the great distance to which in those regions the voice can actually be carried. And it is probably from the same cause that so much attention has been excited by the mysterious noises which have from time to time been heard on the summit of Gebel Mousa, in the neighbourhood of Um-Shômer, and in the mountain of Nâkûs, or the Bell, so called from the legend that the sounds proceed from the bells of a convent enclosed within the mountain. In this last instance the sound is supposed to originate in the rush of sand down the mountain side; sand, here, as elsewhere, playing the same part as the waters or snows of the North. In the case of Gebel Mousa, where it is said that the monks had originally settled on the highest peak, but were, by these strange noises, driven down to their present seat in the valley; and in the case of Um-Shômer, where it was described by Burckhardt as like the sound of artillery, the precise cause has never been ascertained. But in all these instances, the effect must have been heightened by the death-like silence of a region where the fall of waters, even the trickling of brooks, is unknown.' (Pp. 14, 15.)

Mr. Stanley, however, dwells with more pleasure on those characteristics of the Desert which illustrate its sacred history. He loves, for instance, to trace in its occasional springs or wells, a connexion with the 'waters' and 'springs' of the journey of the Israelites. In his allusions to the botany of the Desert, instead of pursuing new species or new distributions of classes, he delights to point out how the present vegetation is precisely 'what might be inferred from the Mosaic history.' He recognises in the wild acacia, called by the Arabs 'sont,' the 'seneh' or 'senna' of the Burning Bush. The 'shittim,' of the wood of which the tabernacle was made, is still common under the name 'sayal.' The wild broom which gave its name, 'Rithmah,' to one of the stations of the Israelites' march, and under which Elijah slept (1 Kings, xix, 4.), is still seen, with the same tall canopy and white blossoms as of old, and is called by the almost identical name of 'Retem.' The palm-trees, though dwarfed and stunted in their growth, still mark localities which may yet be recognised as scenes of the Israelitish history.

So also, instead of discussing learned ethnological theories, he prefers to trace the analogies which the modern inhabitants of the Desert bear to its ancient history.

'The general name by which the Hebrews called the "wilderness," including always that of Sinai, was "the pasture." Bare as the surface of the Desert is, yet the thin clothing of vegetation which

is seldom entirely withdrawn, especially the aromatic shrubs on the high hill sides, furnish sufficient sustenance for the herds of the 6000 Bedouins who constitute the present population of the Peninsula —

‘ “ Along the mountain ledges green
The scattered sheep at will may glean
The Desert’s spicy stores.”

‘ So were they seen following the daughters or the shepherd slaves of Jethro. So may they be seen climbing the rocks, or gathered round the pools and springs of the valleys, under the charge of the black-veiled Bedouin women of the present day. And in the Ti-jâha, Towâra, or Alouin tribes, with their chiefs and followers, their dress, and manners, and habitations, we probably see the likeness of the Midianites, the Amalekites, and the Israelites themselves, in this their earliest stage of existence. The long straight lines of black tents which cluster round the Desert springs, present to us, on a small scale, the image of the vast encampment gathered round the one Sacred Tent, which, with its coverings of dyed skins, stood conspicuous in the midst, and which recalled the period of their nomadic life long after their settlement in Palestine. The deserted villages, marked by rude enclosures of stone, are doubtless such as those to which the Hebrew wanderers gave the name of “ Hazaroth,” and which afterwards furnished the type of the primitive sanctuary at Shiloh. The rude burial grounds, with the many nameless headstones, far away from human habitation, are such as the host of Israel must have left behind them at the different stages of their progress, at Massah, at Sinai, at Kibroth hattaavah, “ the graves of desire.” The salutations of the chiefs, in their bright scarlet robes, the one “ going out to meet the other,” the “ obeisance,” the “ kiss ” on either side the head, the silent entrance into the tent for consultation, are all graphically described in the encounter between Moses and Jethro. The constitution of the tribes, with the subordinate degrees of Sheykhs, recommended by Jethro to Moses, is the very same which still exists amongst those who are possibly his lineal descendants — the gentle race of the Towâra.’ (P. 24.)

His favourite topic, however, is the geography of the Peninsula, — the route of the Israelites and the scenes of the great events of the Exodus, — and on this he has evidently bestowed his best learning and research. We know no book which, in a brief compass, contains so clear and comprehensive a summary of the topographical controversies to which this fertile subject has given rise. Nevertheless, in spite of all the learning and all the love of the subject which it displays, it will be found the least satisfactory portion of Mr. Stanley’s volume. Beyond a lucid and impartial statement of the conflicting opinions in the several controversies and of the chief grounds alleged in support of each, we cannot, in most cases, say that he has done much towards their definitive adjust-

ment. The very variety of his reading embarrasses him. In the opposite extreme to his dogmatising predecessors, he has too often needlessly contented himself with a hypothetical decision; occasionally he takes refuge in an alternative; sometimes he even declines altogether to venture an opinion. Thus, for example, although he has narrowed very considerably the controversy regarding the place of the Passage of the Red Sea, he leaves undecided the large question, whether the point of departure is to be fixed at Suez or at the mouth of the Wady Tuârik. He will not decide whether the waters of Marah be at Howâra, or at Ghurundel, or at a third (seemingly as yet unexplored) site near Tih-el-'Amâra. And, in discussing the route of the Israelites, far from venturing to choose between the coast line by Tôr and through the Wady Hebrân, and the inland line through the Wadys Shellâl, Mokatteb, Fcirân, and Es Sheykh, he even suggests a third line, 'which is not likely, but must be borne in mind as possible' (p. 38.).

We are most of all struck with this appearance of hesitation in his otherwise excellent observations on the identification of the Sinai of the Exodus; because, although, in the text of his book, he stops short of any distinct conclusion, we can hardly doubt, from the extract of his Journal contained in the notes, that he formed upon the spot a very decided opinion, which we ourselves believe to be the much more probable one. He contents himself in the text with stating the reasons that are alleged in favour of each of the two mountains (Serbâl and Gebel Mousa), which, on different grounds, claim to be considered as the ancient Sinai. It is well known that the latter of these has long been marked out by tradition as the true Mountain of the Law. It is the site of the celebrated convent of St. Catherine, built by the Emperor Justinian in the early part of the sixth century; and the coincident Mahometan tradition of its identity with Sinai is attested by the mosque which stands within the precincts of the convent. The very name of the Serbâl range, on the contrary, was unknown until the visit of Niebuhr in 1762; and Burckhardt, in 1816, was the first European who accomplished its ascent. Rûppell, in 1831, ascended a different peak; and to these travellers we are indebted for some very interesting specimens of the so-called Sinaitic Inscriptions, copied upon the spot, of which Beer gave an account in his treatise published at Leipsig in 1833.* The acknowledged antiquity of these inscriptions, which were believed by Beer to be the work of Christian pilgrims as early as the

fourth century, appeared to him to imply the especial sanctity of the mountain; and this belief seemed to be confirmed by the authority, if not of Josephus, at least of Eusebius, St. Jerome, and Cosmas Indicopleustes. Accordingly, for this and other reasons, Lepsius, in 1845, unhesitatingly pronounced against the received tradition in favour of Gebel Mousa, which tradition he declared to have arisen in the age immediately preceding that of Justinian, and to be at variance with the older belief, which identifies Serbâl as the true Sinai, and which he holds to be attested by all the known writers before that period. Notwithstanding these authorities, Robinson (who certainly cannot be taxed with any undue leaning to existing traditions), and, still more recently, Ritter, have adhered to the received belief which regards Gebel Mousa as the true Sinai; mainly influenced (as was also Lord Lindsay) by the peculiar fitness of the plain at the base of this mountain—the Wady-cr-Râheh*—to be the scene of the encampment, and of the various movements of the people at the foot of Sinai which are described in the nineteenth chapter of Exodus;—for which movements the environs of Mount Serbâl, both from conformation and want of space sufficient for such a multitude, appeared strikingly unsuited. Mr. Stanley himself urges in his *Journal* the full force of this important consideration drawn from the locality. He describes the low alluvial mounds at the foot of the cliff as exactly answering to the ‘bounds’ which were to keep off the people from ‘touching the Mount.’ He states that the plain is not broken and uneven, like almost all others in the range, but ‘presents a long and retiring sweep, against which the people could “remove and stand afar off.”’ He observes, too, that ‘the cliff, rising, like a huge altar, in front of the whole congregation, and visible against the sky in lonely grandeur from end to end of the whole plain, is the very image of “the mount that might be touched,” and from which the voice of God might be heard far and wide over the stillness of the plain below, widened at that point to its utmost extent by the confluence of all the contiguous valleys.’ In a word, there is hardly one of his observations which does not go to show that all his own convictions are in favour of the claim of Gebel Mousa. Yet, while the *Journal* lays down premises which can only lead to one conclusion, the text of the work, as if shrinking from collision with the authority of Lepsius, and of

* Letters from the Holy Land, p. 194. His opinion, however, is, that Gebel Minegia is the true Sinai, p. 197.

that literary terrorist which Chevalier Bunsen calls 'the most recent criticism,' mars all the effect of its learning by halting between the two views, irreconcilable as they are with each other.

A further discussion has arisen, among those who agree in receiving Gebel Mousa as the site of the giving of the Law, regarding the identification of the plain at its foot, in which the people were assembled. Robinson at once concluded it to be the Wady-er-Râheh, in front of the magnificent cliffs of the Râs Sasâfeh; while Ritter, relying on the later authority of Strauss*, as well as that of Laborde and others, fixes on the Wady Sebâye, the plain which lies at the back of Gebel Mousa, and which Robinson had no opportunity of examining. As this is a controversy which, depending entirely upon consideration of locality, can only be fully examined upon the spot, we looked with some curiosity for Mr. Stanley's verdict regarding it. We shall transcribe the extract from his Journal in which it is contained.

'And now for the question which every one asks on that consecrated spot. Is this "the top of the mount" described in Exodus, or must we seek it elsewhere? The whole question turns on another question, whether there is a plain below it agreeing with the words of the narrative. Dr. Robinson, who has the merit of discovering first that magnificent approach which I have before described on the other side of the mountain, declares not; but Laborde and others have so confidently maintained that there was a large and appropriate place for the encampment below this peak, that I was fully prepared to find it, and to believe in the old tradition. This impression is so instantly overthrown by the view of the Wâdy-Seb'-âye, as one looks down upon it from the precipice of Gebel Mousa, that it must be at once abandoned in favour of the view of the great approach before described, unless either the view of the plain of Er-Râheh was less imposing from above than it was from below, or the plain of Seb'-âye more imposing from below than it was from above. The first thing to be done was, therefore, to gain the summit of the other end of the range called the Râs Sasâfeh (Willow Head), overlooking the Er-Râheh from above. The whole party descended, and after winding through the numerous basins and cliffs which make up the range, we reached the rocky point overlooking the approach we had come the preceding day. The effect on us, as on every one who has seen and described it, was instantaneous. It was like the seat on the top of Serbâl, but with the difference, that here was the deep wide yellow plain sweeping down to the very base of the cliffs; exactly answering to the plain on which the people "removed and stood afar off." . . . There is yet a higher mass of granite imme-

* Sinai und Golgotha (Berlin, 1850), pp. 162, 163.

diately above this point, which should be ascended, for the greater completeness of view which it affords. The plain below is then seen extending not only between the ranges of Tlaha and Furei'a, but also into the lateral valleys, which, on the north-east, unite it with the wide Wady of the Sheykh. This is important, as showing how far the encampment may have been spread below, still within sight of the same summit. Behind extends the granite mass of the range of Gebel Mousa, cloven into deep gullies and basins, and ending in the traditional peak, crowned by the memorials of its double sanctity. The only point which now remained was to explore the Wady-Seb'-ayeh on the other side, and to ascertain whether its appearance and its relation to Gebel Mousa from below was more suitable than it had seemed from above. This I did on the afternoon of the third day, and I came to the conclusion that it could only be taken for the place, if none other existed. It is rough, uneven, narrow. The only advantage which it has is, that the peak, from a few points of view, rises in a more commanding form than the Ras Sasâfeh. But the mountain never descends upon the plain. No! If we are to have a mountain without a wide amphitheatre at its base, let us have Serbâl; but, if otherwise, I am sure that if the monks of Justinian had fixed the traditional scene on the Ras Sasâfeh, no one would for an instant have doubted that this only could be the spot. . . . Considering the almost total absence of such conjunctions of plain and mountain in this region, it is a really important evidence to the truth of the narrative that one such conjunction can be found, and that within the neighbourhood of the traditional Sinai. Nor can I say that the degree of uncertainty that must hang over it, materially diminished my enjoyment of it. In fact, it is a great safeguard for the real reverence due to the place, as the scene of the first great revelation of God to man. As it is, you may rest on your general conviction, and be thankful.' (Pp. 75, 76.)

These circumstances would appear to be almost conclusive; and there are two other local requirements of the Bible narrative which are verified in the present condition of the Wady-er-Râheh, and in it only. First, it would have been possible for Moses to descend into this valley from the mountain without seeing the proceedings in the camp till he had actually approached to its very confines. Secondly, it contains a brook, which may represent that 'brook which came down out of the 'mount,' on whose waters Moses strewed the powder of the fragments of the idol. Neither of these conditions is found in the valley of Seb'-âyeh, according to the report of Mr. Stanley.

For the minor localities of Sinai Mr. Stanley trusts but little to the existing traditions. Many of them are palpably false and incongruous; and he conjectures, with much probability, that the physical peculiarities of the district of Gebel Mousa have suggested most of the legendary scenes still exhibited to travellers. Such were the fossil trees, of which early travellers

speak as memorials of the 'Burning Bush,' but which are no longer discoverable. Such, too, are the mark of the back of Moses, the head of the golden calf, and the body of St. Catherine, which are pointed out in the configuration of the mountain tops, and which bear a rude resemblance to the objects of which they are supposed to be the natural monuments. The track of the mule or dromedary of Mahomet is confessedly the work of the monks of the convent, intended to secure by its presence the protection of the Bedouin tribes.

Mr. Stanley's account of the now celebrated Sinaitic Inscriptions will be looked for anxiously by Biblical scholars. As he has not entered into any particulars of their history, we may briefly explain, since the subject has recently created much interest, that in many valleys of the interior, particularly those which converge towards Mount Serbâl, and upon both* coasts (but principally on the western) the cliffs are found rudely graven with numerous inscriptions, for the most part in characters till of late unknown, but with a small intermixture of Greek and Latin. The existence of these inscriptions is first mentioned by the monk, or merchant, Cosmas, surnamed Indicopleustes, who visited Sinai in the year 518, from whose account it is sufficiently clear that even in his day, they presented every appearance of antiquity.† No further notice of them occurs till the time of Pococke, who, in his work, gave some specimens of them, in consequence of which Bishop Clayton offered a sum of five hundred pounds, as an inducement to further researches. Niebuhr‡ (1762) made a special visit for the purpose of prosecuting these curious researches; but by a mistake of his guide, he was conducted, not to the sites of these inscriptions, but to the Egyptian monuments of Sarbout el Kadani.§ His work directed towards them the attention of many other travellers; but it is to Burckhardt, Grey||, and Lepsius that we owe the main body of the specimens which we

* Dr. Robinson (vol. i. p. 188.) states that none are to be found east of Mount Sinai; but Lord Lindsay met some, even in that district, as did also Mr. Bankes. (*Lord Lindsay's Letters*, p. 175.)

† His narrative is published in Montfaucon's 'Collectio Nova Patrum,' vol. ii. p. 205.

‡ Voyage en Arabic, vol. i. p. 212.

§ Wellsted's Arabia, vol. ii. p. 16.

|| Grey's collection, the largest that had appeared up to his time, was published in the 'Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature,' vol. ii. part i. 147. (Robinson incorrectly refers to vol. iii.) They are 177 in number.

possess *; and the first practical essay towards their decipherment was that of Professor Beer of Leipzig, whose industry and sagacity systematized the characters into an alphabet, which the latest investigations, and especially those of Professor Tuch†, have proved to be in almost every respect perfectly trustworthy.‡ The most various and contradictory opinions have been hazarded; as to their age, their origin, and their tenor. The Jew companions of the monk Cosmas professed to read and explain them as Hebrew; and, relying on their report, Cosmas considered the inscriptions to be of Hebrew origin, and to have been 'preserved for the sake of the unbelievers' [*σωζομένων διὰ τοῦς ἀπίστους*]. Beer, on the contrary, believed them to be the work of Christian pilgrims, graven from age to age, to commemorate their visit to these sacred regions. Lepsius is substantially of the same opinion; although he thinks the pilgrims were 'inhabitants of the country, and of the first centuries after Christ.'§ Tuch holds them to be the work of Pagans; and undoubtedly several of those which have been deciphered, contain such names as 'servant of Uzza' || (Venus), 'Servant of Manah' (Fate), 'Servant of Baal, of Hobal or Saturn.' Ritter connects them with the idolatrous worship of the Philistines or the later Amalekites. Forster considers them to be the journals of the Jewish people in their

* Seetzen (who afterwards died by poison at Mocha in 1811, as he was preparing to set out on the pilgrimage to Mecca) published a small but interesting collection of these inscriptions in the great Oriental Journal conducted by Count Rzewuski at Vienna (6 vols. folio, 1809-16), 'Fundgruben des Orients.' Fac-similes of the entire are given in that Journal, vol. ii. p. 470. This learned periodical, which reached only the sixth volume, and which contains papers indifferently in German, Italian, Latin, French, and English, is too little known by English Orientalists.

† 'Ein und Zwanzig Sinaitische Inscriptionen,' Leipsig, 1849.

‡ This alphabet is given by Chevalier Bunsen in his *Table of Semitic Alphabets*. 'Christianity and Mankind,' vol. iii. p. 254. It is impossible, from the very form, to doubt its affinity with that class of alphabets.

§ Lepsius's 'Letters from Egypt,' p. 297., Bohn's edition.

|| Bunsen, vol. iii. p. 234. The language is easily identified as a variety of Arabic. The contents so deciphered, however, are chiefly 'travellers writing their names and greeting the reader, or desiring 'to be remembered by him who passes by.' (P. 232.) Two inscriptions of some trifling historical import, (one Greek, the other Latin,) are cited by Mr. Forster in his Letter on the 'Israelitish Authorship of the Sinaitic Inscriptions,' p. 39. These two inscriptions are found in Grey's collection, already referred to.

wanderings through the Peninsula.* And last of all, Chevalier Bunsen, reviewing all the previous theories, declares that all are right, while each is wrong, the inscriptions being, in his judgment, a mixture of Pagan, Jewish, and Christian.† It would be rash perhaps, until the publication of Tuck's collection (which, in addition to the inscriptions collected by Lepsius and those of older date, will contain many hundred unpublished ones collected by M. de Laval, and now deposited at the Louvre) to venture any positive opinion as to them all; but even from what has been already made public, we cannot doubt that specimens of all three classes, Pagan, Hebrew, and Christian, will be found among them; nor from the samples already deciphered, can we anticipate any very important literary or historical results of the whole.

We had looked to Mr. Stanley's book for some light on this curious controversy; but he touches it very slightly, and professes to 'go entirely by the appearance, and not by the language, of the inscriptions, of which he has no knowledge whatever.' On one point, the number of the inscriptions, he differs so very widely from all who have gone before him, that we can hardly accept his testimony without reserve. Lord Lindsay, speaking of the Wâdy Mokatteb (the very name of which indeed, — the 'written (or 'inscribed') valley' — seems to confirm his statement), says, that they may be counted 'by thousands';‡ Dr. Robinson uses the very same expression (vol. i. p. 188.); and Lepsius describes them as existing 'in immense numbers' in the same place.§ Now Mr. Stanley assures us that this 'is not the case by any means;' that the Wady Mokatteb is a large open valley with no continuous wall of rock on either side, but with masses of rock receding and advancing, and that 'it is only, or chiefly, on those advancing masses the inscriptions struggle, not by thousands, but at most by hundreds or 'fifties.' (P. 58.) Again, on Mount Serbâl, where Lepsius saw 'innumerable' inscriptions, and where Burckhardt professes to have been equally successful||, Mr. Stanley and his party 'saw 'no more than three,' though he thinks that they 'could hardly 'have overlooked any.' And on the whole, he thinks them 'much less numerous than the scribblings of the names of

* In his 'Voice of Israel from the Rocks of Sinai'; the first part of his 'One Primeval Language,' London, 1851.

† Christianity and Mankind, vol. iii. p. 233.

‡ Letters from the Holy Land, p. 175.

§ Letters from Egypt, p. 297.

|| 'Reisen in Syrien,' vol. ii. p. 979, 980. He says it would take six or eight days to copy them all.

‘Western travellers on the monuments in the valley of the Nile since the beginning of this century.’*

On another point—the occurrence of crosses prefixed to the inscriptions—Mr. Stanley’s testimony is more valuable, both because the question of the origin of the inscriptions is to some extent involved in that of the crosses, and because his attention was directed to this point with a full knowledge that the learned were divided in opinion as to the fact. He positively states that ‘crosses of all kinds, chiefly + and ✕, were very numerous and conspicuous, standing usually at the beginning of the inscriptions, and (what is important) occurring also, and in the same position, before those written in Greek and Arabic; often nothing but the cross, sometimes the cross with alpha and omega.’ (P. 61.) He found these last in the same place where he had noticed a Latin inscription, and in the same colour as the contiguous Sinaitic characters. He adds that, having previously seen that Forster and the latest German authority, Tuch, agreed in denying these inscriptions to be Christian, and the symbols prefixed to them to be crosses, he was ‘the more surprised to find them in such numbers and of such a character;’ and concludes that, however else they may be explained, he can ‘hardly imagine a doubt that they are the work, for the most part of Christians, whether travellers or pilgrims.’ (P. 62.) We must say that, having carefully examined the engraved inscriptions in the collections of Grey and Seetzen†, and, we may add, even in

* For this and some others of his statements Mr. Stanley is taken very angrily to task by Mr. Forster, author of the ‘Voice of Sinai,’ in the letter already cited, ‘On the Israelitish Authorship of the ‘Sinaitic Inscriptions.’ Now, even if any inaccuracy as to such details as the number, the height, or the style and appearance of the inscriptions, were established against Mr. Stanley, it would detract but little from the real value of his book, which rests on a very different foundation. But the question at issue between them does not affect in the slightest degree the interesting but hopeless theory which Mr. Forster desires to sustain. Even though Mr. Forster’s alphabet, anachronous as we believe it to be, were satisfactorily established, there is still one fatal defect in his theory, viz., that the language of the Israelites of the Exodus must have been in substance the language of the Pentateuch, to which language Mr. Forster’s conjectural text of the inscriptions bears no analogy. His strictures upon Mr. Stanley’s interpretation of the supposed symbol of the Cross in the inscriptions, appear to us to involve a clear *petitio principii*.

† We would refer particularly to the inscriptions numbered 16, 17, 18, 23., as well as to several others, in the plate already referred to, in the second volume of the ‘Fundgruben des Orients,’ p. 470.

Mr. Forster's own book, we ourselves can arrive at no other conclusion.

There is one question which has been raised regarding these cross-like symbols and the inscriptions annexed to them, and which is of much importance in deciding their relation to the general body of the inscriptions. Mr. Forster states* that there is a marked and uniform distinction between these uncial characters and the unknown Sinaitic inscriptions; the former being *cut* upon the rock, while the latter are *punched* or *dotted* out. On this point Mr. Stanley, unaware of the interest attached to it, affords no information; but it will deserve the attention of some future explorer.

In the midst of these strange and mysterious memorials, whether of Christian, Jewish, or pagan piety, occurs the only known object of religious veneration in the eyes of the Bedouins. In the Eastern extremity of

‘The great crescent-shaped valley which embraces the whole cluster of Sinai, is the tomb of the Sheykh, from which the Wâdy derives its name—“The Wâdy Es-Sheykh,” the “Valley of the Saint.” In a tenement of the humblest kind is the Sheykh Saleh’s grave. Who he was, when he lived, is entirely unknown. Possibly he may have been the founder of the tribe of that name, which still exists in the Peninsula; possibly the ancient prophet mentioned in the Koran as preaching the faith of Islam before the birth of Mahomet. The present belief would seem to be, that he was one of the circle of companions of the Prophet, who, according to the defiance of all chronological laws in the minds of uneducated Mussulmans, included Saleh, Moses, David, and Christ, as well as Abu Bekr, Omar, and Ali. This tomb is to the modern Bedouins the sanctuary of the Peninsula. As they approach it, they exhibit signs of devotion never seen elsewhere; and once a year all the tribes of the Desert assemble round it, and celebrate with races and dances a Bedouin likeness of the funeral games round the tomb of Patroclus. Sacrifices of sheep and camels, with sprinkling of the blood on the walls of this homely chapel, are described as accompanying this sepulchral feast.’ (Pp. 56, 57.)

From Sinai, onwards, Mr. Stanley abandons the attempt to trace the further course of the Israelite people through the Peninsula, except that he inclines to the opinion which identifies Kadosh with the celebrated city of Petra; and it is plain that he gladly hastens forward to the more congenial subject of

* ‘Israelitish Authorship,’ p. 47.; also p. 38., where the authority of Grey is alleged; and p. 20., where the statement is made from a note of the late Captain Butler, by whom they were carefully examined.

Palestine. The description of this portion of his route, the threshold of Palestine, is singularly beautiful, although the general line of thought may not be altogether new.

'The approach to Palestine!—nothing can be more gradual. There is no special point at which you can say the Desert is ended, and the Land of Promise is begun. Yet there is an interest in that solemn and peaceful melting away of one into the other which I cannot describe. It is like the striking passage in Thalaba describing the descent of the mountains, with the successive beginnings of vegetation and warmth. The first change was perhaps what one would least expect—the disappearance of trees. The last palms were those we left at 'Ain-el-Weibeh. Palm Sunday was the day which shut us out, I believe, with few rare exceptions, from those beautiful creations of the Nile and Desert springs—Judæa knows them no more. The next day we saw the last of our well-known Acacia—that consecrated and venerable tree of the Burning Bush and of the Tabernacle; and then, for the first time in the whole journey, we had to take our mid-day meal without shade. But meanwhile every other sign of life was astir. On descending from the Pass of Sâfeh, one observed that the little shrubs, which had more or less sprinkled the whole 'Arabah, were more thickly studded; the next day they gave a grey covering to the whole hill-side, and the little tufts of grass threw in a general tint of green before unknown. Then the red anemones of Petra re-appeared, and then here and there patches of corn. As we advanced, this thin covering became deeper and fuller; and daisies and hyacinths were mixed with the blood drops of the anemones. Signs of ancient habitations appeared in the ruins of forts and remains, which might have been either Canaanitish temples or Christian churches; on the hill-sides; wells, too, deeply built with marble casings round their mouths, worn by the ropes of ages. East and west, under a long line of hills which bounded it to the north, ran a wide plain in which verdure, though not universal, was still predominant. Up to this line of hills our Tuesday's course took us, and still the marks of ruins increased on the hill-tops, and long courses of venerable rock or stone, the boundaries or roads, or both, of ancient inhabitants; and the anemones ran like fire through the mountain glens; and deep glades of corn, green and delicious to the eye, spread right and left before us.' (Pp. 99, 100.)

In entering Palestine, Mr. Stanley, in common with all other travellers, was struck with the smallness of a territory which fills so large a space in the history of Mankind. Its breadth rarely exceeds fifty miles, while its extreme length from 'Dan to Beer-sheba,' is but one hundred and eighty. From almost every height in Palestine the entire breadth of the territory may be taken in at a view, from the hills of Moab to the sea; and the traveller, even in despite of previous preparation, is startled to find that in one long day he has passed from the capital of Judæa to that of Samaria, or that, in eight hours, he has seen

‘three such spots as Hebron, Bethlehem, and Jerusalem.’ It brings a strange feeling, too, especially after leaving the uncertain topography of the Desert, to arrive suddenly in the midst of places whose still existing names have been familiar to us from infancy, as the scenes of events which we have never thought of without awe; ‘to hear the names of Carmel, Maon, Ziph, shouted out by the Bedouin guides, or by the ploughman in the fields, who knew no more of David’s wanderings than of those of Ulysses.’ This is the charm of travel in a classic land. But nowhere is it felt with half the frequency or half the security which is enjoyed among the unquestioned localities of the lands of the Bible; and we know no traveller who has so fully realised this charm, or imparted its enjoyment to his readers so naturally, and with so little appearance of effort, as Mr. Stanley in his chapters upon Palestine.

Entering Palestine from the extreme South, he follows the natural division of the country; commencing with the inland districts of Judæa and Samaria; passing thence to the Maritime Plain,—the long strip, which stretches along the Mediterranean from the old Philistia, through the plain of Sharon and the land of Asher, to Phœnicia, thence crossing to the valley of the Jordan, Peræa, and the Trans-Jordanic tribes; and concluding with Galilee and the tribes of the North, the upper Jordan, and finally, the Lebanon and Damascus. Peræa, and the lands beyond the Jordan, are described, as we learn from a note, not from personal observation, but from the report of the author’s friend, Rev. G. Horsley Palmer.

His details, both of the general topography of Palestine, and of the special localities of Jerusalem, and the other cities of note, are carefully gathered from the latest researches of the eminent biblical scholars who have devoted themselves to this investigation, modified, in some cases, by the author’s own observation of the actual site. Into these details, interesting, but in many instances full of perplexity, we do not propose to enter, especially as some of them involve polemical discussions, for which we have neither space nor inclination. What is really original in Mr. Stanley’s treatment of the subject, is the bold, though thoroughly religious spirit in which he has transferred the study from the narrow field of Biblical archaeology to its true place in the general science of man; reverently gathering towards this sacred spot, as the one great centre of man’s destiny, all the devious and delicate threads which converge thitherwards in the tangled web of history, and whose convergence, distinctly traceable, appears, for a philosophical mind, to convert into a historical reality that simple belief still expressed in

some of the mediæval maps of the world (as, for instance, that of the 14th century, preserved in Hereford cathedral) which exhibit Jerusalem as the literal 'centre of the earth.' Mr. Stanley is fully alive to all these associations. He has not overlooked any of the relations of Palestine, whether with ancient or with modern history — with Egypt, with Assyria, with Rome, with Arabia, or with the West. Apart altogether from its higher and holier interests, it would be difficult to find, in any other country, the same 'confluence of associations.' The cliffs of the Nahr-el-Kelb in the Lebanon exhibit, side by side, the hieroglyphics of Rameses the Great, the arrow-headed characters of Sennacherib, and the Latin Inscriptions of Antoninus. The plain of Beth-heron, which witnessed the first victory of the Jews as they advanced into their Promised Land, was also the scene, after a period of fifteen hundred years, of their last great feat of arms before they finally succumbed to the Roman power. The same plain appears again, after a long interval, as the most eastern point to which Richard of England reached in his march towards the Holy City. The general memory of these events, separated by so wide an interval, is preserved in the name Bir-el-Khebir ('the Well of the Hero'), borne by a well near the village of Ajalon. It is hard to imagine a more remarkable illustration of the large and varied interest of the history of Palestine, than in what Mr. Stanley calls this 'strange complexity of associations, which renders it doubtful whether "the "Hero," so handed down by tradition, be the great leader of 'the hosts of Israel, or the flower of English chivalry.'

One of the characteristics of Palestine which Mr. Stanley brings out with the greatest learning and ingenuity, is its fitness for the great part which it was designed to fill in the history of the world. Considered in relation to their supernatural destinies, the narrowness of the territory served at once to isolate the chosen people from that dangerous contact with heathendom by which their faith was always imperilled, and to foster their consciousness, which lay hidden under so many forms, that they were not always to be restrained within earthly barriers like these. Considered in their external relations to other members of the human family, the position of Palestine, now, in the ebbings and flowings of the tide of progress, removed almost beyond the limits of civilisation, was then singularly appropriate. It was in those ages

'The vanguard of the eastern, and therefore of the civilised world; and, moreover, stood midway between the two great seats of ancient Empire, Babylon and Egypt. It was on the high-road from one to the other of these mighty powers, the prize for which they con-

tended—the battle-field—on which they fought—the high-bridge, over which they ascended and descended respectively into the deep basins of the Nile and Euphrates. Its first appearance on the stage of history is as a halting-place for a wanderer from Mesopotamia, who “passed through the land,” and “journeyed going on still “toward the south,” and “went down into Egypt.” The first great struggle which that wanderer had to maintain was against the host of Chedorlaomer, from Persia and from Babylon. The battle in which the latest hero of the Jewish monarchy perished, was to check the advance of an Egyptian king on his way to contest the empire of the then known world with the king of Assyria at Carchemish. The whole history of Palestine, between the return from the captivity and the Christian era, is a contest between the “kings of the north” and the kings of the south,” the descendants of Seleucus and the descendants of Ptolemy, for the possession of the country. And when, at last, the west begins to rise as a new power on the horizon, Palestine, as the nearest point of contact between the two worlds, becomes the scene of the chief conflicts of Rome with Asia.’ (Pp. 116, 117.)

It would be interesting to follow Mr. Stanley’s examination of the physical peculiarities of this land, the character of its soil, its natural conformation, its climate, its products,—whether in relation to its history or as actually illustrating the scriptural narrative, and the figurative or literal allusions with which it abounds. We should gladly dwell, too, upon another peculiarity of its present aspect to which the biblical writers have attended but little, and to which, at least as regards Eastern Palestine, M. de Saulcy was almost the first to direct serious attention,—the number and frequency of the ruins which it contains. It is not that these ruins, in the part of Palestine commonly visited by travellers, are upon a scale at all deserving of comparison with those of Egypt, Greece, or Italy; but, even in Western Palestine, their number bears to the villages and towns still in existence a far larger proportion than in any other country in the world; while in Eastern Palestine and beyond the Jordan, the ancient cities, though deserted, are still standing ‘in amount and in a state of preservation having no parallel except in the cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii buried under the eruption of Vesuvius.’ (P. 118). These remains extend, too, over a period almost beyond a parallel in any other country—Crusading, Saracenic, Roman, Grecian, Jewish, and even Canaanitish. Nay, if the etymology*

* As a help to the geographical student of the Bible, the ‘Vocabulary of Topographical Words’ (Hebrew) appended to ‘Sinai and Palestine’ will prove extremely useful. We have examined it in several instances, and always with much satisfaction.

suggested for the name of the *Avites* (Deuteron. ii. 23.)—the earliest inhabitants of Philistia,—‘dwellers in ruins’—be accepted as reliable, we are carried back to a distance for which nothing in classical antiquity contains an equivalent, and which far transcends that of the ruins discovered below the stratum of lava that forms the foundation of the ante-Roman, and perhaps ante-Etrurian, remains of Alba Longa! But, interesting as are these speculations, we prefer to devote the space still at our disposal to the admirable chapter which Mr. Stanley has given to the illustrations of the Gospel history and Gospel teaching which are derivable from the localities of Palestine.

Mr. Stanley draws attention to one important consideration commonly overlooked in the study of the Gospel history; that, whereas the first three Gospels turn almost exclusively upon the ministry of our Lord in Galilee, that of St. John turns almost entirely upon his ministrations in Judæa. The consideration is important, not only as explaining some of the divergences between the two sets of narratives;—as, for instance, the omission in what we may call the ‘Galilean’ gospels of the miracle of the raising of Lazarus, which took place in Judæa, and on the other side, the omission in the ‘Judæan’ Gospel of St. John of the histories of the demoniacs, whose peculiar habitat was around the shores of the Lake of Galilee;—but also as illustrating many of the circumstances, and even somewhat of the character, of the teaching recorded in each. And this is peculiarly observable in the two classes into which the parables of the Gospel are distinctly divisible. Some parables, it is true, contain no distinctive allusions proper to any locality; but certain of them are plainly Judæan; certain others are as clearly referable to Galilee. Thus, to take the beautiful parable of the Good Samaritan, which appears to have been spoken on the way to Bethany*, we are forcibly reminded of its appropriateness by the still traceable characteristics of the locality. We still see the ‘long descent’ of three thousand feet by which the traveller went *down* from ‘Jerusalem, on its high table-land, to Jericho in the Jordan valley.’ From this valley we might, even still, expect to see issuing the Bedouin ‘robbers,’ who, to this day, make it impossible for the pilgrim to pass without a Turkish guard, and who still, as in the days of the parable, fall upon the traveller, strip him naked, beat him severely, and leave him to die. To this day it is only ‘by chance’ that, on that unfrequented road, the aid of a passing traveller could be hoped for; and of the three ‘passers’ by’ of the parable, two at least were just those whose pre-

* Luke, x. 38:

sence would be most natural in that locality—the priest and the Levite going or returning between the two sacerdotal cities of Jericho and Jerusalem,—while the solitary Samaritan might also be expected, if at all within the Jewish border, upon the great thoroughfare between two such stations. The ‘inn’ of the Gospel might still be almost identified in a rude hospice which stands on the mountain side, about half way between Jerusalem and Jericho.

And this circumstantial truthfulness is sometimes observable even where the general features of the country would seem least likely to promise it. Thus, at first sight, the parable of the Sower, which was spoken on the edge of the lake of Genesareth, seemed to Mr. Stanley himself, as he rode along the track under the hill-side by which the plain is approached, to be singularly out of place in such a locality. But, he adds,

‘The thought had hardly occurred to me, when a slight recess in the hill side, close upon the plain, disclosed at once, in detail, and with a conjunction which I remember nowhere else in Palestine, every feature of the great parable. There was the undulating corn-field descending to the water’s edge. There was the trodden pathway running through the midst of it, with no fence or hedge to prevent the seed from falling here or there on either side of it, or upon it, itself hard with the constant tramp of horse and mule, and human feet. There was the “good” rich soil, which distinguishes the whole of that plain and its neighbourhood from the bare hills elsewhere descending into the lake, and which, where there is no interruption, produces one vast mass of corn. There was the rocky ground of the hill side, protruding here and there through the cornfields, as elsewhere through the grassy slopes. There were the large bushes of thorn, the “Nabk,”—that kind of which tradition says that the Crown of Thorns was woven—springing up, like the fruit-trees of the more inland parts, in the very midst of the waving wheat.’ (P. 418.)

The reader will find much more of this pleasing illustration of the Gospel and its teaching, brought out with a degree of minuteness and beauty which reminds us of the best passages in Mr. Trench’s book upon the Parables. So, also, in the ascertained localities of the scenes in our Lord’s history,—as of His weeping over Jerusalem, and His sitting by the well of Jacob, So, again, the description of Elijah in the wilderness of the Jordan, and of the Baptist in the same locality, in ‘raiment of camel’s hair,’ with a ‘leathern girdle round his loins,’ eating the ‘locusts and wild honey’ of the desert—the ‘wild honey,’ or, ‘manna,’ which drops from the tamarisks of the desert-region, but ceases on reaching the cultivated districts of Jericho and Judæa—finds a parallel in the startling appearances, familiar to all travellers in those lands, ‘of the savage figures, who,

‘either as Bedouins or Dervishes, still haunt the solitary places in the East, with a cloak woven of camel’s hair, thrown over the shoulders and tied in front on the breast; naked, except at the waist, round which is a girdle of skin, the hair flowing loose about the head.’ (Pp. 305, 306.)

True, too, to the broad principles to which we have so often alluded, Mr. Stanley has not failed to gather up the scattered illustrations of all the foreign religions which at any time have had a home in Palestine, connected with its various localities; whether those of the old Canaanitish or Midianite worship, or of that of the Samaritans, or of the later Mahometanism. On Gerizim, the mountain-sanctuary of the Samaritans, we had hoped to learn from him something, whether in confirmation or disproof, of M. de Saulcy’s recent theories*; but he has abstained from entering into any particulars, in anticipation of a complete investigation of the subject which may soon be looked for from the pen of Mr. Rogers, the English Vice-consul at Caipha, of whom Mr. Stanley truly says, that ‘he has probably seen more of the Samaritan sect and of their worship than any other European.’ (P. 245.) Independently of the intrinsic interest which it possesses, the mountain-sanctuary of the Samaritans is a subject of curious study, as a locality in which the same worship has been maintained, with little change or interruption, from the time of Abraham to the present day.

‘In their humble synagogue at the foot of the mountain, the Samaritans still worship,—the oldest and the smallest sect in the world; distinguished by their noble physiognomy and stately appearance from all other branches of the Jewish race. In their prostrations at the elevation of the revered copy of the “Pentateuch,” they throw themselves on their faces, in the direction not of Priest or Law, but obliquely towards the eastern summit of the Mount Gerizim. And up the side of the mountain, and on its long ridge, is to be traced the pathway by which they ascend to the sacred spots, where they yearly celebrate, alone of all the Jewish race, the Paschal Sacrifice.’ (Pp. 236, 237.)

On the subject of Mahometanism in Palestine, Mr. Stanley, without being very minute, has thrown together some interesting reflections. Absorbed in our own religious associations derived from the Sacred City, we seldom recollect that the Mosque (Masjid-el-Aksa) of Jerusalem is the third in rank of the great

* Nor has he entered much into the new ground in reference to the Dead Sea and the Cities of the Plain, which have been taken by this traveller. We shall anxiously expect the result of a full re-examination, by some competent explorer, of those points in M. de Saulcy’s statements to which exception has been taken.

sanctuaries of the Mahometan world. Instead, however, of pursuing Mr. Stanley's remarks upon this Mosque, interesting as it is from its juxtaposition with the Holy Places which form the highest object of Christian veneration, we think it better to pass at once to Mr. Burton's curious Narrative of his Pilgrimage to Medina and Mecca, the great Moslem sanctuaries of Arabia.

It is not in the sense familiar to poets and imaginative writers that Mr. Burton describes his visit as a 'Pilgrimage.' Strange as it may appear, he uses the word in its most literal signification, having, in the character of a devout servant of the Prophet, formally accomplished the *Hajj*, or pilgrimage, both to Medina and to Mecca, in the same year in which Mr. Stanley made the tour of Syria and Palestine!

The perils of such an attempt for a European are well known. But four published narratives of its successful accomplishment were extant before Mr. Burton's,—those of Ludovico Bartema*, a Roman, in 1503; of Joseph Pitts†, of Exon, in 1680; of Giovanni Finati, in 1814; and of the celebrated Lewis Burckhardt very soon after. Seetzen was poisoned at Mocha in 1811, while he was preparing for the attempt. Two other Europeans have accomplished the feat in later years,—M. Bertolucci, the Swedish Consul at Cairo, and the lamented Dr. Wallin, late Professor of Arabic in the University of Helsingfors; but neither of these has given any detailed account of the undertaking.

These great sanctuaries of Islam, and indeed the entire Hejaz‡, the Moslem Holy Land, are jealously guarded against the pollution of an infidel foot, and can only be visited by a real or pretended Mussulman. Pitts and Finati were both Mussulman proselytes,—the former by compulsion; Bartema went in the disguise of 'a mamaluchi renegade;' and Burckhardt had publicly

* An old English translation of 'Bartema's Pilgrimage' was published in 1576. It is given in the fourth volume of 'Hakluyt's Voyages.'

† Pitt's 'Faithful Account' was published by him on his return to England. Mr. Burton says it is 'little known' (vol. ii. p. 380.). But it is to be found in a volume of very common occurrence, along with Maundrell and 'Clayton's Journal'; our copy is of London, 1810.

‡ By the name El Hejaz ('The Separator') is roughly designated that whole district of Arabia which lies between Yambu and Jedda as the northern and southern points, and between the sea and a line drawn through Medina, Suwaytkirah, and the mountain Gebel Kora, as western and eastern boundaries. It is thus an irregular parallelogram, 250 miles long, with a maximum breadth of 150.

assumed the name and garb of a native Mussulman, and had prepared himself by long study and practice to simulate that character with such complete success, that he remained three months at Mecca, mixing freely in native society, and, as he believed without provoking the least suspicion of his real character. He was induced to adopt this expedient, because, although a renegade Christian may, absolutely speaking, be permitted to perform the pilgrimage, yet the movements of a European, known as such, are always watched with so much suspicion, that it would be impossible for him, under the constant surveillance to which he would be subjected, to observe anything with accuracy, and still more to make detailed notes of such observation.

Mr. Burton has followed in the footsteps of Burckhardt, and, indeed, has gone beyond him in some respects. Not content with assuming the outward guise and manner, as well as the name, of a Mahometan, and travelling in company with his fellow pilgrims under this disguise, conforming to Mahometan usage, fasting in Ramazan, and adopting Mahometan phraseology, he took the trouble, notwithstanding his long experience of oriental life, to initiate himself, by a regular course of training under a theological teacher at Cairo, in all the religious forms and devotional exercises, both public and personal, of the Koran, in order thoroughly to sustain his assumed character, by accurately going through all the religious observances of the pilgrimage in their most minute and scrupulous details—the visits, the prostrations, the kissings, the ablutions, the prayers, the litanies, and the recitations. Mr. Burton made himself master of these observances, not only in their general outline, but even in the lowest details of the order and the mode of their execution,—those almost impalpable shades of national mannerism to which only a native is alive; and, not satisfied with the mere perfunctory fulfilment of the prescribed routine of the Hajj, he boasts to have successfully established the character of a thoroughly orthodox and pious pilgrim. Sometimes he even remonstrated with his fellow pilgrims on their irreverence; and on one occasion, on which their suspicions were aroused by the sight of a sextant, which was concealed among his scanty baggage, in order to undo the effect of this unlucky mischance, he put on the appearance of extra piety and ‘prayed five times a day for nearly a week.’ (Vol. i. p. 247.) Now, while we are very far from that straitlaced notion of propriety which would tie down the traveller to those strict and rigorous rules which are often recognisable in Englishmen abroad as distinctive of our insularity, yet we cannot but express our strong reprobation of a

proceeding such as Mr. Burton ostentatiously avows, as utterly unworthy of a Christian gentleman. And, although there are few sacrifices which it is possible to make in the cause of knowledge that would not command our warmest sympathy, yet we must say, that even information so novel and so difficult of attainment as all that concerns the sacred cities of Arabia must necessarily be, in our judgment too dearly purchased at the price into which Mr. Burton's zeal for science has betrayed him. However it may be sought to palliate or explain it away, there is something indescribably revolting to our feelings, in the position of an English officer, even though it be in the pursuit of very interesting and desirable information, crawling among a crowd of unbelievers, around the objects of their wretched superstition; sharing, and perhaps, exaggerating their miserable exhibitions of reverence; quaffing cups of holy water with them from the consecrated well; repeating their prayers; joining in their litanies; reciting the 'Fat-hah' with them; copying their gesticulations; one time performing the *sudjah*, or single prostration, another time going as far as the *dua*, or double one; turning his face to Mecca; placing his right shoulder opposite the right pillar of the Prophet's Tomb; and in a word, accommodating himself—not alone passively and by negative participation, but by acts, by words, and even by the simulation of devotional feeling—to every detail of their public and private worship. All this Mr. Burton professes to have done, and more. In order the more effectually to carry out his assumed character, he added to his own prescribed devotional exercises as a Haji, certain supererogatory and even vicarious prayers and visitations at the Prophet's Tomb, in the name and for the spiritual benefit of friends who had requested this good office at his hands! (Vol. ii. p. 79.) In all this Mr. Burton is evidently unconscious of impropriety, and addresses a word or two of remonstrance to certain 'jocose editors' who described him as having 'turned Turk;' but the facts are such as we have stated them, and we should do injustice to all our instincts and all our feelings, did we conceal the impression which they are calculated to make. Nor can we think that the value of the information this traveller has thought fit to record with reference to some of the most disgusting practices of the Mahommedans, under the transparent disguise of a dead language, is a sufficient excuse for revolting indelicacy.

It must be confessed, nevertheless, that, having once assumed this, as it seems to us, very questionable part, Mr. Burton appears to have sustained it with complete success. . . . Beginning afar off, to prevent all clue to his identity, he started from England under the designation of a Persian prince;

and, on his arrival at Alexandria, took up his abode in an out-house belonging to a kind friend, in order the more effectually to conceal his movements and to complete his immediate preparations. These preparations consisted in placing himself under the direction of a Shaykh, to acquire thoroughly the minutiae of the religious observances which he was about to simulate; and in frequenting the mosques, bazaars, cafés, and other public places, as a study of those indescribable refinements of manner which are only to be mastered by personal intercourse with general native society. Thus partially prepared for his mission, he came into public, under the name of Shaykh Abdullah, and in the capacity of one of those 'chartered vagabonds' of the East, a wandering dervish of Persia; and obtained a passport as 'an Indo-British subject, named Abdullah, by profession 'a doctor.'

His equipment for the Hajj was his next concern. His dressing-case was 'a rag containing a miswak, a bit of soap, 'and a wooden comb; his canteen, a *zemzemiyah*, a goat-skin waterbag, 'which communicates to the contents a ferruginous aspect, and a flavour of tanno-gelatine; his furniture, 'a coarse Persian rug, serving for couch, chair, table, and 'oratory.' He carried a huge bright-yellow cotton umbrella; a carefully soiled roll of canvass, as a housewife, furnished with needles, thread, cobbler's wax, buttons, and other such articles; a dagger; a brass inkstand and penholder stuck in his belt; and a 'mighty rosary, *which on occasion could be converted into a 'weapon of offence.'* In this style he proceeded to Cairo as a third-class passenger in the Nile boat; but, at Cairo, he was advised to lay aside the name of Persian altogether, (the Persians being held in deep abhorrence, as heretics, in Arabia,) and also to merge as far as possible the profession of Dervish in that of Hakim, or physician, the latter being more in accordance with the nature of the inquiries and observations which he proposed to himself on the pilgrimage. Accordingly he started on the second stage of his journey in the new character of a Pathan or Afghan. He represented himself, however, as having been born in India, and having spent many years at Rangoon; thus exposing himself to the chances of being addressed, as occasion might arise, in Persian, Hindostani, or Arabic, all which languages he speaks so fluently as to be able to sustain the ordeal.

The second stage of his pilgrimage — the voyage from Suez to Yambu — was performed in the pilgrim-ship, a little Red Sea craft of about fifty tons, in which, besides an infinite variety of baggage and merchandise, were stowed no less than ninety-seven passengers. Mr. Burton's original quarters consisted of

the eighteenth part of a space 'certainly not exceeding ten feet 'by eight,' which he shared with seventeen other individuals; but he was fortunate enough to secure, for an extra dollar, a 'bed-frame slung to the ship's side,' and thus escaped 'the condition of a packed herring inside the place of torment.' The voyage to Yambu occupied twelve days. Thence Mr. Burton proceeded with the regular pilgrim caravan to Bir-Abbas, which he reached in four days, and thence (a further march of four days) across the Desert to Medina. The sight which awaited him at awakening on the morning after the arrival of the Hajj-el-Shami—the great caravan from El Sham (Damascus), so called in contradistinction to the Cafala-el-Misri, the Egyptian caravan—was one which it is given to few European eyes to see : —

'Huge white Syrian dromedaries, compared with which those of El Hejaz appeared mere pony-camels, jingling large bells and bearing shugdufs (a kind of camel-palanquin) like miniature green tents swaying and tossing upon their backs; gorgeous Takhtawan, or litters borne between camels or mules with scarlet and brass trappings; Bedouins bestriding naked-backed Deluls (she-dromedaries), and clinging like apes to the hairy humps; Arnaut, Turkish, and Kurd irregular horsemen, fiercer looking in their mirth than Roman peasants in their rage; fainting Persian pilgrims forcing their stubborn dromedaries to kneel, or dismounted grumbling from jaded donkeys; Kahwagis, sherbet sellers, and ambulant tabacconists crying their goods; country people driving flocks of sheep and goats with infinite clamour through lines of horses fiercely snorting and rearing; towns-people seeking their friends; returned travellers exchanging affectionate salutes; devout Hajis jolting one another, running under the heads of camels, and tumbling over the tent-ropes in their hurry to reach the Haram; cannon roaring from the citadel; shopmen, water-carriers, and fruit vendors fighting over their bargains; boys bullying heretics with loud screams; a well-mounted party of fine old Arab Shayks of the Hamidah clan, preceded by their varlets, performing the Arzah or war dance,—compared with which the Pyrenean bear's performance is grace itself,—firing their duck guns upwards, or blowing the powder into the calves of those before them, brandishing their swords, leaping frantically the while, with their bright-coloured rags floating in the wind, tossing their long spears tufted with ostrich feathers high in the air, reckless where they fall; servants seeking their masters, and masters their tents, with vain cries of "Ya Mohammed;" grandees riding mules or stalking on foot, preceded by their crowd-beaters, shouting to clear the way;—here the loud shrieks of women and children, whose litters are bumping and rasping against one another;—there the low moaning of some poor wretch that is seeking a shady corner to die in:—add a thick dust which blurs the outlines like a London fog, with a flaming sun that draws sparkles of fire from the burnished weapons of the crowd, and the brass balls of tent and litter.' (Vol. ii. pp. 226, 227.)

It is not the least remarkable of the curious interminglings of associations which we meet in these countries, that as Jerusalem, with all its Jewish and Christian memories, is nevertheless the site of one of the chief holy places of Islam, so the City of the Prophet, in turn, if it was not originally of Jewish foundation, certainly was from an early period the seat of a Jewish colony, which, even to a comparatively recent date, maintained a distinctly recognisable character. The date of this original immigration is disputed among the Mussulman antiquarians and divines;—some representing them as a detachment of the army of the Exodus; others as a wandering fragment of the Jewish people who fled thither from the invasion of Bukt-el-Nasr (Nebuchadnezzar);—but it is certain that, down to the days of the Prophet, the Jews were numerous and powerful in Medina (then called Yathreb), and in the surrounding settlements, Khaybar, Fadak, Wady-el-Subu, Wady-el-Kura, Kurayzeh, and many others. Nor can it be doubted that it is to the Prophet's hope of being accepted by them as their Messiah, and of securing their allegiance, we owe the strong tinge of Judaism which characterises the early revelations of the Koran; and that, on the other hand, the failure of this hope affords the true explanation of the striking change of tone towards the Jews which marked the latter years of his career, and inspired the common denunciations in which, by his later revelations, the Jews are specially marked out among the unbelievers whom Allah will destroy. However the fact may be explained (and it has variously exercised the ingenuity of the Moslem theologians), El Medina was ever favourable to Mahomet; and, months before his celebrated flight, he had already received in the three well-known acts, called the 'first,' 'second,' and 'third' (or great), 'fealty of the steep,' the sworn allegiance of the representatives of all the most influential citizens of Yathreb. Since that day it has undergone a variety of fortunes. It has passed through the hands of the Caliphs, of the Sherifs of Mecca, of the Sultans of Constantinople, of the Wahabis, and of the Egyptians, and has again reverted to the rule of the Sultan. But through all the varieties of its external revolutions, it has ever maintained the same charm for Moslem piety, and has ever been, second only to Mecca, the great centre of all the religious aspirations of Islam.

The chief source of the sanctity of Medina is, of course, the Prophet's Tomb. It is enclosed within the Masjid-el-Nabawi, or Mosque of the Prophet, which stands upon the spot where, on Mahomet's arrival, his she-camel, El Kaswa, knelt down by order of Heaven. The original building, erected by the Prophet

himself, was formed of rough stones and unbaked bricks, all ornament being strictly forbidden; and was fifty-four cubits from north to south, and sixty-three in breadth. It has been five times rebuilt, with various degrees of magnificence, since that day; and the present building is an open parallelogram four hundred and twenty-feet long and three hundred and forty wide, with a spacious central area surrounded by an elaborate peristyle. The tomb stands in what is called the Hujrah (chamber), the apartment of Ayèsha, the favourite wife of the Prophet; an irregular square of about fifty-five feet, separated on all sides from the walls of the mosque. Within a second enclosure stands the tomb of Mahomet (the existence of which Mr. Burton, very groundlessly as it appears to us, calls into question), together with those of his two immediate successors, Abu Bekr and Omar; and a fourth space is left vacant within for the tomb of Isa Ben Mariam (our Blessed Lord), to be occupied by Him after His second coming on earth. The popular belief of the suspension of the Prophet's coffin unsupported in mid air, has long been set aside; and the belief is attributed with much probability by Niebuhr to the idea suggested to the pilgrims by those rude drawings of the Hujrah which circulate among them as memorials of their visit, and in which all the laws of perspective are so completely violated, as to create this impression regarding the position of the coffin.

In addition to the Prophet's tomb, the enclosure of the Masjid-el-Nabawi contains many other memorials sacred in pilgrim eyes; as the place in which the angel Gabriel made his revelations; the grave of the Prophet's daughter, the lady Fatimah; Fatimah's garden, the dates of which are among the most precious relics carried home by the pilgrims; the tombs of the primitive martyrs of the Koran, and of the fifteen wives of Mahomet, 'the mothers of the Moslem.' Many particular stations, too, within the precincts are especially venerated; some of them on grounds which have furnished occasion for much speculation among the Moslem doctors;—as the Weeping Pillar, the Pillar of Lots, the Pillar of Repentance, &c.

We cannot bring ourselves to record the actual particulars of Mr. Burton's pilgrimage;—his entering the Rauzah attended by his Muzawwir (cicerone), and taking his place before the Mukabbaiyah (a reading desk), 'facing Mecca, with his right shoulder opposite to and about twenty feet from the dexter pillar of the Prophet's Pulpit,' then, after he had said 'the afternoon prayers, performing the two prostrations in honour of the temple;' and, at the end of these, 'reciting the 109th and 112th chapters of the Koran,' also the 'Kal

‘Haw Allah or Declaration of Unity;’ and concluding ‘with the single *sudjah* (one prostration) in gratitude to Allah ‘for making it his fate to visit so holy a spot!’ We must, therefore, refer to the work itself those who are curious to see how far he brought himself to carry this strange mummary, or who desire to obtain a minute account of all the ceremonies of the Hajj.

It was not till he actually reached the Hujrah, that he learned the full importance of the advice which had been given him at Cairo to renounce the character of a Persian heretic. It is here, in the presence of the tomb of Omar, that the great point of controversy between the Persians and the orthodox Moslem—the memory of this very Omar—comes out most strongly; and the unhappy Shiahs, here in a miserable minority, are exposed to every species of taunt, insult, and worse, from the now triumphant orthodox.

The Pilgrimage of Medina includes a round of several places of reputed sanctity in the environs; all of which Mr. Burton duly visited. He had originally intended to proceed direct from Medina to Muscat, whence a pilgrim caravan formerly passed regularly every year. Finding that this custom had long ceased, he next thought of undertaking the hazardous journey (between 1500 and 1600 miles) with a Bedouin escort; but his endeavours to procure such an escort were unsuccessful, and in the end he was compelled to abandon the idea, and to content himself with the less adventurous route of the ordinary caravan from Medina to Mecca. Of the four great roads which connect these cities, he took the *Darb-el-Sharki*, or eastern road, and commenced his journey on the 1st of September, 1853. The ceremony of *El Ihram* (assuming the pilgrim garb) took place at *Zaibah*. Between the noonday and afternoon prayers, a barber attended to shave his head, cut his nails, and trim his mustachios; and, after bathing and perfuming, he donned the pilgrim dress, which consists simply of two new cotton cloths, each six feet long by three and a half broad, with narrow red stripes and fringes; one cloth thrown over the back (the arm and shoulder being left bare) and knotted at the right side, the other wrapped round the loins, from waist to knee, and knotted or tucked in at the middle. After the toilet, they were placed with their faces in the direction of Mecca, and ordered to say aloud,—

“I vow this *ihram* of hajj (the pilgrimage) and the *umrah* (the ‘little pilgrimage’) to Allah Almighty.” Having thus performed a two-prostration prayer, we repeated, without rising from the sitting position, these words, “O Allah! verily I purpose the hajj and the ‘umrah, then enable me to accomplish the two, and accept them both

"of me, and make both blessed to me!" Then followed the "Tal-biyat," or exclaiming, —

"Here I am! O Allah, here am I —

No partner hast thou, here am I:

Verily the praise and the beneficence are thine, and the kingdom. —

No partner hast thou, here am I!"

'And they warned me to repeat these words as often as possible, until the conclusion of the ceremonies. Then Shaykh Abdullah, who acted as the director of our consciences, bade us be good pilgrims, avoiding quarrels, bad language, immorality, and light conversation. We must so reverence life that we should avoid killing game, causing an animal to fly, and even pointing it out for destruction; nor should we scratch ourselves, save with the open palm, lest vermin be destroyed, or a hair uprooted by the nail.' (Vol. iii. pp. 124, 125.)

The journey, about 250 miles, occupied eleven days; the caravan reached Mecca on the 11th of September.

Mr. Burton's narrative adds but little to our knowledge of the great sanctuary of Mecca, the Bait Allah, or, as it is otherwise called, the Kaabah, and its 'Black Stone.' He has merely transcribed the account given by Burckhardt, with some notes of his own observation. With that strange unconsciousness of his position which pervades the entire book, he declares that 'of all the worshippers who clung weeping to the curtain of the Kaabah, or who pressed their beating hearts to the stone, none felt, for the moment, a deeper emotion than did the Hagi from the far north;' though he 'confesses the humbling truth that theirs was the high feeling of religious enthusiasm, — his the ecstasy of gratified pride.' And then he proceeds with a recital of the ceremonial of the visitation of the Kaabah; how they

'Entered through the Bab Beni Shaybah, the "Gate of the Sons of the Old Woman." There they raised their hands, repeated the Labbayk, the Takbir, and the Tahlil; after which they uttered certain supplications, and drew their hands down their face. Then they proceeded to the Shafei's place of prayer — the open pavement between the Makam Ibrahim and the well Zem Zem, — where they performed the usual two prostrations in honour of the mosque. (Pp. 200-1.)

This was followed by a cup of holy water, and a present to the Sakkas, or carriers, who, for the consideration, distributed a large earthen vaseful, in Mr. Burton's name, to poor pilgrims. They then advanced towards the eastern angle of the Kaabah, in which is inserted the Black Stone, and standing about ten yards from it, repeated with upraised hands, 'There is no God but Allah alone, whose covenant is truth, and whose servant is

‘victorious. There is no God but Allah; without sharer his is the kingdom; to him be praise, and he over all things is potent.’ After which they approached as close as they could to the stone.

‘A crowd of pilgrims preventing our touching it that time, we raised our hands to our ears in the first position of prayer, and then lowering them, exclaimed, “O Allah (I do this), in thy belief, and in verification of thy book, and in pursuance of thy Prophet’s example — may Allah bless him and preserve! O Allah, I extend my hand to thee, and great is my desire to thee! O accept thou my supplication, and diminish my obstacles, and pity my humiliation, and graciously grant me thy pardon.” After which, as we were still unable to reach the stone, we raised our hands to our ears, the palms facing the stone, as if touching it, recited the Takbir, the Tah-lil, and the Hamdilah, blessed the Prophet, and kissed the finger-tips of the right hand.’ (Vol. iii. pp. 203–1.)

The remaining ceremonies of the Mecca pilgrimage are even more complicated and tedious than those of Medina. Mr. Burton complacently tells of his performing the Tawaf, or ‘circumambulation’ of the Bait Allah, partly in ‘the pace called Hurwalah, very similar to the French *pas gymnastique*, or Turammul, that is to say, “moving the shoulders as if in sand;” partly in the pace called ‘Taammul, slowly and leisurely;’ and as, from the crowd of fellow-circumambulators, it was impossible to approach the stone at the end of each Tawaf or circuit, he was again compelled to content himself with ‘pointing towards it, raising his hands to his ears, exclaiming, “In the name of Allah, and “Allah is omnipotent!” and kissing his fingers’ in place of the sacred relic.

The ceremonial of the Ramy, or ‘stoning the Devil,’ is a still more startling exhibition of the strange facility with which he threw himself into his assumed position; and here, as well as at almost all the various sites of the seventeen places of visitation, which invite the piety of the Mecca pilgrims, he was one of the most prominent and punctilious worshippers. At the close of the Moslem ‘Holy Week,’ he left Mecca on his homeward route for Jeddah, the Red Sea port of the Holy City.

Such are the observances of the Hajj. Mr. Burton describes them more in detail than any of those who before him have had the opportunity of witnessing the pilgrimage. The task of taking notes of what he saw was one of no little difficulty and peril. His note book was a bundle of slips of long paper, made to fit unobserved in the breast of his gown; and he was obliged to seize every available moment to commit to writing by piecemeal

every scrap of information which he desired to preserve, the notes being written in Arabic characters, the better to disarm suspicion if they should chance to be observed.

His account of the manner of the pilgrims, and of their fervour in the discharge of the prescribed forms of the pilgrimage, is substantially the same as that of other writers upon Mahometan life. But he reports a considerable diminution in their numbers in these latter years. The Damascus caravan to Medina, in the beginning of the sixteenth century, when Bartema visited that city, numbered 40,000; Mr. Burton calculates it, in 1853, at not more than 7000. At Mecca, the number of the same caravan, in 1807, was estimated by Ali Bey (a Spaniard, named Badia, who visited El Hejaz, perhaps as a spy in the pay of the French Government, and published an interesting account of his journey) at 83,000. Burckhardt, in 1814, calculated it at about 70,000. Mr. Burton, in, 1853, considered it certainly not more than 50,000; and in the following year (owing, however, most probably, to passing causes) it fell to 25,000. For both cities the pilgrimage forms the main, if not the only, source of traffic and occupation. In Medina, besides a large religious establishment of persons attached to the mosque, who are chiefly eunuchs (although, generally speaking, married), there is a numerous class of free servants, called *Farrashin*, who, each in turn, discharge the more menial offices of the mosque, as cleansing, lighting, and watching — under the various designations of *Jenams*, *Muezzins*, *Khatibs*, *Zenzemis*, &c.; and also a sort of literary college, forming, as it were, the theological faculty of El I-lam, in which the most eminent Moslem doctors have received their training. The establishment at Mecca resembles that of Medina, but is less numerous and less liberally paid. For these, however, and all other details, we can only refer to Mr. Burton's volumes, which, in addition to the author's own stores, contain a careful *résumé* of all the best authorities on the entire subject of the Hejaz.

We must add that, with all its minuteness, Mr. Burton's account of the religious life of the Moslems is purely exoterical. Their external ceremonial, their bowings, their prostrations, postures, gesticulations, the very words of their prayers, he details with curious and somewhat wearisome minuteness: but (in this respect presenting a singular contrast to Mr. Stanley) he never goes below the surface; he fails or he avoids to touch what may be called the inner life of Islam, its spiritual destinies, its intellectual tendencies, or its relations to the Jewish, Christian, or Bhuddist systems. On these subjects there is more material for thought in a single chapter of such a work as Döllinger's

Essay on Mahometanism, or a few pages of Dean Milman's sketch of the life of the Prophet in his 'History of Latin Christianity,' than in Mr. Burton's three bulky volumes. Nevertheless, even in this respect, such a work is not without its value. Exhibiting in the strongest light the strange tenacity of forms which characterises the Mahometan creed, and the extraordinary fervour which commonly appears to accompany their formal observances, it brings out in strong contrast the intellectual immobility of the system; its hopeless incapacity, whether for internal development or for external expansion;—the hidden source of that barrenness which has cursed it through all its later history, and which, save in one memorable period, has communicated its own fatal blight to arts, literature, civilisation, and progress, in every country where it has found a home. Mr. Burton has never paused to speculate on the future destinies of the faith which he has thus minutely described; but the picture of it which his volumes present is only a new illustration of a painful, though not utterly unconsoling truth,—a new evidence that

'While the world rolls on from change to change,
And rebus of Thought expand,
The Letter stands without expanse or range,
Stiff as a dead man's hand.'

ART. IV.—*Geschichte der Deutschen Höfe.* Von Dr. EDUARD VEHSE. (*History of the German Courts.* By Dr. EDWARD VEHSE.) Hamburg: 1854–56.

FROM the signature of the Peace of Westphalia, which closed the great cycle of religious wars on the Continent, until the French Revolution of 1789, the events of Central European history were not of so absorbing and predominating an interest as those which preceded and followed them. The contests were chiefly dynastic, in which no grand principle—religious or political—was at stake. War was carried on with wonderful technical skill, and the practical genius of a Turenne, a Marlborough, a Vauban, a Cohorn, and a Frederick evolved all the leading theories of modern military science. Political intrigues during this period were as tortuous and ingenious as if they had been planned by pashas of three tails, and executed by eunuchs. In the Arts there was a gradual decline from the Italian Macchinisti down to the tasteless realism of Denner, the vapid sentiment of Pompeo Battoni, and the sensuous

elegance of Boucher. Science certainly made gigantic strides, and literature was preparing to change the face of Europe, but the art of living and the art of government were low, contracted, and corrupt.

In Germany this was the age of court luxury in the secondary capitals. France gave the tone, and every petty prince or great elector must have his miniature Versailles, his geometrical garden, his '*manège*,' his mistress, and his mythological ballet. At these courts a crowd of greedy and polite adventurers were to be found ready at five minutes' notice to fight a duel or marry a cast-off Odalisque, while the court poet, the musical composer, and the scientific hair-dresser made up the list of the household. Reason had stinted room in societies where the chief business was scandal; but a larger place was allowed to Wit, which, as Diderot nicely says, 'is not Reason 'itself, but its dress or decoration.' At Hamburg it may require four Germans to club together to appreciate a *bon mot*; but that was assuredly not the case at the courts of Augustus the Strong or of Charles Eugene.

Dr. Vehse is the literary Denner of these German provincial capitals. He is neither an artist nor a philosopher. He has neither the gift of brilliant description nor of profound speculation; but in his portraits not a wart or a wrinkle is omitted. If any prince had a foible, if any haughty living grandee has a great grandfather whose plebeian origin is willingly forgotten, or a grandmanima whose frailties have reposed in the dust of half a century, Dr. Vehse exhumes them with a zeal and a zest which have carried pain and shame into hundreds of families; but, we must add, (such is humanity!) that he has produced from twenty to thirty of the most racy volumes of personal gossip to be found in the whole range of literature — a large part of the matter being original. He says that he has not violated his oath of Saxon Archivarius. We believe him; but it is clear that his apprenticeship to historical research gives the direction and value to his works. He frequently goes beyond his depth; and errors might be pointed out by the score; but by the mere accumulation of curious details we rise up from the perusal of the life of an Augustus the Strong, or of a Brühl, firmly persuaded that we know the moral features and personal habits of the men as familiarly as if we had lived under the same roof with them for months or years.

Prussia and Saxony are, beyond all question, the most interesting of his books. Hanover and the English Aristocracy appear to us to be the worst and the most inaccurate. The Court of Hanover has no interest after the departure of George

I. for England; and those of Bavaria and Wurtemberg very little during the eighteenth century. The Regency orgies of the Court of Nymphenbourg, and the amiable philanthropy of a Count Rumford, are all that the best memory cares to retain of this inanimate period. In Saxony we perceive Vehse to be most at home; and the affairs of Prussia, which are inseparable from those of this Electorate, relate to the most interesting and remarkable personages of the earlier part of the eighteenth century.

The Louis Quatorze of Saxony was the celebrated Augustus the Strong, a man of Herculean muscular powers, who could lift weights, straighten horse-shoes with his two hands, and go through other exercises which astonished his subjects. Latterly he became a glutton and a drunkard, but resembled his model in palace-building, in love of the arts, in devotion to the sex, in splendid courtesy and rigorous etiquette, and last, though not least, in a devouring political ambition, which placed the crown of Poland on the head of the Elector of Saxony, who wore it until his death in 1733.* But Saxony paid dearly for this elevation. Not less than eleven millions of dollars were expended, according to the '*Theatrum Europeum*,' on the Royal Election; and, altogether, the Polish connexion cost Saxony not less than eighty-eight millions of dollars, a sum which was covered by loans in Holland, sales of territory to the already increasing Prussia, and by a most heavy internal taxation.

The principal transactions during the reign of Augustus, which terminated, as we have stated, in 1733, were those relating to the War of Succession and the rivalries of Russia and Sweden. With those well-known events we will not meddle, but content ourselves with some account of the personages in his own immediate vicinity. The favourite ministers of Augustus the Strong were Beichlingen, Flemming, and Vitzthum, the latter being the most constant favourite.

Vitzthum had no political talents, but was a most perfect courtier and man of the world, handsome in person, exquisite in courtesy, an admirable shot, horseman, and tennis-player, with a great flow of animal spirits under the control of a rigorous measure of etiquette. He killed time with the pleasantest sallies imaginable, but without ever descending to the comic.

* In the various arts which Augustus cultivated correct orthography cannot be included: — '*Voici ce que vous pourrez remontrer aux états d'Hollande et donner part au résident d'Angleterre, de ce qu'il aura à dire,*' is disguised as follows: — '*Voissi ce que vous pourres remontrer os estas dohlentes et donner pars au Kessiden dengleterre de ce qu'il orras a dierrres?*'

But the parts of husband and wife were inverted: while he was the ornament of the merriest court in Christendom, his spouse was a woman of business and political manager. She was admirably painted by a Baron Haxthausen, who figures as the St. Simon of this Saxon Louis Quatorze; and we doubt if the French chronicler could have hit off a political intriguer with more verisimilitude and refinement.

‘Madame de Vitzthum,’ says Haxthausen, ‘had something striking in her presence, notwithstanding a slightly turned-up nose; her eyes were large and blue, her lips vermilion, her teeth good, her complexion fine. She was tall and elegant in person, queenly in her air. Having been brought up in the world and at court, she bore the impress of both, a childish laugh alone excepted. She was highly sensitive, but under the self-imposed discipline of the most delicate tact. Her powers of observation were great. Her eyes were everywhere, and she took notice of the smallest matters however large the company. She divined with ease the thoughts of others, and with sure judgment generally formed a correct estimate of affairs from the first circumstances that came to her knowledge. In conversation she expressed herself elegantly without throwing away a useless word. Commencing with questions wide of her mark, she insensibly approached the point she wished to learn, and, having arrived at it, would then glide into other subjects, leaving her interlocutor in the dark. She could conceive projects, balance the reasons for and against them, set them in motion, and, by incessant perseverance and vigilance, bring them to bear on her objects, foreseeing everything, neglecting nothing. She lived with splendour, and yet was such a manager that her affairs were always in order. She governed her husband, and yet left him the air of being master. She pushed him into the Great Chamberlainship and into the Cabinet itself without a portfolio. She built magnificent palaces, and acquired twelve large estates by her management.’

This, at first sight, seems an ideal character; but the solid results to her family of this lady’s talents for manœuvring leave little doubt of the general accuracy of the portrait, though her success is anything but a convincing proof of the possession of those virtues which we demand in our own generation.

The licensed humourist of the court was old General Kyan, the adjutant of the King, who delighted in his society. In an age of official malversation the boon companion could sometimes play the Mentor. One day at table the King asked him to pour out some rare Hungarian sweet wine. Kyan placed the King’s glass in the centre, and those of the other great state and financial officials all round. The outer glasses were filled to the brim, but in the King’s were only a few drops. ‘What does all this represent?’ said the King. ‘The collection of the State revenues,’ said Kyan. On another occasion this

Saxon Polonius wanted a snug berth for his old age; and at table asked the King's permission to exchange position with him for a few minutes. This the King granted. On which, Kyan sat up in his chair with the King's hat on his head, and began a speech to the King, whom he harangued as General Kyan, eulogising his merits, and granting him a post of governor of the fortress of Konigstein. The King was so taken with the fancy, that the patent was made out, and he died in this post at eighty years of age.

In one respect Augustus the Strong was most unlike Louis Quatorze, for he would have none but nobles in his administration; and during his reign '*La Roture*' was carefully excluded from power and favour in Saxony. No Voisins or Chamillarts were to be found in the higher councils of Augustus. In modern times, the sovereigns of Germany have seen it their interest to elevate citizens to high places, not only in Prussia with her Dankelmanns, but in Austria with her Thuguts, Bachs, and Brucks. At this period in Saxony, and for long afterwards, the government was purely aristocratic. On the 15th of March, 1700, Augustus issued a patent, excluding from a seat in the estates every member who married a non-noble woman, or who could not prove eight noble ancestors on father's and mother's side; while all the superior officers of the army were nobles. Even those possessing letters of nobility, who might be able and well-informed, but did not belong to the old noblesse, were not admitted. Such was Sulm, to whom Frederick the Great wrote when Crown Prince, '*Comment est-il possible (soit dit sans vous flatter) qu'une personne d'autant de mérite, d'esprit, et de savoir comme vous soit négligée et même oubliée? Et qu'elle idée se peut-on faire d'une cour où des Sulm ne sont pas recherchés.*' Strange to say, the master of the ceremonies at court had been a citizen, but, as was stated in a diploma of another German prince whom he had previously served, he was a man 'of singular erudition, skill, manners, reasonable comportment, and knowledge of the world in general.'

Augustus was very fond of regal and military pomp; and the enormously costly court festivities were a very heavy tax on the poorer noblesse, who had all to appear on the occasion of a foreign sovereign's visit. Mythological processions, in full antique costume, were organised with such splendour, that, says the '*Frankfurter Relation*,' with gleeful malice, they 'will be remembered by all, more especially many an honest cavalier, who would rather have staid at home than have danced in downcast spirits and empty purse in a ballet of Olympic deities.' The opera

and the theatre were the best in Germany; the former got up by Venetians in the year 1717, under the direction of Lotti. The King gave 70,000 dollars a year to the theatrical companies, and sometimes 50,000 dollars for bringing out a single opera. Yet Sebastian Bach, the rival of Handel in classic elevation of sentiment, and the great predecessor of Beethoven in creating a majestic unity out of the utmost complexity and diversity of parts, lived at Leipsig, as ignored by the great of his own court as Milton had been by the frequenters of Whitehall.

The feminine attachments of Augustus were all but endless, and Dr. Vehse gives a formal Leporello list of them, for which we have no room. The most powerful of these favourites was a Countess Cosel, who ruled him during no less than six years—from 1706 to 1712. She was a tall and exquisitely beautiful person. She had great intelligence, and considerable conversational powers, but a most violent temper, so that the King was often afraid of her resorting to personal extremities. Furiously jealous of rivals, she kept them at a distance by terror of the grossest insults. A Lutheran preacher having inveighed against her in the pulpit as the Bathsheba of Saxony, she wished the King to punish him; but he answered good-humouredly, that preachers could say anything they chose an hour a week in a particular place without having a reckoning to give; but if he inveighed against her at other times and elsewhere, he would then take notice of it. ‘But,’ added he, ‘the Lutheran pulpit is too high for the Pope; so much the more for a secular prince like myself.’ Augustus had turned Catholic in order to secure his election to the throne of Poland, and had been weak enough to give the Countess Cosel a promise of marriage although his queen was still alive. This promise he wished to get back, but she refused, threatening to put a bullet through his head. However, it was decided by the ministers that a separation should take place, in order that the Poles should not be jealous in consequence of the King not having a Polish lady for his mistress! Such was the singular morality of that period. In 1712, when Countess Cosel was thirty-two years of age, and in the height of her beauty, all relations ceased between the King and her, in consequence of his having selected a Countess Dönhoff, of Polish extraction. Madame de Cosel was at first confined to her palace and park at Pillnitz, but escaping, after a residence in Prussia, returned to Saxony, and was imprisoned seventeen years, until the death of Augustus in 1733, in the Tower of Stolpe. All her property and jewels were seized by the King for her children, and she had to content herself with an allowance of 3000 dollars a year instead of 100,000.

Once she unsuccessfully attempted flight through the aid of an officer,* who paid the penalty of his head for the exploit. Even after her liberation she continued to reside in her mountain tower, spending the greater part of her time in the study of the Old Testament, the Talmud, Jewish Antiquity, and Rabbinical Theology. At eighty-two years of age she presented the Prince de Ligne, as a great mark of her favour, with a Bible, annotated by herself; and shortly afterwards he received a letter from her in mystical and incomprehensible language. Three years afterwards she ended her miserable life.

The sumptuous architectural decorations of Dresden and its environs date principally from the period of Augustus the Strong. The Zwinger Palace was built in 1711, and in subsequent years the Temple of Venus at Pillnitz, with portraits of his female favourites, the great garden of Dresden, with no less than 1,500 marble statues, and the orangery, completed two years before his death. He moreover founded the celebrated Dresden Gallery, and established a school of design. Bellotto, or, as he is commonly called, Canelletto the Younger, was the court landscape painter, whose views of Dresden and other cities in the manner of his uncle are familiarly known to amateurs of pictures. The Green Vault, with its jewels, was another well-known fancy of Augustus, to which we may add, the Japan Palace, with its countless pieces of porcelain.

The credulity of Augustus in the transmutation of metals was accidentally the cause of the discovery of the celebrated Dresden ware. An apothecary's lad named Böttiger composed a tincture that was supposed to be capable of being transformed into gold. Be this as it may, the talents of the lad as an experimental chemist were indisputable. The reputation of a successful alchemist was, however, fatal to his liberty, and the lad of seventeen was, by the order of Augustus, placed under lock and key, with a complete laboratory at his disposition. This restraint almost drove the vivacious youth into insanity. The governor of Königstein, the state fortress of Saxony, overlooking the gully of the Elbe, reported on the 12th of April, 1702, that 'he foamed at the mouth like a horse, roared like a bull, knocked his head against the wall, crept with hands and feet, and trembled so violently that two soldiers could not hold him. He considered the commandant to be the Archangel Gabriel; he blasphemed, and drank twelve cans of beer a day without getting drunk.' After this he was taken to Dresden, where, although still in a state of surveillance and seclusion, he was allowed a certain liberty, billiards, private walks under control, a court equipage, and certain

safe persons for his companions. Böttiger, from his flow of animal spirits, had the art of enchanting every one to whom he had access. Augustus himself sought his acquaintance, without, however, giving him full liberty; and, consulting his confessor as to his opinion of him, the Jesuit answered, 'Videtur mihi esse vir honestus egregiæ eruditionis et excellentissimi ingenii.' Böttiger, while pursuing his experiments, accidentally discovered that Meissen porcelain, commonly called Dresden china, which became so celebrated and so sought after in the earlier half of the eighteenth century, and the taste for which has revived with such force. This to Augustus the Strong, who was a great china fancier, was as welcome as gold itself, for he had expended incredible sums on what is now called the Japan Palace. Many workmen were engaged from Delft in order to give vogue to the new ware, and in 1710 the manufactory of Meissen fairly commenced the supply of the demand, which soon became European. Böttiger thenceforth had access to the King as often as he chose, and received from him a ring with his effigy, a young bear, two apes, and credit with the royal banker. In 1715 he obtained not only his full liberty, but the profits of the porcelain manufactory for life. But he proved unequal to the opportunity. Drunkenness, probably brought on by solitude, had so mastered him, that he at last drank half-a-dozen bottles of wine a day, and died, at thirty-four years of age, of his excesses.

Augustus III., son of Augustus the Strong, and second Saxon king of Poland, reigned from 1733 to 1763. His accession was at thirty-seven years of age; but his temper differed from that of his father, for he was apathetic in the extreme. The veritable ruler was the celebrated Count Bruhl, with whose name the readers of Prussian history and the visitors of the Saxon capital are so familiar. He was, indeed, the incarnation of reckless, ruinous splendour, throwing all the Fouquets, Richelieus, and Calonnees completely into the shade. He had been a favourite of Augustus the Strong from his polite manners and agreeable conversation, and under his successor cumulated thirty offices in his person, and acquired a multitude of estates both in Poland and Saxony. He built the celebrated but too ornamental Bruhl Palace in Dresden, furnished internally with incomparable splendour; the picture-gallery was one hundred and fifty-six yards long, with paintings on one side, and windows looking out on the Elbe on the other, with vast mirrors, vases, and statues disposed in the intervals. The library was of seventy thousand volumes, and had a splendidly printed catalogue of sixty-one volumes.

This was all mere furniture, for he had never been at an university, or read anything but State papers and police reports. He had his own theatre for the Italian Opera and French Comedy. Three hundred horses stood in his stables, and as many persons were in his household service. His wardrobe filled two halls of the palace, and for each dress was an especial watch, snuff-box, sword, and cane. Every dress was painted in miniature in a book, which was every morning presented to 'his most serene Excellency,' as he caused himself to be called. His wigs were fifteen hundred in number, so that when his palace was occupied by Frederick the Great, during the Seven Years' War, that prince exclaimed, with contemptuous surprise, 'So many perukes for a man who has no head!'

When people spoke to the King about his extravagance, Bruhl told his Majesty that his Countess had the art of making great show with a little money. After a supper to one hundred and sixty-five persons in his great gallery to the Duke de Richelieu, the latter said, 'Après mon retour en France, je conseillerai au Roi mon maître d'envoyer à Dresde une douzaine des principaux officiers de sa maison pour apprendre du maître d'hôtel de M. le Comte l'ordre et le service.' Meanwhile, the troops were sometimes two years in arrear, and the whole machinery of the State stood still while the spits of Count Bruhl's kitchen were turning so systematically. One colonel had the courage to inform the King of the true state of affairs, in spite of the manœuvres of Bruhl's agents, who kept at a distance all inconvenient petitions. Bruhl was forthwith called; he flatly denied the charge, and offered to furnish proofs of his innocence. On the same night bills on the Customs' cashier were issued to the army and ready cash for the month, the receipts for which were shown to the King, whom Bruhl made to believe that the officer was not in his right senses. Four of Bruhl's myrmidons then pounced upon the unlucky wight, and gave him his option either to spend the rest of his days in an oubliette of the Königstein with confiscation of his property, or to make a second petition to the King confessing 'that he suffered from melancholy occasionally.' The latter alternative was of course elected, on which he was pensioned.

Bruhl was an inconceivably bad finance minister, and his luxury was kept up by favouritism so gross that generals were multiplied in the proportion of nearly 1 to 100 men. But his bitterest enemies were enchanted with his manners. To the King he was a polite 'Maire du Palais,' for he watched him morning, noon, and night, and his assiduity to the phlegmatic tobacco-smoking monarch was constant. 'Bruhl, have I money

'in my exchequer?' was the frequent question; to which, in oriental court fashion, a negative answer was never known to have been given.

He died a Protestant in profession, having survived his master a short time. His will was curious: 'Never,' says this document, 'did I go to bed without saying my prayers, and never did I rise to undertake anything without first paying my devotions. I have, triumphantly got through every danger by His grace, even those of murder and poison; but, as all was the work of God, he has protected me and my enemies have failed in everything.' The wealth disposed of at his death was enormous, and we are informed that the heir-loom porcelain service, valued at 1,000,000 of dollars, is to this day preserved in the cellars of the chief seat of his family at Pforten.

While folly, finery, and profusion exhausted Saxony, strict financial economy, iron military discipline, and resplendent military genius elevated the neighbouring Prussia to be one of the great Powers of continental Europe. We look on the portraiture of the father of Frederick the Great as Dr. Vehse's masterpiece. It has the vivacity and originality of a highly-finished character in fiction, combining De Foe's impress of probability with the humour of Sir Walter Scott.

A slight sketch in kitcat from this full-length portrait of Frederick William the First, is all that we shall attempt on the present occasion.

This prince, second King of Prussia, was the only son of Frederick the First and his philosophical queen, Charlotte of Hanover. He was born in the year of the English revolution of 1688, and showed himself in infancy to be of a robust and vigorous frame, but of obstinate, ferocious, and untractable temper. He was nevertheless the idol of his mother as well as of his grandmother, the Electress Sophia of Hanover, who sent for him to that residence when he was five years of age; but his quarrels with Prince George, afterwards George the Second of England, were incessant and prolonged, from childhood to mature age and accession to power; for the King of Prussia would talk 'of my brother the dancing master,' or 'the mountebank,' and George reciprocated the compliment by styling Frederick William, with his gigantic recruits and his mania for drill, as 'my brother the sergeant.'

Frederick William very early showed a great aversion to regal pomp, state, and luxury. He threw a dressing gown of old brocade into the fire, and would lie for hours in the sun with his face greased to give it a tanned soldier-like ap-

pearance. He had a turn for painting, but a horror of music. He not only was untinctured with the effeminacy which is often the disease of Court life, but he was deficient in the most ordinary courtesy and gallantry to the other sex, and when very young kept a memorandum of his expenditure, under the title 'account of my ducats.' His refined and polished mother was shocked to find her offspring of a nature so opposite to her own; a determined spirit of contradiction and greed developing themselves in so extraordinary a manner when he was little more than a boy. 'Good heavens!' writes the Queen, to Mademoiselle Pollnitz, 'avaricious at such a tender age; other vices may be got under, but this increases with years! What perverseness of heart to behave ill to the sex, which ought at the least to be the object of politeness to men!'

In the year of the Peace of Utrecht, Frederick William ascended the throne of Prussia on the death of his father the first king, and immediately afterwards his mania for crimping and recruiting giants broke out with such force as to be the talk of all Europe and the terror of every mother of a stalwart youth, not only in his own dominions, but in the neighbouring principalities. So violently had his agents gone to work, that before the year 1713 was out, he issued a prohibition 'not to stop the passengers on the post, as had been done several times.' A regular man-hunt was instituted throughout all the villages, and even during Divine Service. A rural pastor died of the shock occasioned by seeing his taller sacramental communicants carried off *en masse* by a recruiting-party, who thought that the Sunday congregation would spare them all further trouble in hunting through the cottages. In March, 1720, this was repeated; but so violent was the indignation that an insurrection was the result. Many strong young men fled his dominions, less from apprehension than from their being in good circumstances, and spurning the position of private soldier. The industrial wealth of Elberfeld had its origin in the exertions of fugitives from Prussian recruiting; but, by the arrangements of 1815, this hive of Rhenane industry is again brought under the sceptre of the House of Hohenzollern.

From 1713 to 1735, Frederick William is said to have sent 12,000,000 of dollars for recruiting purposes into foreign countries. In the Duchy of Juliers a Baron Hompesch, who was crimp-in-chief, surpassed all others in ingenuity and shameless effrontery. He once bespoke of a very tall master-joiner, who did not know him, a cupboard as long and broad as the

artisan himself. After some days the Baron went to take away the cupboard, but objected to its being of insufficient length. The long-legged joiner, in a fit of alacrity, inserted himself at full length within the cupboard, in order to afford practical proof of Hompesch's being mistaken. But all of a sudden, the door was fastened by the people whom Hompesch had in waiting, and the unfortunate joiner was carried off as his recruit. However, on opening the cupboard after clearing the gates, he was found dead from suffocation or mental irritation. Hompesch, indeed, was condemned to death, but the King commuted his sentence to imprisonment for life.

The zeal of Frederick William's agents brought him into serious collision with the neighbouring princes. The Landgrave of Hesse Cassel gave orders to deliver up the Prussian recruiting parties, whenever they showed themselves in his dominions, to the nearest fortress, dead or alive. The same course was pursued by the Elector of Bavaria and by the Dutch Government. The experiment of marrying very tall men to very tall women, in order to raise giants, proved a failure. Nor was the opposition within the dominions of Frederick William himself to be undervalued. He was admonished from Exodus, 'that he that stealeth a man and selleth him, or if he be found in his hand, he shall surely be put to death.' And, again, from Deuteronomy, 'If a man be found stealing any of his brethren of the children of Israel, and maketh merchandise of him, or selleth him, then that thief shall die.' On the other hand, the obsequious held that, according to Samuel, it was the divine right of kings to take 'man-servants and maid-servants, and the goodliest young men and asses.' Provided they were attentive to their drill, the King treated them well, living familiarly with them, and taking care of the prospects of their families; but many, however subdued by military discipline, were never reconciled to their fate. On field-days balls would whiz about the King's head, no one knew whence. In 1730, a plot was discovered of eighty-seven Hungarians, Poles and Wallachians, who intended to desert during the confusion consequent on a projected fire-raising in Potsdam. Terrible punishments followed these attempts, and the King was obliged to have six hussars with loaded fire-arms to mount guard before his chamber.

Unlike his son, Frederick the Great, Frederick William disliked everything French, and called himself a true German. In order to make the so-called French dress of that period ridiculous, he caused it to be worn by the provost-m Marshals of the different regiments. The English were in as little favour: when the

Calvinistic preachers Jablonski and Noltenius, in 1733, wished young men to be educated in England, he answered, 'I cannot allow you to expose them to the sins of England,—a land without orthodoxy and religion!' He wished the same sincerity to be practised to himself which he practised to others. In a regulation dated 1723, a holograph rule runs as follows: 'We want no flattery, but invariably the plain truth.' Professor Ranke relates that he twice refused the Crown of Poland, 'because he would not desert the faith by which his salvation was assured.' One of his valets one evening had to read prayers to him, but when he came to the words, 'The Lord keep thee,' he sycophantly substituted the words, 'The Lord keep your Majesty;' but Frederick William, in a rage, told him to read literally, 'for before God Almighty,' added he, 'I'm a rascal like yourself.' To the Court apothecary he had granted, for 1000 dollars, the title of Privy Councillor, but he was not personally known by the King, and, in answer to the question, 'Who are you?' the apothecary answered, 'Your Majesty's Privy Councillor So-and-so;' but scarcely had he uttered these words when the King broke out upon him, and, with a volley of abuse, instructed him for the future to say, he 'was called' Privy Councillor So-and-so.

The terror of the aristocracy and the army, Frederick William was, nevertheless, familiar with the people, and consequently popular with the lower orders. He was a guest at the weddings of all classes, and was even known occasionally to dine at a hotel like a private person. He paid no attention to noble extraction in selecting fit officers for civil and military posts. A baron of ancient patent having complained of another baron taking precedence of him, the King wrote on the petition, 'Mere folly; whether a man sits above me or below me, my birth remains the same.' The whole of the development of Prussia out of the old German empire was autocratic and anti-aristocratic. The ancestors of Frederick William had before, during and after the Reformation, gradually extinguished feudal power. And this sovereign completed the work by taxing the nobles. The Marshal of the provincial estates declared that the country would be ruined, on which the King wrote '*Nihil Kredo*; oligarchical dictation will be ruined. I establish the sovereignty on a rock of bronze.' This was no metaphor. He often expressed himself as follows, 'We are master and king, and we do whatever seems good to us.' And, again, 'The work which we pay for is to be done.' Heavy pecuniary fines were imposed on the highest civil officers for the slightest neglect of attendance. Sometimes he signified his

rejection of an absurd petition by the exercise of his turn for drawing, which showed itself on the margin by an ass's head and ears. On other occasions he was not equally harmless, and showed the brutal despot. He had always two pistols loaded with salt lying by his side, which he would fire off at those who committed faults. It was, in fact, a reign of terror. A functionary, suddenly summoned into his presence, fell down dead from sheer fright. Yet the King was offended at being called a tyrant, and thought himself the justest prince in Christendom. He certainly was no respecter of persons. A councillor, having embezzled some monies intended for the establishment of Salzburg emigrants, was condemned to imprisonment in a fortress; but the King decided that he should be hanged. The councillor urged that it was not the custom of the country to condemn a nobleman to so ignominious a death, and offered to make up the embezzled money. But the King wrote back that he would have nothing to do with his money, and erected a scaffold under the windows of the Council Room, on which the delinquent was hanged.

Frederick William regarded all Berlin as belonging to his domestic establishment, and in the streets he constantly asked people who they were. Utterly indifferent to his own dignity and to the feelings of others, if he could devise something that was not quite agreeable, it was sure to be said. Sometimes, however, he was caught in his own net. On asking a grave and reverend French pastor whom he had met in the street, whether he had read Molière, he answered, 'Oui, sire, et sur-tout l'Avare,' in allusion to the ruling foible of the monarch. The fear of such encounters sometimes made nervous persons indiscreetly evade the Royal presence. One Jew having fairly taken to his heels, he was pursued by the King in hot haste. 'Why did you run away from me?' said the King, when he came up with him in breathless dudgeon. 'From fear,' answered the Jew, in the most ingenuous manner; but the rejoinder of the King was a hearty thwack with his cane, who roared out that he wished himself to be loved, and not to be feared.

His domestic economy was excessive; when working in the Cabinet he put on over-sleeves, and even tied on an apron to save his good house dress. Tapestry, stuffed chairs, carpets, and such luxuries, were not to be seen in his apartments, all the tables, chairs, and benches being of plain deal. Even his wash-bason, a sort of trough, was of the same material; and, instead of a wig, he wore a pigtail: but he was as nice and cleanly in his person as his successor was slovenly. His

economy went into depths generally unknown to princes. He once wrote on the margin of a report of the Council of Finance that a coarser sort of paper was to be used for the future. As no account was allowed to be settled without his knowledge, they once laid before him a bill for a broken window pane. This, however, seems to have been too much for his Majesty, as he wrote under it, 'Do not annoy me, 'F. W. R.' The Queen being handsomely endowed, he compelled her to pay all the washing bills. This excessive and unroyal economy sometimes led to curious rubs. The Academy of Sciences, having little relation to his passion for soldiering, was on various occasions the object of his practical ridicule. He once ordered them to find out the cause of the sparkling of champagne; but they gave him a Roland for an Oliver, by immediately asking for fifty bottles of a choice brand, in order to make the experiment.

'The King rose every morning, according to the season, at four, five, six, or seven. He regularly performed his morning devotion, by reading a chapter in "Amalard Creuzberg's Godly Meditations." Thereupon, in summer at five, in winter at seven, his cabinet councillors, or, as he called them, his secretaries, made their appearance, with whom he transacted business, whilst drinking his coffee, and being dressed, for two or more hours. The reports and memorials were opened in his presence, the King giving to most of them "marginal resolutions," written in his own hand. When he had the gout he would write with his left hand. After he had business with the cabinet councillors, the officers and ministers, or whoever else had any thing to ask, entered the King's closet. Ten was the hour for parade, at which strangers were presented. From thence the King went to the stables, gave orders, and returned to the palace. Dinner at twelve. Very often, however, the morning was wholly spent in drilling.'

The favourite leisure resort of the King was his smoking-room, or 'Tobacco College.' That in Berlin was furnished in the Dutch fashion, with blue plates on a high shelf. This apartment is still kept unaltered, with a large silver beer can, from which the malt liquor was drawn. Similar royal tap-rooms for beer and tobacco were also established at Potsdam, and at his summer residence of Wusterhausen. This tobacco club met every evening at five or six, and was frequented by those persons who were intimate with the King. There was a strangers' book, in which the names of visitors were entered, and among them, that of the Czar Peter is shown to this day. The ex-King of Poland, Stanislaus, the father-in-law of Louis XV., repeatedly made his appearance there; and Francis I., when still Duke of Lorraine, smoked his pipe in the royal *estaminet*, when

canvassing his Prussian Majesty as Elector of the Empire, before his election to the Imperial Crown. All the servants were kept out of the room, that the company might be entirely without restraint: around the main table the royal and distinguished personages were seated smoking long Dutch pipes. Those who were not able to smoke were under the necessity of at least taking a pipe in their mouth and inhaling wind, in order to please the King. On the table lay the newspapers of Berlin, Hamburgh, Leipzig, Breslau, Vienna, and Frankfort, also some Dutch and French journals. An erudite fool, who was then the habitual butt of the King, notwithstanding his book-learning, read what was interesting, or explained what was obscure. This singular personage, Jacob Paul von Gundling, was nominally a councillor, had free quarters at Court, and accompanied the King on all his peregrinations, to be in readiness with his learning and instructive conversation; he was made a Master of the Ceremonies with a ridiculously exaggerated costume, President of the Academy of Sciences, and in 1724, by Letters Patent, a Baron, 'whereas,' says this document, 'his great merits would 'have deserved that he should be raised to the rank of Count.' He was then made Chamberlain, but the golden key, the badge of this new office, having been cut off his coat one evening while he was dead drunk, the King threatened him with the punishment of a soldier who had lost his musket. Gundling had to wear for eight days a wooden and gilt key, nearly a yard long, on his breast, after which, the lost golden one was handed to him again; and to guard against future accidents, he had it fastened to his coat with a strong wire by a blacksmith. One of the devices productive of royal sport was to make him read to the company the most insulting articles directed against his own person, which the King had privately sent to the editors of the daily papers for insertion. When he was drunk, a monkey in a dress exactly the counterpart of that which Gundling wore, and decorated with the Chamberlain's key, was placed by his side. The King then declared the hideous brute to be his natural son, and forced him to embrace it before the company. Several times on coming home, not perfectly sober, we may presume, Gundling found the door of his room walled up, and we may imagine the amusement of this somewhat unkingly practical joker, at the vain efforts of Gundling to find his dormitory.

Tormented with these annoyances, in all respects so unworthy of a monarch who laid claim to be a decorous Christian, Gundling escaped to his brother, who was Chancellor of the University of Halle. The King, however, sent for him again, and increased his salary; but only three years afterwards another scene was

arranged: a rival humourist, his successor as butt of the King, presented to him in the Tobacco Club, a rude satire entitled 'The Learned Fool.' But this was too much for the patience of Gundling, who discharged a brazier in the face of the satirist, and the quarrel between the two eccentrics, or butts, whom we do not feel entitled to call jesters, became a source of standing amusement to the King, his ministers, and his generals, till at last the King decided that the dispute should be terminated by a duel, the end of which was, as might be expected, a ridiculous scene with leadless pistols, which ended in the singeing of the baron's peruke. Even when he died, some time afterwards, a large wine cask which had been appointed as Gundling's coffin, was, by the King's order, actually used for that purpose, notwithstanding the remonstrances of the clergy.

It would not be easy, however, to extract from these scenes of ribaldry and intemperance, in which Dr. Vehse delights, the qualities of a higher order which place Frederick William, with all his faults, among the founders of the Prussian monarchy. Professor Ranke, breathing the air of Berlin, and eaving the salt of that Court, has given us a very different picture of the same eccentric monarch. According to that learned historiographer, 'the union of practical activity with an imagination that did not shrink from the impracticable, gave a sort of heroic grandeur to his nature, which distinguished it from those characters in which everything may be calculated beforehand. Around him we feel the atmosphere breathed by genius. His actions stand out upon a vast background: the mainspring of his active intelligent life was religion.' Certain it is that, as time rolled on, the health of the King deteriorated, and in 1740, his end approaching, he sent for the Lutheran chaplain of his regiment for spiritual consolation. He confessed many sins, enumerating them in such detail that the chaplain asked him to desist; on the other hand, he justified many acts of cruelty and oppression, setting forth his attendance at Divine Service, and fidelity to his wife; but being pressed by the chaplain, he answered, 'You do not spare me, you are speaking to me as my good spirit, and as an honest man; I thank you for it, and now acknowledge that I am a great sinner.'

While distracted with the gout, he had a hymn sung to him; but at the passage, 'Naked shall I go hence,' he interrupted the singers, 'No; I shall be buried in my uniform.' When he was visited by his son and successor, the Great Frederick, whom he had so maltreated, he said to those around him, 'Has not the Lord been most merciful to me, in giving me such a worthy son?' On the day of his death, he directed his servants to

push his chair to a window which overlooked the stables; he had his horses led out to make a last present of one to the Prince of Dessau, and of another to his aide-de-camp, Haake. The Prince having chosen one at random, the King said to him, 'You have hit upon the very worst.' He then directed the Cabinet Minister, Von Podewils, to give up the government to his son, to whom he presented the crown, the sceptre, and the keys of the treasury. At one o'clock in the afternoon, he asked if his end was near, on which the physician said, 'The pulse stops;' but the King raising his arm, shook his fist, and exclaimed, 'It shall not stop!' On the same afternoon he died, as his son Frederick wrote to Voltaire, 'with the curiosity of a natural philosopher, who wishes to observe what is going on in the moment of dissolution, and with the heroic courage of a great man.'

Such was Frederick William, a tyrannical and eccentric prince; avaricious to an extent that sat ill on royalty, and who carried soldiering to the verge of mania. But his foibles were not those which lead to the dissolution of a State. He was not ruled by mistresses, prodigals, and sycophants. He created the finest army in Europe, relatively to the population of his dominions, and, at his decease, between seven and eight millions of dollars were found accumulated in the Treasury.

On arriving at the period of Frederick the Great, one feels disposed to pass him by, under the idea that the subject is utterly exhausted, and that we are to have the tenth version of the Silesian and Saxon wars, with Maupertuis's academic squabbles for interludes. In short, that anything more of Mollwitz and the Rossbach is a bore. Nothing of the sort. Here the interest never flags for a page from the novelty of the treatment. Frederick himself was his own special correspondent for posterity in all that related to his military career. Voltaire, maugre malignity and caricature, is the largest contributor to our knowledge of Frederick the man of letters. Menzel paints Frederick the Statesman, whom in a manner no way flattering to the other Fredericks, he generally styles, 'Friederich der Einzige;' but Vehse paints the *Man*. He has an utter disregard of, or incapacity for, higher politics or strategy; but his extraordinary power of distilling the human interest out of historical documents, enables him to acquaint us more accurately and familiarly with Frederick than any other memoir writer, native or foreign, who has tried his hand on this most extraordinary genius.

Frederick the Second was a 'Sunday child,' born on the 24th of January, 1712, about noon, at Berlin, Sunday children

being, according to German superstition, born to good fortune. He is described as having been, when a child, of angelic beauty, with large blue sparkling eyes, which in his mature age became so stern and piercing. The instructions for his studies, when he grew up to boyhood, are characteristic of the arbitrary, but in many respects conscientious and virtuous will of his parent.

The governors were enjoined to instil into the prince 'a true love and fear of God as the foundation of all happiness in this world and the next; to guard against pernicious errors, as Atheism, Arianism, and Socinianism; and to inspire him with the greatest possible detestation of what must also be reckoned among the most dangerous heresies—Popery,—demonstrating to him its groundlessness and absurdity.' Particular stress is laid on the fear of God, 'for this is the only means to keep sovereign power within due bounds, freed as it is from human laws and penalties.'

Then follow a curious set of the most minute regulations as to how every hour, half hour, and quarter were to be filled up; his rising, his putting on his slippers, his falling on his knees and saying a short prayer aloud, so that all might hear it, the dressing and the prayer not to last longer than fifteen minutes, the breakfast to last seven minutes. He was obliged to get up on week mornings at six, 'without even another turn in his bed,' and in dressing and undressing his governors were to accustom him to put on and take off his clothes as quickly as was 'possible for any man alive.'

It was above all the earnest desire of the King that Frederick should become a good soldier in the most stringent martinet fashion; and those who were well acquainted with the foible of the old man, made Frederick on his seventh birthday mount guard at the door of the royal apartment attired in the uniform of a musqueteer. But he appears to have been over drilled and over educated. Seckendorf, the Austrian Minister, wrote to Prince Eugene in 1725; 'The Crown Prince, owing to the fatigues which he has to undergo, looks so prematurely old and stiff, although only fourteen years old, that one would suppose him to have been through several campaigns. This manner of life is evidently against his inclination, and must therefore lead in time to adverse results; especially as the disposition of the Prince rather inclines to generosity, propriété, comfort, and magnificence, as he is disinterested, liberal, and merciful, and also possesses much natural taste for various sciences, particularly for mathematics and mechanics.' The prohibition of books and music, those safety-valves during the high pressure of the vital forces of youth, proved most pernicious to the fine

ardent genius of the youthful Frederick; the fatal consequence of which was, that he gave himself up to the indulgence of unbridled passions.

It is not necessary to relate here the well-known particulars of his revolt against paternal authority — his attempt at escape and long imprisonment, with the execution of his boon companion Katt. Long before this catastrophe father and son were on bad terms. Frederick William used, contemptuously, to call his son the ‘piper,’ or ‘the poetaster;’ for the Queen having caused Frederick to be secretly instructed in playing the flute, the Prince attempted to arrange concerts in the woods, when the King was hunting; and whilst his father rode after the wild boar, the flutes and violins were produced out of the game-bags. One day the King going into his apartment, the music-master had to be hidden in the chimney.

Their reconciliation, after years of durance vile, took place at Custrin, in 1731; on which occasion the King sent for the Prince to the government-house, the youthful Frederick fell on his knees before him, and the father embraced his son. This was preliminary to the marriage of the heir-apparent with the Princess of Bevern, which took place in the following year. Her personal charms were moderate, but she had appeared a likely housewife to the father. She was tall, ill-made, and of inelegant deportment; her hair was fair and curly; but, says her sister-in-law, ‘her good points were spoiled by black and ill-formed teeth; her carriage is not dignified; having very little command of language, she makes herself understood only with difficulty; so that one is obliged to guess at her meaning;’ and her mother-in-law describes her as ‘stupid as a bundle of straw, and without the least education. I do not really know,’ said she, ‘how your brother will manage to live with this dull woman.’ Frederick, however, submitted to his fate, and the princess herself was to be pitied on being consigned to a circle in which she was likely to experience more criticism than attachment:—‘*Elle danse comme une oye,*’ wrote Frederick to a friend.

In the year after his marriage Frederick made the campaign of the Rhine under Prince Eugene, and we again have the very curious and characteristic—let us add excellent—instructions of his father in this new sphere.

‘The Crown Prince, before setting out on his journey, will give his word of honour to His Majesty that, during the whole campaign, he will not play at cards, dice, or any game of whatever name, nor engage in any bets. With General Von Schmettau he shall frequently converse about matters of study, and consult him about

everything; but, in all matters not concerning military duty, he must beware of him, nor enter with him into any gambling, purchase, or any sort of traffic; as, otherwise, Schmettan will be sure to cheat him, and to make him the laughing stock of all the world. As His Highness the Prince Eugene rides out to reconnoitre, and also when he goes to the trenches, or into battle, the Crown Prince shall accompany him, take notice of every thing, and ask the generals with him for information; but to ask His Highness Prince Eugene himself is contrary to military respect, and must not be done. The Crown Prince shall take accurate information of everything that pertains to military duty, even to the smallest details; so as, for instance, to know how the shoes of the fusilier should be made, how long they ought to last whilst campaigning, and from every minor detail which concerns the soldier, up to the largest gun, and to the grand duty and the dispositions of the general-in-chief,—all of which he is to learn thoroughly, and to neglect nothing. The table of the Crown Prince shall be served with not more than eight dishes, in two courses—each four; for supper, however, cold meat only is to be given, unless His Highness Prince Eugene should dine or sup with the Crown Prince, when fourteen dishes must be served. As often as the Crown Prince is invited out, his kitchen must not smoke, except for a trifle for the orderly officer, as his tent ought not to be a canteen, and he is not to make himself sutler to the whole army.’

We will not enter into the well-known political and military events of this period, but keeping to our distinct line of elucidation,—which is that of Frederick the *man*, and not the soldier or statesman,—we pass on to his private residence at Rheinsberg, the castle of which was situated on the borders of a lake surrounded by groves of oak and beech, where he lived during the latter years of his father's life, occupied with literature, gardening, and the society of a few choice spirits. These years he subsequently declared to Sir Andrew Mitchell to have been the happiest of his life.

Owing to the narrow ideas of his father, who wished his son to be perfect in official and military routine, and thought everything beyond these to be superfluous, if not pernicious, Frederick knew little of Latin and nothing of Greek, so that he read the classics in French translations, but he had studied Italian so as to be able to read Macchiavelli in the original. The other writers that chiefly engaged his attention were Horace, Cicero, Lucretius, and Plutarch, among the ancients. Of the modern he especially admired Racine, Bayle, and Voltaire.

His most intimate friends at this period were Jordan and Kaysserling; the former a small well-made and pleasing man, with sparkling eyes and jet-black eyebrows. He had been formerly a minister of the French Reformed Church at Prenzlau, and had accompanied a nobleman on his travels through Europe,

so that the varnish of the man of the world covered the solid qualities of the man of letters; and being recommended by a Count Manteuffel of that day to Frederick, who was then in search of a man of learning, for conversation and literary commissions, he became his most intimate friend. Bielefeld wrote of him, 'he is eminently a man of sense and of very great literary acquirements; his vein of wit is inexhaustible. But what particularly endears him to me, is the kindness of his heart and the thorough ease and amiability of his manners; he is a favourite with the whole court.' The King gave him the names of Hephæstion and Tindal in their boon companionship, for he was a free-thinker. He died, to Frederick's intense grief, in 1745. Büsching states that Jordan on his death-bed felt deep remorse for having, in his intercourse with the King, so often scoffed at religion. He said to Bielefeld, 'I am dying with the conviction and in the faith of the divine mission of Christ; tell the King so, as soon as you have an opportunity.'

The other companion of the King was Baron Kaysserling, a Courlander, whom Frederick's sister describes as 'fort honnête homme, mais fort debauché, grand étourdi et bavard, qui faisait le bel esprit et n'était qu'une bibliothèque renversée.' Bielefeld's sketch of him is lifelike:—

'Having heard much of Baron Kaysserling, I looked in vain for him in the billiard-room of the ground-floor, where I met most of the officers and gentlemen of the court of the Prince. At last he entered the hall with as much noise and tumult as Boreas in the Ballet of Roses. He was returning from the chase, and, to my great astonishment, I saw him in his dressing-gown, with his gun slung over his shoulder. He addressed me gaily, as one may address an old friend, and all but carried me into his room. Whilst he was dressing he recited to me some lines from the *Henriade*, quoted passages from German poets, executed some capers and steps from the *Rigodon*, spoke of learned subjects, and entertained me with politics, mathematics, painting, architecture, the fine arts, and military science. I stood bewildered, listening in silence, and admiring him in everything, even in his abruptly jumping from one subject to another; yet this very great vivacity did not seem to me quite unaffected, or by any means springing from the exuberance of a rich mind. Although, on closer acquaintance, I have not changed my opinion, yet I find that Kaysserling is a very pleasant man, who knows many things, who speaks and writes well, who even makes verses, and who, besides the clearest head, possesses the best heart. In person he is short and thick set, his eyes small, his nose flat, his mouth not very pleasing, and his complexion sallow. He is frank and unassuming, of good deportment, with the address and manner of a perfect man of the world. He is the constant companion of the Prince.'

The day of Frederick's accession was one of rejoicing for the

whole of Prussia, but his Rheinsberg companions were disappointed at receiving only moderate advancement, so that they called it the 'day of dupes.' The Margrave of Schwedt having one day ventured upon an unseemly jest, Frederick fixed his eyes steadily upon him, and said gravely, 'Monsieur, à présent je suis roi.'

Passing over the Silesian and Seven Years' wars, and his quarrels with Voltaire, we will now accompany Frederick to the tranquillity of Sans Souci in the advanced period of his life. This country-seat, half a league distant from the Brandenburg Gate of Potsdam, had been built in 1745, and was inhabited by the King two years afterwards. It was a modest one-storied pavilion, with light glass doors and large windows. Here he regularly resided from the end of March to late in the autumn, inhabiting the right side of the pavilion, which comprised five chambers, a reception-room, a music and a dining-room, a bed-chamber, and private library, into which latter apartment, wainscoted with cedar-wood, no one was introduced except by Frederick himself. He disliked glaring colours or striking contrasts, therefore all the curtains and coverings of his rooms were in soft tints.

He rose every morning in summer at four, and in winter at five, sleeping five or six hours during the strength of manhood, and seven or eight in old age. He was naturally disposed to be a late riser, but he combated this propensity by directing his servants to put a wet towel on his face if he did not rise at the appointed hour. He then read his letters, washed himself, and in his later years put on his wig and hat, which he always wore except when at table or when speaking with persons of high rank; he then looked over the list of strangers who had arrived, and after drinking several glasses of water he took coffee. At an earlier period he used to breakfast on chocolate, but as he grew older it no longer agreed with him; he then played the flute until nine o'clock, and these were the moments when his best thoughts occurred, as it were flowing towards him with the tide of music.

Then followed the audiences of his ministers, who presented themselves before him in full dress, and transacted their business with him standing. The King then took exercise, and attended parade, after which, at twelve o'clock precisely, he sat down to dinner, remaining at table generally three hours. It was not till his later years that the fashion set in of dining at two in the afternoon. His guests were generally from seven to ten in number,—officers, men of letters, and foreigners; his amiability at the convivial board was renowned, and the conver-

sation was in French, mostly on abstract topics, such as persons of higher intelligence delight to discuss. The table was generally served with eight dishes,—four French, two Italian, and two prepared according to his peculiar fancy and from his own receipt. He generally drank a bottle of French wine at a sitting. He was fond of champagne, but objected to Rhine wine, its acidity contracting the throat, giving, as he said, ‘un avant-goût de la pendaïson.’ After dinner the King again played the flute, and in the evening there was a concert, in which he took a part; but in his later years, when his hand shook, and he had lost his front teeth, the concerts were given up, and the evening closed with supper and conversation, with which all strangers were delighted. ‘Ce roi,’ said Voltaire, ‘avait bien de l’esprit et en faisoit avoir; et ce qu’il y a d’extraordinaire, c’est que je n’ai jamais fait de repas si libres.’

Unlike his father, Frederick was slovenly in person, a defect that increased as he grew older; he wore ragged linen, dirty shirts, old clothes, cracked boots, and a beard of several days’ growth, with snuff powdering his face and his waistcoat. On his left hand he constantly wore two costly diamonds of the first water. His hat when new had to be kneaded until it was soft. His only expensive personal fancy was for snuff-boxes, of which he left one hundred and thirty, of the collective value of one million three hundred thousand dollars. He could not bear smoking, which was the way in which his father preferred to use tobacco.

Frederick was most engaging and polite to persons of rank and talent, but, unlike his father, indulged in no familiarity with ordinary people, and even treated his functionaries and servants with severity and harshness. Repartee was dangerous with him, except of superlative quality, on which occasion he was rather pleased than offended. He once asked a physician from Hanover how many men he had sent into the other world; to which the son of Esculapius replied with readiness, ‘Not nearly so many as your Majesty, and with infinitely less glory.’ The Canon of Breslau, Abbé Bastiani, being teased by Frederick about his becoming some day Pope, with the question in conclusion, ‘How will your Holiness then receive me?’ To this Bastiani replied, ‘Qu’on fasse entrer l’aigle noir, je dirai; Aigle tout puissant, couvre moi de tes ailes, mais épargne moi tes coups de bec!’ He could even stand a repartee from one of his domestics: his coachman, who had been many years in his service, once upset him while going at an extraordinary pace; Frederick grasped his cane to inflict a blow, but Jehu dis-

armed his anger by the resolute question, 'Has your Majesty 'never lost a battle?'

Of the various rebuffs experienced by Frederick, the severest was that administered to him by General Ziethen, one of his bravest and most devoted officers, who was so great a favourite that when the King in his latter years came only occasionally to Berlin, his old companion in arms had the honour of a personal visit at his house in the Koch Strasse. Having been invited to the King's table on Good Friday, the old general excused himself, as he was in the habit of taking the Sacrament on that day, and passing the remainder of it in religious meditation. When Ziethen next dined at the royal table at Sans Souci, the King said, 'Well, how did the Sacrament on Good Friday agree with you?—have you digested well the real 'body and blood of Christ?' This question was followed by the hilarity of the company, but Ziethen shook his hoary head, and, rising, addressed the King as follows:—

'Your Majesty knows that in war I have never feared any danger; and that, wherever it was required, I have resolutely risked my life for you and for the country. This feeling still animates me; and if it is of any use, and you command it, I will obediently lay my head at your feet. But there is One above us who is more than you or I, more than all men—the Saviour and Redeemer of the world, who has dearly purchased salvation for us with his blood. That Holy Saviour I cannot allow to be ridiculed, for in Him rests my faith, my trust, and my hope in life and death. In the strength of this faith your brave army has courageously fought and conquered; if your Majesty undermines it, you undermine at the same time the welfare of the State. This is a true saying indeed. May it please your Majesty to excuse my freedom.'

A death-like silence prevailed: the King with evident emotion offered the general his right hand, and said, 'Happy Ziethen, I 'wish I could believe like you; hold fast to your faith, it shall 'be done no more.' After this impressive scene the thread of general conversation was snapped for the rest of the symposium. We recollect to have seen this anecdote somewhere before, but we apprehend it will bear repetition.

For some years before his death Frederick, in consequence of the derangement of his biliary system, was exceedingly ill-natured, but perfectly conscious of this defect. When the Prince de Ligne, in 1780, during his visit at Potsdam, said many flattering things to the King, Frederick himself answered, 'You see only my bright side; ask the generals about my 'obstinacy and caprices, and you will sing a different tune.' All his system had been built up with the most provident

intentions; the present had its value in his eyes solely from its relation to the future; it may, therefore, well be believed that the unintellectual indolence, improvidence, and voluptuousness of his nephew and successor were a deep source of annoyance and disappointment to him. All his hopes were centered on the infant son of his spendthrift nephew, who so long occupied the Prussian throne with the title of Frederick William III., father of the reigning king, and of whom Frederick the Great said, 'Il me recommencera.' It was to this youthful prince, for whom destiny had reserved so many dark days, beginning with that of Jena, that Frederick the Great said, when pressed to give up his playing ball, said, 'You will not allow Silesia to be taken from you.'

The last interview of the youthful prince with Frederick the Great, when on the eve of dissolution, was described by himself to Bishop Eylert, in the park of Sans Souci.

'Just on this bench I saw him for the last time. I was required to speak to him in French; after which he took from his pocket La Fontaine's Fables, one of which I translated for him. It chanced to be one which I had studied with my tutor, and which I therefore knew very well. I told him this when he commended my proficiency. His stern face then brightened up, and, gently patting my cheeks, he added, "That's right, my dear Fritz; only be always honest and sincere, and never try to appear what you are not, but always be more than you appear." This advice made an imperishable impression upon me, and dissimulation and lies have ever been hateful to me from a child. When Frederick dismissed me, he said, "Well, Fritz, try to be a sterling character, *par excellence*. Great things await you. I am at the end of my career, and my day's work will soon be accomplished. I am afraid that things will, after my death, go on *pêle-mêle*. There are elements of ferment everywhere, which the rulers, especially those in France, unfortunately foster, instead of appeasing and extirpating them. The masses are already beginning to make a move, and if this comes to a head, it will be the devil let loose.' I am afraid you will some time be in a very perilous and difficult position. Well, then, prepare yourself, and be firm; think of me; watch over our honour and our glory; commit no injustice, nor submit to any." Whilst thus speaking he had arrived at the entrance of the park, where the obelisk stands. "Look at it," he said to me; "this pyramid says to you, 'Ma force est ma droiture.' The culminating point, the highest summit, overlooks and crowns the whole; yet it does not support, but is supported by, all that is below, especially by the invisible, deeply laid foundation. The supporting foundation is the people in its unity. Stand by it faithfully, that it may love you and confide in you; thus only you can be strong and happy." He then scanned me with a firm glance from head to foot, offered me his hand, embraced me, and dismissed me with the words, "Do not forget this hour. I have not forgotten it."

In the summer of 1786 he was so swollen with dropsy that he was unable to lie in bed, and he called himself 'a good night-watchman' to the Duke of Courland, as he was awake the whole night. Being pressed by the Moravians in Berlin to think of a future state for 'with God nothing was impossible,' he said to his secretary, "You must give these people a civil answer; they certainly mean well to me." On the morning of the 16th of August General Rohdich entered to receive orders, but Frederick with an imploring look made him understand that he could no more attend to him: his last words were, after a fit of coughing, 'Cela sera bon : la montagne est passée.' According to his own wish, he was not embalmed, and was laid out in state with his military cloak up to the neck.

Thus died Frederick in the unbelief of the eighteenth century. Great king, great warrior, great statesman, master of the erudition of his age, and even of the lighter accomplishments of the drawing-room, he creates our astonishment and extorts our admiration. But that large philosophy which leads *to*, not *from*, God was unknown to Frederick; and it is impossible to read with attention the history of Prussia in the days of our fathers without coming to the conclusion that the frivolity, the corruption, and the indifference, which signalled the temporary fall of this otherwise vigorous State, had its ultimate cause in that systematic ridicule directed against the religious sentiment, of which Frederick set the most pernicious, because the most signal and conspicuous, example.

Frederick the Great was succeeded by Frederick William II., of whose abilities he had a very mean opinion, and in allusion to whom he said to his minister Hoym, 'Let me tell you how matters will be after my death: there will be a merry life at court and the women will govern.' This prediction was a true one. Frederick William II. was a man of very tall stature, with a large head; but although destitute of intelligence was affable and good-natured to excess. Von Massenbach declared him to bear the greatest resemblance to an Asiatic prince, who living within his seraglio with his slaves of both sexes, leaves the business of his state to viziers. 'The new king,' said Mirabeau, 'instead of raising his subjects to him descends to them. Frederick William hates nothing and scarcely loves anything; his only aversions are people of mind and intellect.'

Poor Frederick William was indeed a sorry hand at king-craft: no human power could induce him to read forty lines at a time; he found whole hours for looking at pictures, furniture, and into shop-windows, and for playing on the violoncello, and only minutes for listening to his ministers. We have no space for

the history of his intrigues, which are chronicled by Vehse with his usual minuteness; but some mention of the Countess Lichtenau is unavoidable, as she ruled the King and the Court absolutely until the demise of the monarch. She was the daughter of a trumpeter, her beauty was resplendent, her talents considerable, and she even possessed virtues which would have entitled her to esteem, had not they been neutralised by her degrading position, for she was fond of the arts, fair in her dealings, truthful and charitable. She had borne the King several children when he was still Crown Prince, and had been deserted for a succession of other favourites, but so regained her influence that she was made a countess, and presented at court à la Du Barry. She even received the whole court in her own house, in which she had caused a theatre to be fitted up; the list of the company comprising not only the whole of the legitimate royal family, but also all the offspring of the King's illegitimate liaisons. The King showed by his pale countenance the exhaustion of his physical system; his good-natured Queen had a forced smile always at command, but the Crown Prince, father of the now reigning king, could not disguise his dudgeon. The other princes and princesses betrayed by their manner how little they relished the fête at which they were not voluntary guests, and during some passages of the opera of 'Cleopatra,' in which, by a contretemps, Octavia complained of the faithlessness of her Marc Antony, every eye involuntarily turned towards the Queen, who was concealing her tears in her handkerchief.

During the latter years of the King general company was excluded from his society, and the picture of his concluding days resembles that which Pepys gives of Charles II., and is quite as cheerless. The drawing-room was lit up by the dull light of tapers placed in vases of alabaster. In the background the King, with his swollen feet buried in cushions, was sitting in an easy chair covered with green velvet, pale, emaciated, breathing with difficulty, and unsteadily rolling about his lack-lustre eyes, while the Countess Lichtenau patted his swollen hands. To sum up the whole, the really dying king was listening to a reading of Molière's comedy 'Le Malade Imaginaire.'

All sorts of physicians, quacks, and skilled men offered prescriptions to stay the ebb of the vital forces of the King. One advised the exhalation of unborn calves, another a consultation of the occult sciences. One, a famous magnetizer from Paris, the foe of all drugs and medical practitioners, was introduced to the Countess, and prescribed so curiously for his Majesty, as to show our modern professors of electro-biology that there is

nothing new under the sun. The prescription is a curiosity worth preserving.

‘I do not by any means consider the state of the King to be a malady, but only a falling off of strength, a deficiency of vegetable sap, which is the true principle of life. The science of medicine, which I have studied as a philosopher, does not possess any remedy for this condition. Nature alone is able to offer to the royal invalid restorative and strengthening remedies. I therefore prescribe the following:—

“1. His Majesty must, for a whole month, forget that he is king, to preserve the person dearest to Prussia, and even to Europe; he must, during that month, entirely leave the business of government to others.

“2. Every day two electric baths, each of one hour; the first at sunrise, the second before sunset. Whilst in the bath imposition of a magnetic hand on the stomach; for which purpose the celebrated Puysegur of Paris might be invited, who is one of our first adepts.

“3. In the room, with open windows, a fire ought to be constantly kept up; not, however, in a stove. The invalid is to expose himself to the generating influence of the sun.

“4. In the adjoining room the soft and sweet music of wind instruments is constantly to play; violins I strictly forbid.

“5. His Majesty must speak but little; he ought to be amused by children’s games, acting proverbs, the reading of light literature, and the gambols of kittens playing with young puppies.

“6. Let two children, between eight and ten years, very healthy, fresh, and of cheerful disposition, be chosen to sleep on each side of the King. Their wholesome and pure exhalations will surround him with a congenial atmosphere.

“7. During the first month the invalid must take no other food but rice, boiled with honey, saffron, and sage. If this dish should pall upon him, I will allow jellies of beef and old fowls, or also a slice of underdone beefsteak; but no ragouts, no veal, and still less fish. Let him eat little at a time, but something every hour.

“His Majesty must drink no wine but Spanish; if chocolate causes no acidity, it is heavenly balm for him.

“9. Above all things I recommend to His Majesty for some time a Russian fur cap; the feet also are to be entirely wrapped up in fur; but let him take no drops, no elixir, pills, or other medicines: they are sheer poison, and would only be pouring oil on the fire.”

The death of the King was awful. Having had no sleep during the last night he sat down on a spring chair covered with leather to take a breakfast of coffee and biscuit, which he had no sooner finished than the death-struggle began. Convulsively tearing the leather covering of the chair, he groaned out, ‘Such agony of death I have not deserved. I always meant ‘well to my people.’ His favourite having left him, he was attended only by hirelings, and during the death-struggle his

French servant said heartlessly, 'Cela ne finira-t-il pas? il ne veut pas crêver!'

The Countess Lichtenau was not with him; after the Queen and Crown Prince had left the palace, she had herself fallen ill, and the breath was scarcely out of the body of the King, when a detachment of guards arrived before her lodgings, and she was told by the colonel to consider herself in arrest. The doors of her apartments in the different palaces of Potsdam, Berlin, and Charlottenburg, were sealed, and guarded by soldiers, which in some respects was rather a kindness, as the populace of Berlin was in the highest degree incensed against her. She was accused of having made away with the crown jewels, and for having intrigued with foreign Powers; but she proved that, from prudential motives, she had stayed rather than stimulated the profligacy of the King; and all that we know of the voluptuous Asiatic indifference of Frederick William II. corroborates her defence, nor has malignity been able to produce proofs of political treason; on the contrary, having at her command all that the King possessed, and having her interests entirely identified with his, she had no motive to betray him, and thus give a handle to her enemies, who were most anxious to expel her. Her real offence, in which the King was her guilty accomplice, was the unnatural and indecorous exclusion of the Queen and of the royal issue, not only from the confidence and intimacy of the monarch, but even from those external marks of consideration which were the first right of the legitimate family.

Her punishment was a severe one: all her estates and palaces were confiscated, her ready money was taken from her; even the last little gratification she had received from the King—being half a million of dollars in Dutch five per cents, the coupons of which were found in unsealed packets in her apartments,—were also withdrawn. Every one deserted her; even Count Haugwitz, and others whose fortunes she made, became her accusers. When these proceedings were over, she was exiled to the fortress of Glogau in Silesia, on a pension of four thousand dollars, and in the year 1800, three years after the death of the King, she was liberated, having promised on oath not to divulge any of the questions put to her. She then lived at Breslau, where at fifty years of age she married a dramatic poet, Franz von Holbein, from whom, however, she soon separated. In 1809 she received through Napoleon, to whom she had applied, an indemnity for all her confiscated houses, estates, and monies. She lived for some time in Paris, and afterwards in Berlin, where she died, at the age of sixty-eight, in 1820.

A recent article on the minister Von Stein has made the readers of this Journal acquainted with the contrast which the household virtues and patriotism of Frederick William III. offered to the character of his father, who was our Charles II. without his brilliant conversation and attractive courtesy. It may, however, be added that Count Brandenburg, who rendered inestimable services to the Prussian monarchy, after the convulsion of 1848, and died in the service of the Crown he had saved, was one of the natural children of this weak and worthless Prince.

The States of Bavaria and Wirtemberg at the period of the Confederation of the Rhine attract our curiosity, not because they were the scenes of the chief acts of the great drama played out in 1813, but because their personages are not 'used up' by the historians and memoir writers, as we must certainly pronounce those of Northern Germany to be. These States grew great with the increment of French power, but they did not fall with the collapse of the French empire, and many princely coronets that were fused into the new crowns of Bavaria and Wirtemberg never recovered their independent lustre.

The contrast between Bavaria and Wirtemberg in the treatment of the mediatised nobles is curious and amusing. Those unfortunate personages, with the nominal rank of sovereign princes, and actual possessions often not equivalent in value to those of a substantial English squire, could not resign themselves to what they regarded as an intolerable degradation. The good-natured easy King of Bavaria gilded the pill of mediatisation; but the new-made King of Wirtemberg would tolerate no Fronde within his estates, and took a peculiar pleasure in making the old German noblesse comprehend that they now had an immediate and actual master, and that they were no longer under the distant, benignant, and shadowy sway of an Emperor of the Romans.

On the 22nd of April, 1808, King Frederick of Wirtemberg published a decree declaring the possessions of the mediatised nobles to be disentailed and divisible among the offspring, thus striking at the very root of a feudal aristocracy; and not the least curious specimen of this newly erected arbitrary power was a circular containing a 'most gracious command,'—

'That Count ——— should henceforth spend at least three months of the year in the royal residence of Stuttgart, and with regard to the other nine months His Majesty would not be indisposed to give his most gracious permission for their being spent upon the Count's estates on proper application being made. His Majesty further causes his gracious hope to be made known that this, his sovereign

command, should be punctually attended to, otherwise one-fourth of the Count's income will fall to the public fisc !'

Frederick of Wirtemberg was a man of great natural sagacity, but of the most haughty and arbitrary disposition. He secretly hated the Emperor Napoleon, but the temporary advantages of French Alliance and protection were too solid to allow the absence of internal sympathy to stand in the way of his diplomatic relations with the court of the Tuileries. There was no lack of princely German suitors for aggrandisement of their territory by the French Imperial authority of that day, and Frederick played his cards so well for himself, that the Electorate of Wirtemberg with six hundred thousand souls grew to be a kingdom of a million and a half of inhabitants. In person he was enormously corpulent, so that when the Emperor Napoleon visited him he declared to those about him that the body of the King of Wirtemberg showed the greatest extension ever retained by the human skin. 'Who comes here?' was a question asked by one of the aides-de-camp of the Emperor in waiting. 'Le Roi de Wirtemberg ventre à terre,' was the answer.

Of a much more easy and conciliatory temper was Maximilian Joseph, who then reigned over Bavaria. The House of Wittelsbach, of which he was a scion, is one of the most ancient and illustrious of Europe, Bavaria being the only one of the six original duchies of Germany that has preserved the old line. Their rule dates from the grey dawn of German history down to A.D. 1070, and, after a break of 110 years, has been uninterrupted since 1180. To this house belonged the unfortunate Protestant King of Bohemia (son-in-law of our own James) and other Electors Palatine. To it also belonged the Princes of the Wittelsbach-Vasa line, which gave birth to Charles XII. of Sweden.

Maximilian Joseph, of the Birkenfeld branch of the House of Wittelsbach, succeeded his kinsman Charles Theodore in 1799. In his youth he was a *bon vivant*, with an unprincely talent for mimicry; but his extreme good-nature rendered him popular with all, for he would converse familiarly with the peasantry, and especially with their wives and their daughters. He permitted his ministers to introduce toleration into the strictly Catholic Bavaria, but from his easy disposition he was, in financial affairs, never out of the hands of the Jew money-lenders. In short, he had not the courage to say 'No' when a money request was preferred; and the debts of singers and dancers were cleared off when he could ill afford it. A characteristic anecdote illustrates his fatal facility of disposition. A private secretary was observed by him to heave sundry deep sighs, and being asked

the cause, answered, that debts were pressing upon him. 'Pooh! debts!' said the King, 'how much may they be?' 'Sixteen thousand florins, your Majesty.' 'Oh! for so beggarly a sum. Go straight to my cabinet cashier and get yourself paid.'

Ritter von Lang's account of the Court of Bavaria at this period gives a most ridiculous idea of the disorder of the Government, even with all allowances for his well-known propensity to caricature. The new established Customs Department required the Post diligence to submit to an examination, and as this was not admitted, the military force was called in. The Post-office asked for a military force to defend its right, and the Police got a third military force to keep order in the town; so that the one King Maximilian Joseph was, through three departments, obliged to say how much he was dissatisfied with the other Maximilian Joseph.

The principal personage who figures in the politics of Bavaria during this period was Count Mongelas, a statesman of Savoyard extraction; he had been private secretary to the Princes of Deux Ponts, and on their accession to the Bavarian Electorate, he became, naturally, the minister of the larger State. He was a superior man, thoroughly acquainted with German and Bavarian history; and although he was a bad German patriot, and, in fact, totally indifferent to German independence of French Imperial dictation, Bavaria owed him many domestic improvements, as well as the management of that policy which added so largely to her territory and population.

For the first time since the Thirty Years War, Protestant preaching was allowed in Munich. In 1803 all the convents in Bavaria were abolished, and in 1807 exemption of the nobles from taxation also came to a termination. In the process of unfeudalisation, Bavaria marched somewhat in advance of Prussia. French assimilation accomplished a pacific revolution in the South, which, in the North of Germany, was more painfully brought about after the disasters of Jena, and at the period of the intensest hatred of France.

Friederich von Müller, the Chancellor of Weimar, saw Mongelas at the Congress of Erfurt, and gives his impression of him. 'I had often,' says he, 'the honour to meet Mongelas at the royal table; one of the most intelligent and shrewd statesmen of his time. His conversation was as substantial as its form was piquant. It was most interesting for me to hear him relate how he had abolished the convents, and got over many difficulties. But although his countenance was expressive, he had the peculiar custom, in speaking, of fixing both eyes on the point of his nose.' Jean Paul describes him as 'a

'born minister and man of superior intellect, with nothing vindictive in his character.'

Mongclas was full of finesse in his dealings with the King. When he wished to make sure of the nomination of anybody to a post, he would begin by proposing some one distasteful to the King, who would forthwith state his objections. Another person still more disagreeable would then be mentioned, which proposition would again receive the royal negative. The person intended by Mongclas would then be named in a lukewarm manner, and grasped at by the King, who subsequently would relate at dinner how Mongclas had sought to palm two pretty fellows on him, and how he had been compelled to name an honest man in opposition to the wishes of his minister.

The enthusiastic resurrection of Germany, in 1813, brought about the irretrievable unpopularity of Mongclas, who had identified himself with French illuminism and the Confederation of the Rhine. Arndt, it may well be believed, fell foul of him in those pamphlets which, in Germany, were no unworthy pendant to the 'Bonaparte and the Bourbons' of Châteaubriand. In his 'Beherzigungen vor dem Wiener Congress,' Arndt expresses himself as follows:—

'Whoever with restless ambition and burning lust of dominion seeks to climb upwards, asks no question about rights and wrongs, but stuffs his conscience into his pocket, and sets his sail to the wind of circumstances. Bavaria has done this through her minister Mongclas,' who, with a curious felicity of polemical wrath, is styled as 'scarcely a half German, who has acted towards Germany as a whole foreigner, and will always so act.' We are then informed how he came to Bavaria poor and in debt, and afterwards owned millions. He is pronounced dangerous, because he and his followers seek to surmount all obstacles in order to gain their object. 'His government,' says Arndt, 'is cursed by all good Bavarians for its dishonesty and illuminism.'

King Louis, the successor of Maximilian Joseph, lived on bad terms with Mongclas; for notwithstanding all his foibles, he was, in character and sympathy, a thorough German. The Prussian general Nostitz saw him at the Congress of Vienna, and describes him as 'a prince who wishes to act rightly, and yet who will never do it if it demands money and energy.' 'His favourite theme is German patriotic sympathy: although,' adds the General, somewhat sardonically, '*the Germany of the Bavarians does not include Bavaria.*'

The favourite companions of Louis were poets, painters, and architects. On his accession to power, a Catholic and Ger-

manic reaction began against the illuminism and Gallo-mania of his father's reign. Many convents were restored, but the monks, chapels, and churches of modern Munich are rather to be regarded as the paraphernalia of art than as the product of religious bigotry. His Mediclan improvements produced, in the first instance, a violent opposition among a people in whom the feeling for art was not yet awakened; but subsequently they have grown proud of Munich as the new Florence of Germany.

It is to be regretted that whilst Dr. Vchse has really collected an ample store of curious anecdotes which may pass as the small change of history, he should not have had the good taste to expunge from his pages a vast deal of ribaldry and rubbish. We can fully comprehend that these volumes are read with an avidity altogether without a parallel in the annals of German literary curiosity. Their legitimate merits are manifold; but we wish that their tone was less exceptionable; and if we are not mistaken, the learned compiler has been in some personal danger from the indiscreet audacity of his scandalous stories of the House of Mecklenburgh. There is, however, a more serious side to these publications. They are admirably calculated to bring into contempt the reigning Houses of Germany and that pedantic nobility which has made itself, for the last century and a half, the servant of their feeble governments and their dissolute Courts. It will at some future time be regarded as the greatest of wonders that by these beings the great German nation is governed; and already the progress of the age has effaced many of the more glaring abuses which Dr. Vchse has thought it worth while to chronicle and to record.

ART. V.—1. *The Tour of Mont Blanc and of Monte Rosa : being a Personal Narrative, abridged from the Author's ' Travels ' in the Alps of Savoy,' &c.* By JAMES D. FORBES, D.C.L., F.R.S., &c. Edinburgh: 1855.

2. *Sketches of Nature in the Alps.* From the German of FRIEDRICH VON TSCHUDI. London: 1856.

3. *Where there's a Will there's a Way: An Ascent of Mont Blanc, by a New Route, and without Guides.* By the Rev. CHARLES HUDSON, and EDWARD SHIRLEY KENNEDY, B.A. London: 1856.

4. *Wanderings among the High Alps.* By ALFRED WILLS, of the Middle Temple, Barrister at Law. London: 1856.

WHAT is the origin of that passionate love for mountain scenery, and that constant striving to bring it into con-

nexion with human sympathies and feelings, which seem so peculiarly characteristic of the refined age in which we live? In what deep recesses of human nature has a sentiment, so confined to a particular time and particular classes of men, its remote fountain? Antiquity knew nothing of it. Without bewildering the reader with references to what has been written on this subject, including the brilliant and fantastic paradoxes of Mr. Ruskin, suffice it to say, with the latter, that though there is not a single spot of land in Greece or Italy from which 'mountains are not discernible,' yet neither Greek nor Roman writer ever conceived the 'picturesque' in connexion with them. He loved them, perhaps, for their kindred with that Ether and its brilliant inhabitants which were the subjects of his passionate admiration,—he peopled them with graceful beings of the fancy, and regarded them with superstitious reverence as the resort of the Immortals,—but he never admired them, much less cherished them, after the modern sentimental fashion, for any supposed attraction of their own. As we trace the history of mankind lower down, we find the mountain-sentiment continue equally absent from literature almost down to our own time; although the gradual influence of this class of scenery on pictorial art is very perceptible, and probably led the way to the other. Dante, the epitome, as we are told, of the Middle Ages,—Shakspeare, the universalist of the moderns,—had not a taste of it. Of Shakspeare, indeed, Mr. Ruskin predicates, that Destiny preserved him from this particular infection with a view to his greater triumphs. 'No mountain passions were to be allowed to Shakspeare. Shakspeare could be allowed no mountains—not even any supreme natural beauty. He had to be left with his kingcups and clover; pansies; the passing clouds; the Avon's flow, and the undulating hills and woods of Warwick; lest it should make him in the least overrate their power on the strong, full-fledged minds of men.* Even now, when Wordsworth, and

* Though not concerned with it at present, we cannot help noticing another extraordinary specimen of a whole fabric of notions built on false promises, or rather no premises, in the last volume of this singular writer's 'Modern Painters.' He is discussing Shakspeare's freedom from the modern infection of the picturesque, and thinks he has discovered an exception. 'There was only one thing belonging to hills that Shakspeare seemed to feel as noble, and that was *because he had seen it in Warwickshire*, clumps of *pine* occasionally rising on little sandstone mounds, as at the place of execution of Piers Gaveston, above the lowland woods. He touches on this tree fondly again and again.

Scott, and Byron, have so thoroughly popularised this feeling among ourselves, we are uncertain whether it has really taken root, except in the Germanic race. Frenchmen and Italians have borrowed the *trick* of describing mountain scenery from their neighbours; we are seldom sure that they really feel it; and whether a Frenchman, not on his guard, is not just as likely to term the Alps ‘*bien gentilles*’ (a phrase which horrified some sentimental tourist a few years ago) as to use any other epithet. They lack the word itself, which we never utter without some sense of grandeur—for the French ‘*montagne*’ is equally applicable to Mont Blanc and to a hill on a post road requiring the drag. This argument, however, admits of being carried too far; for it has been said, with equal truth, that France has but one word to express the passion of love and a preference for a leg of mutton.

‘The best image which the world can give of paradise,’ says the writer to whom we have just referred, ‘is the slope of the ‘meadows, orchards, and corn-fields on the sides of a great Alp, ‘with its purple rocks and eternal snows above.’ Nor let it be supposed that devotion to the highest order of mountain scenery excludes the appreciation of similar beauty on a smaller scale; on the contrary, it sharpens the perception of it. It is the practised Alpine tourist above all others who will fully appreciate the grandeur of the rifted walls of Glencoe, or those strange igneous peaks, ‘unconform to other hills,’ which bristle above the black waves of Lake Coruisk. Still, the sentiment inspired by the

“The strong-backed promontory
Have I made shake, and by the *spurs* plucked up
The pine and cedar.”

‘Where note his observance of the peculiar horizontal roots of the ‘pine,’ spurred as it is with them like the claws of a bird, and partly ‘propped as the aiguilles, by those rock promontories at their bases ‘which *I* have always called their spurs’ (as if Mr. Ruskin was the first to use this common word). And so forth, through many more fanciful lines. Now, we are not going to give the historical reasons for our opinion, but will merely say that we do not believe Shakspeare ever saw a ‘pine’ any more than a ‘cedar,’ except, possibly, a few saplings planted for curiosity: that the Scotch fir, the only ‘pine’ in the case, was extirpated from the South of England many an age before Shakspeare—if, indeed, it was ever indigenous there,—and has only been reintroduced by modern planters; and that Shakspeare, in naming it, merely employed the common poetical diction. If we are right, which the reader can examine for himself, the cutting away of this frail support brings down a whole scaffolding of theory beautifully fringed with tropes; and all because the writer was too clever to think twice.

crowning scenery of all—the snow region itself, with its wilderness of glacier, bare peaks, and dazzling *névé*—is of a different order from the rest, as are the objects themselves. The snow-region of the Alps is still for the most part, in the enthusiastic language of Tschudi,

‘An unknown land, rife with marvels and legendary glory : a connecting link, where man and the nature linked to him find no home : but, overpowered by the sense of his impotence, the lord of earth dares only approach for a moment, an occasional pilgrim, to gaze on its mightiest wonders. . . . A vague idea of endless cold and desolation is associated with the realm of snow, and people are content to live on without casting a thought on the grand elemental movements, the wondrous forms, or the vegetable and animal life which is secretly wrestling there with scarcity and death. This unknown world lies midway between the corn-fields of Germany and Lombardy. Who has ever thoroughly explored and described it ? who is there that knows it as intimately as it deserves to be known ? Now and then an amateur climbs for a few days over the fields of ice and snow to the summit of some famous peak, or an inquiring philosopher thoughtfully ascends the desert uplands : no one else is there save the ibex and the chamois-hunter, the mountain-haymaker and the mineralogist. No living man is acquainted with the whole world of snow and ice which lies within the Swiss mountains only : few know more than a comparatively small portion of it. Within the last ten years, however, a marked progress has been made in this most interesting field of discovery.’

If the reader has under his eyes a coloured geological map, or, still better, a good model of the Alpine country of Switzerland and Savoy, he will observe, amidst the labyrinth of peaks and ridges, four very distinct protuberances, or bosses, of white ; not representing to the eye snowy ranges, but rather snowy patches, whole districts, in which the upheaval has been greatest, or in which the causes of degradation, the breaking down and grinding away of the mountain summits, which have been going on for such vast geological cycles of time, have had rather less effect than elsewhere. These patches represent four mountain regions, in which the loftiest peaks of the Alps are to be found, and the most extensive glaciers ; and, rich as other provinces may be in beauty and sublimity, it is to these that the real Alpine amateur is constantly tempted to resort when he is able, and to which his memory most constantly recurs in absence. Through that disciplined tone of imagination which is always acquired in the zealous pursuit of any study of facts and realities, although he may perhaps be personally familiar only with a few scenes of this description, he becomes so well able to picture to himself others which he has not seen, that a good

map or a good description — the page of a handbook, almost — will bring them so vividly before him, that the reality, when visited, shall scarcely appear new. Those measurements of height, bearings, and distance, which to the uninitiated make such descriptions complicated and tedious, all help, in his mind, to complete a conception. He models the district described, as it were, in his brain; and every rough name of peak or glacier has in his ear a poetical clang, as the sonorous vocabulary of classical geography had in that of Milton. It is for readers of this special class that Alpine books, such as those now before us, are chiefly written; and this is a taste quite distinct from mere fancy for the picturesque, or mere love of natural science, though often happily associated with both.

Of these four districts, the westernmost (situated wholly in Savoy) is the most frequented and the most famous, comprising Mont Blanc, the loftiest summit of all. It is, however, very inferior in extent to at least two others. It is very accurately bounded by the valley of Chamouni and Courmayeur, connected at the western and eastern ends by the transverse passes of the Col de Bonhomme and Col Ferret. The Mont Blanc region, therefore, stands forth as an island of no great extent, separated from all other heights by considerable depressions — the well-known ‘Tour of Mont Blanc’ being an easy circuit, nowhere reaching the snow in summer, except a patch or so which may be found on the Col de Bonhomme. Besides the superiority which it possesses in the height of its single majestic summit, this district has other features of sublimity which can scarcely be found elsewhere. The ‘Aiguilles’ which bristle round Mont Blanc have no rivals in their fantastic grandeur. The Mer de Glace, as it extends upwards to the Col du Géant, seems still to present, after all recent discoveries, the most perfect of all glacier scenery; uniting all its horrors with its beauties in a degree scarcely equalled elsewhere, and presenting, moreover, the finest field for studying its scientific character. But of the thousands who annually visit this region, very few carry away with them more than the first indistinct impression, grand, no doubt, and long remembered, but how widely different from that which ‘il lungo studio e l grande amore’ finally fix in the treasure-house of the mind! What Alpine traveller will not recognise the full truth of the following remarks of Professor Forbes? Speaking of one well-known peculiarity of this scenery, he says,

‘There is nothing more practically striking, or more captivating to the imagination, than the extreme slowness with which we learn to judge of distances, and to recognise localities on the glacier surface. Long after icy scenes have become perfectly familiar, we find

that the eye is still uneducated in these respects, and that phenomena the most remarkable when pointed out, have utterly escaped observation amidst the magnificence of the surrounding scenery, the invigoration which the bracing air produces, and the astonishing effect of interminable vastness with which icy plains outspread for miles, terminated by a perspective of almost shadowless snowy slopes, impress the mind. I cannot now recall, without some degree of shame, the almost blindfold way in which I was once in the habit of visiting the glaciers. During three different previous summers I had visited the Mer de Glace, and during two of them, 1832 and 1839, I had traversed many miles of its surface: yet I failed to remark a thousand peculiarities of the most obvious kind, or to speculate upon their cause; or else the clearer impression which I now have of these things has wholly driven from my mind the previous faint impression. Of the existence of the moraines generally, and their cause, as well as of the fact of the descent of the glaciers, I was aware; but I can scarcely recall another of the many singularities which they present as affecting my imagination then in a lively manner—the wear and polish of the rocks—the vast masses of travelled stone thrown up, high and dry, far above the present level of the ice, like fragments of rock, indicating by their elevation on the beach the fury of the past storm—the pillars of ice, with their rocky capitals, studded over the plain like fantastic monuments of the Druid age—or the beautiful veined structure of the interior of the ice apparent in almost every crevasse—these things, so far as I now recollect, were passed by unobserved. . . . We are not aware, in our ordinary researches in physical geography, how much we fall back on our *general* knowledge and *habitual* observation in pursuing any special line of inquiry; or what would be our difficulty in entering *as men* upon the study of a world which we had not familiarly known as children. The terms of science are generally but translations into precise language of the vague observations of the uncultivated senses. Now the ice-world is like a new planet, full of conditions, appearances, and associations alien to our common experience; and it is not wonderful that it should be only after a long training, after much fatigue, and dazzling of eyes, and weary steps, and many a hard bed, that the Alpine traveller acquires some of that nice perception of cause and effect—the instinct of the children of nature—which guides the Indian on his trail, and teaches him, with unerring philosophy, to read the signs of change in earth or air.’ (*Tour*, p. 106.)

It is strange—or would be so, if tourists were not essentially a *race moutonnière*, following each other like sheep through a gap—that a region so limited in extent and so accessible should still have large portions of unexplored ground. No traveller had ever attempted a passage across its main chain anywhere but by the Col du Géant, until Forbes crossed the Glacier de la Tour in 1842; and we have not heard of a repetition of the experiment.

For fifty years people climbed Mont Blanc by the same way—till it became beaten as the old Bath road—until six gallant young Englishmen, Messieurs Hudson, Kennedy, Ainslie, Stevenson, and two Smyths, attempted the daring ascent from the Val d'Aoste, last year, as described in the volume before us. Disgusted with the extortions and restrictions to which they were subjected by the 'guide nuisance,' which extends its monopoly from Chamouni to the neighbouring valleys, they resolved on the attempt unattended. They at first made it from the Col du Géant, and penetrated as far on the Glacier du Midi as the detached height called the Mont Blanc du Tacul. Here they were foiled by the weather. A few days later they renewed the attempt from Bionassay, on the side of St. Gervais; that is to say, the angle of the mountain nearest to Geneva. They took with them a chamois-hunter and five porters, but dismissed them after the first day. They slept one night in a cabin at the foot of the Aiguille du Gouté; and five of them reached the summit guideless, at half-past twelve the next day. They made a rapid descent boldly and safely, slept again in a chalet, and got to Chamouni by seven on the third morning, rather with the air of successful poachers, sneaking quietly home, than like triumphant explorers under the orthodox superintendence of their corporeal 'directors' the guides.

'The cannon in the yard of the Hotel de Londres, which peal forth their loud salutes to greet the return of successful adventurers, were silent. Unnoticed as any other travellers might be, we crossed the wooden bridge. Crowds there were assembled in the narrow street engaged in busy converse, but of this we were not the theme. A report indeed was getting rife, that certain Englishmen had started two days before from St. Gervais, and had fixed upon the summit of Mont Blanc as the goal of their ambition. Besides this, too, a waiter, with a soul above his station, had, on the previous day, when looking through the telescope of the hotel, seen four black spots, having the appearance of humanity, moving over the surface of the Calotte, and within a couple of hundred yards of the actual summit. This discovery he had duly reported, but an announcement so extraordinary met with no credit. Either the waiter had taken an extra dose of wine, or some peculiar species of animalculæ were wandering over the lenses of the telescope, or, perhaps, some strange creatures from foreign parts had strayed from their right latitude, and were roving amid the solitudes of the glaciers. However, no supposition could be more absurd than that a small party of Englishmen should have actually ascended from some other point—that they should have overcome the difficulties of the route, and finally, without guides, without a ladder, and without a knowledge of the path usually pursued, have arrived at Chamouni.'

Thus far our little 'band of brothers,' who typify, we are proud to say, a common class among our educated British youth. They achieved a deed of daring from which the best of Germans, or even Swiss, scientific explorers—men of trained mountain resolution—would probably have shrunk; and they describe it in a vein of light-hearted simplicity, with a total absence of bravado, and with only a faint touch of 'smart 'writing' which shows that they have duly studied their Dickens without being wholly spoilt by him. And this is all. The sentiments which drew them to the perilous undertaking were not love of nature, or love of knowledge—though they duly use the common picturesque vocabulary, and though they actually carried a barometer, but which, unluckily 'the man to 'whom it was consigned turned upside down, in consequence 'of which a good deal of mercury escaped.' But they seem to have *observed* nothing; no spirit of research, no sense of sublimity, troubled their vigorous enjoyment of mountain-clambering and mountain fare. Out of the eighty-eight pages of their modest little volume, we find that sixteen contain discussions and descriptions of the victualling department. At the top of Mont Blanc

'We looked each other in the face; we there saw reflected an universal beam of joy, of satisfaction: we did not, however, long retain our position there, for, on turning our faces to the north, we were greeted by a most bitter wind, which, though not sufficiently violent to render our footing insecure, was quite cold enough to render a prolonged stay very unpleasant. *It did not occur to us till too late*, that if we had descended a few feet on the Italian side, we should have been completely sheltered from the keen blast, and might have sat down in comfort for three quarters of an hour, or even longer.'

And this is all—not a thought besides is suggested by their position on that specular height, the crowning summit of Europe. This is the mere physical Alpine passion, a development of Prior's 'Alma in the arms and legs,' the exultation of flushed youth, at the highest pitch of bodily training, in the 'certaminis 'gaudia,' the excitement of difficulties vanquished and danger despised. Such are the men, of all ranks, who give to the English race its peculiar quality of individual energy and daring, contrasted with the trained, gregarious bravery more commonly exhibited by other nations; such the men who have opened up the polar ice, and tracked the forests of America, and conquered in the death-grapple of Inkerman. But we confess we had rather, generally speaking, that they did not write books.

As to the 'guide nuisance,' the exposure of which is, perhaps, the chief moral of this little work, there is a good deal

more to be said, *pro* as well as *con*, than occurs at first thought. The system is no doubt a combination, savouring of monopoly, and with the common result, equalisation, as far as rules can do it, of the reward to the idle and industrious, the stupid and the intelligent. It may no doubt be much amended; but it is not quite so easy a problem, whether the traveller would be better served under the mere 'let alone' system among a host of strangers and rival extortioners. It is the old question, debated by some political economists, between 'compensation *for* the field and competition *within* the field.' Whatever its faults, the system produces the first of men in their class. The Chamouni guides are a kind of aristocracy, recognised as such over the whole of Switzerland and Savoy, where they are well known from the common habit among travellers of engaging them for the season. And finer specimens of the trained man it would be difficult to find than the best of them; so much courage and endurance coupled with gentleness, so much intelligence with modesty. In truth, men of the lower ranks, whose business in life is such as to require at once discipline and mother-wit, and at the same time to involve constant association with the more cultivated classes, form a race apart, and, on the whole, a particularly pleasant one, as those who do not know the guides of Chamouni may have learnt from familiarity with huntsmen, gamekeepers, pleasure-boatmen and the like. Their dash of rough independence mingles so well with the deferential habits which they have contracted: what the cynical anatomist of our society would no doubt call 'flunkeyism,' but of the most agreeable kind, which seems to establish for the time a sort of give-and-take equality between the superior in rank and the superior in sinews and in knowledge. As for Mr. Kennedy's complaint, that 'the traveller bent upon exploring the more difficult regions of this Alpine chain is often compelled to accept as guides men competent only to escort the dilettante tourist to the giddy heights of the Montanvert, or to carry a lady's shawl to the dangerous 'pinnacle of the Flégère,' we must remember that the said traveller can always secure a good guide by a little waiting and management; while a guide who was only in request for 'les grandes courses' would find it an indifferent trade. Much have we admired the quiet, ceremonious manner in which the hero who descended yesterday from the top of Mont Blanc, or the glacier of the Géant, will perform his next service on the roll to the fair owner of the shawl on the Flégère, or some middle-aged gentleman of sedentary habits on the Montanvert, as if he

were executing an important part of his occupation, and a feat which he was pleased to perform in such good company.

The next great patch of glacier-world to the east, and still in the central chain, is that of Monte Rosa. It falls below the former only in the height of its principal summit; for Monte Rosa—though for a good many years some erroneous measurements gave him in public opinion a few feet of supremacy above Mont Blanc himself—is now deposed, and stands at 15,160 feet, or about 500 lower than the sovereign. But, in most respects, the chief lovers of Alpine nature are agreed in giving the palm of grandeur to the wonderful region which we now have under our eye. Nowhere else in Europe is mountain desolation on so vast a scale—nowhere else is it so nearly allied with magical beauty. The Mer de Glace itself must yield in sublimity to that vast frozen lake which collects the supplies of the whole interior basin of Rosa, and discharges them by three mighty glaciers into the valley of Zermatt. Mont Blanc stands alone. Monte Rosa is surrounded by peaks all but rivalling him in height, of surpassing majesty of form, and so disposed around him that you scarcely ever catch a view of the monarch without some one of these satellites: the Weisshorn, the Cima de Jazi, the Strahlhorn, and other lofty summits of the Saasgrat—most of them as yet unclimbed—and the inaccessible Cervin standing as a pyramid to mark the point where the possessions of the three great nations, — Germans, French, Italians, — meet. Mont Blanc has no such labyrinth of passes, some at once grand and easy, some seductive from their difficulty and danger, as those which thread the mazes of the Rosa desert: from the terrific ‘Weiss Thor,’ and the still more adventurous communications between the valleys of Saas and Visp, described by Mr. Wills, to the Monte Moro and the pass of the Cervin, easy of access, and yet conducting the traveller far into the regions of snow, and within the limits of that world of which he dreams from the moment when the distant Alps first catch his eye. None of the western valleys, with all their merits, can compete for loveliness with that wondrous Val’ Anzasca, into which Monte Rosa falls with a sheer descent of 9000 feet of rock and ice at one end, while a short day’s walk brings the traveller into the luxuriant sub-Alpine plains of Piedmont on the other. And, to complete the comparison, Mont Blanc nowhere appears to much advantage from the plain country; Monte Rosa domineers over the great Cisalpine level from Turin to Milan, and, at the close of each summer day, the Lombards see the huge white petals of the ‘Rose of Italy’ turn crimson,

one by one, under the rays of the sun, which has already disappeared from their own land.

The boundary of the Rosa region to the west is a little confused. Perhaps its best limit, for the purpose of topographical clearness, would be the Col, over which Forbes passed in 1842 from the Val de Bagnes into the Valpelline (Col de Collon?). For this line, according to Studer's map, cuts off the crystalline formations of Monte Rosa from the isthmus of slate about Monts Combin and Vélan. To the east its boundary is very distinct, being sharply defined by the deep valleys of Gressonay, Macugnaga, and Saas (connected only by comparatively low passes). The pass of the Cervin conveniently subdivides the whole region into an Eastern and a Western province. Of these the Western, in which the Matterhorn and the Weisshorn are the dominant peaks, is one of the least explored regions of the Alps, and, on the whole, the most difficult of access of all. Three northern valleys—d'Erin, d'Anniviers, and de Tourtemagne—which descend from its glaciers to the Rhone, were, according to Forbes in 1843, 'not only unfrequented by tourists, but almost unknown even to travellers, to make a distinction commonly and not unjustly drawn in Switzerland.' Their wild, uncouth inhabitants have been derived from the ancient Celts, Iluns, Saracens, anything but Germans or Italians. They remained heathen, it is said, down to a late period in the middle ages. To the south this sub-region is almost inaccessible, falling abruptly into Piedmont, and only penetrable, so far as we know, by the Col de Collon, already mentioned. But it is the eastern division of the Monte Rosa district—that which contains the great mountain itself—which has of late years afforded the chief source of attraction to the scientific as well as to the picturesque traveller. From Visp, in the valley of the Rhone, the very heart of this sub-region is reached by the great forked valley of the Visp torrent, the eastern branch leading to Saas, the western to Zermatt: each abounding in scenes of the highest Alpine magnificence. The people of these valleys are (how long they will be so, after the recent influx of tourists, it is impossible to say) among the very finest specimens of the German-Swiss race. A finer population in point of physical traits will not readily be found; and here, as in other Alpine localities, the puzzling question occurs to the inquirer, what is the amount of truth in the popular supposition that races deteriorate by constant intermarriage, and what are the causes which limit the truth of this supposition? Here, the inhabitants of half-a-dozen Alpine parishes have lived wholly secluded, ever since their fathers wandered hither from

some northern home, a thousand years ago, on the lowest conjecture, and more probably twice that time. They have lived as absolutely without connexion with the outer world as the dwellers on Pitcairn's Island. The result is a hardy race of mountaineers, with features of almost classical regularity, among whom hereditary taint, or deformity, or 'cretinism' are almost unknown. Töpffer, the Genevese novelist, in a passage of his amusing '*Voyages en Zigzag*,' gives a very animated description of their appearance and costume at a grand theatrical exhibition, in the open air, under the patronage of the priests. Professor Forbes was apparently present at the same show, but his talent lies more in depicting mountains than men.

This valley of the Visp was the central seat of the great earthquake of the 25th July, 1855; one of the most remarkable which have occurred for many years in point of violence, although, happily, short in duration, and confined, as to its worst effects, to a narrow and thinly peopled locality. This ravine had been visited by earthquakes on many former occasions, particularly in the year of the fall of Lisbon, exactly a century before. In 1855, as in former instances, Swiss observers imagined a connexion between the earthquake and an unusually wet season. The winter of 1854-5 had covered the mountains with an enormous depth of snow; all the fountains of waters, and especially the deep-sourced hotsprings, were greatly swollen: that of Pfeffers was reputed in the following spring to be discharging five times its usual quantity. Then came heavy floods; in June, the whole Valais was inundated by the Rhone and its tributary torrents. Slight concussions were observed in various quarters in the course of July: but in the Visp Thal, a single shock of great intensity—at one o'clock on the 25th of the month—laid low at a blow, the villages of Visp, Stalden, and St. Nicholas; totally destroying the churches, and the few stone houses, seats of the old Valaisan peasant-nobility. Then the mountains, 10,000 feet high, began to groan and totter; as it was raining heavily and the clouds hung low, their summits were not perceptible, and the spectators, who could only behold the masses of rock rushing down their sides, imagined that their whole fabric was about to give way. Several other shocks followed, but of less severity: one life only was lost—that of a little child at play under a wall.

Such an event, however interesting to the observer, is of no great importance, perhaps, in a geological point of view: it does but anticipate the work of a few years, accelerating, by so much, the degradation of these lofty summits, which is gradually

in course of accomplishment through humbler causes; of these, the incessant wear and tear of the glacier-torrents is the principal. It is the aspect of the desolation produced by these wild and wasteful Valaisan waters, which has inspired some hasty observers with the notion, that Switzerland is in fault for the terrible inundations of the Rhone at Lyons, and that her free republican streams require to be put under some system of penal repression, — a notion about as well founded as the analogous idea in politics, that Swiss liberty occasions French and Italian revolutions. It is hardly necessary to say, that not a drop of water from Switzerland Proper reaches Lyons, except after passing through the great reservoir of Lake Lemman. The lake acts as a nearly perfect regulator. Its outlet, though fuller at one time than another, is never in flood; and, besides, the usual periods of these catastrophes at Lyons (spring and late autumn) do not coincide with the time of greatest discharge at Geneva. This is fully developed in the French Emperor's remarkable 'Letter to 'M. Rouher' on the subject of these inundations; and we do not quite see why, on his own premises, the engineer monarch contemplates, even as a contingent project, the lowering of the waters of Lake Lemman. His chief practical remedy, however, is very different: instead of attacking the great rivers, he would have the outflow of every tributary brook from its valley regulated. Probably, if art can do anything to avert this local danger in the case of Lyons, it will be by applying these or similar principles to the waters which flow into the Rhone from the Jura, — a hilly region, of which the watercourses are singularly narrow and tortuous, and bordered by steep declivities.

Zermatt, or, 'on the meadow,' deriving its trivial name merely from the rare occurrence of a green flat or haugh where it stands, whence Mont Cervin also obtains his German title of Matterhorn, occupies a situation rather of austere than striking Alpine majesty; its scenery consists of a few simple elements, — the green meadow, the belt of woods, dark rocky slopes, a rushing snow torrent, a few closes of cultivated ground (some of the very highest corn-fields, by the way, in Europe), — and the tremendous 'Peak of the Meadow,' 'towering,' as Mr. Wills describes it, 'in solitary grandeur, into the heavens, and seemingly lurching over to the left, till you might fancy that it must some day fall with a crash that would shake the earth to its centre. Rising, as it does, a sheer precipice of 5000 feet, and standing apart from every other peak, it looks from this valley higher than any other mountain in Switzerland.' It is surprising how strong an impression this simple scenery leaves on the mind from its freshness of character, its well-marked features,

stern or soft, and the very ease with which the eye embraces the whole,—a little epitome of mountain life, hemmed in by mere desolation. Nor is the climate so unpropitious as might be supposed: the moist vapours continually ‘surging up’ from the Italian plain are either precipitated on the great barrier to the south, or beaten back by a strong north wind, leaving these northern valleys comparatively clear. The great attraction, however, which has of late thronged Zermatt with visitors, is the facility of access which it affords to the interior recesses of the glacier region. Ten years ago, a solitary inn of the lowest class served only as the halting-place of the very few travellers who crossed the Col du Cervin: now, two tolerable hotels are thronged during the season, and a third has just been erected some thousand feet above the village—8000 above the sea—as near as circumstances will allow to the great ‘lion’ of the neighbourhood, the Riffelberg. It has become a second Chamouni; but with nothing, as yet, of the Cockneyism, the Albert Smithery, the fun, frolic, and vulgarity of that unique place of resort. The frequenters of Zermatt have hitherto been chiefly of a more select class; real lovers of nature, scientific explorers, and genuine mountaineers of the higher order of adventure. It may be said with truth that Zermatt has been the *alma mater* of a special school of Alpine pedestrians: its severe and simple training contrasting strongly with the fuss and affectation, the overgrown ‘professional guide’ nuisance, the cannons, bells, trumpets, flags, and champagne-bottles which appertain to the older academy of Chamouni. To a certain extent, its locality secures it from similar profanation. It never can be worth while to make Zermatt a place of large accommodation. Easily accessible from the north, it occupies the end of a kind of Alpine *impasse*. There is absolutely no way out of it, except across the howling snow wilderness of the Cervin, passable only for a month or so in the year, or by two or three glacier-paths, traced only by the hardest cragsmen.

Mounting through a beautiful forest of Arves—the true mountain pine, of which many an ordinary visitor may leave Switzerland without seeing a specimen, the fragrant ‘cedar of the Alps,’ which scarcely thrives below 5000 feet of height,—‘a quarter of an hour’s sunshine,’ says ‘Tschudi, in the lowlands, is sufficient to kill the healthiest seedling,’—the traveller reaches in a few hours from Zermatt the now celebrated ridge of the Riffelberg, or its loftier continuation the G6rner Grat, a promontory of serpentine rock, some 9000 or 10,000 feet above the sea, thrust forward into the vast lake of ice which abuts against the northern foot of Monte Rosa Proper. Professor Forbes’s visit

in 1842 may be almost said to have made known to the world in general, certainly to English travellers, this most remarkable if not unique piece of Alpine scenery. The Montanvert of Chamouni has some grander features, but then it merely seems to touch, not to invade, the ice² realm: the Jardin is more nearly analogous, but then the Jardin itself is only reached when the eye has already become familiar with the snow scenery; the Görner Grat conducts you at once from the green Alpine world into the heart of the white realm of Death. The eye sweeps at once over leagues of snow, displayed, like a model, close below it, and while the student is counting all the phenomena of glacial topography, moraines lateral, medial, and terminal, 'névé,' 'bergschrund,' and 'crevasse,' the dreamer will gaze on till he loses himself in the old familiar Alpine legend, and fancies that this pale region was once, like the hill on which he stands, carpeted with grass, flowers, and forest, and now wrapt in its cold shroud as a judgment on the wickedness of those who dwelt there; whence the name Blumlis Alp, or 'flowery pasture,' now applied, as if in derision, to more than one plateau covered with blank ice or barren *débris*.

Many other scenes of almost equal sublimity are within the reach of ordinary tourists from Zermatt; but by way of a specimen of one of the greater feats, such as are now annually accomplished by some of the higher graduates of its school, we select from Mr. Wills's most interesting little book a fragment of his passage across the Saasgrat (the very precipitous range between the two branches of the Vispthal), under the guidance of one of the first mountaineers of the Alps, the Curé of Saas; told in a style which makes the blood tingle in the limbs of the quietest Alpine pedestrian. The reader, who is in the least degree familiar with the topography of this icy region, must suppose the party, consisting of a couple of tourists, two professionals from Chamouni, two rougher guides from Saas, nicknamed the 'strong man' and the 'old man,' and the Curé in question, to have ascended from the Saasthal by the Allelein glacier, slept in a chalet near its head, and accomplished a toilsome ascent up the flank of the Strahlhorn, to a col between the two valleys, so lofty as actually to look down on the Pass of Mont Cervin — an elevation, therefore, of 13,000 feet or more. They are 'in the highest health and spirits, and have reached 'the top absolutely without fatigue;' and (strange to say) 'from some unexplained cause, the rarefaction of the air at 'great heights is less felt about Monte Rosa than about Mont 'Blanc.' They have now to descend the western slope: the path beneath them

'Was a sight which might well shake nerves not accustomed in some degree to the difficulties and dangers of the glaciers. There was a steep and narrow slope, not of snow, but of bare hard ice, having an inclination of at least 60°, lying in a hollow between the rocky wall of the Rympsischhorn and a projecting part of the Strahlhorn: it was unbroken, for about 300 feet, by anything but a small out-cropping of rock, a few feet below the top, the slope of which was about the same as that of the glacier, and which was so smooth and even that it looked more hopeless than the ice itself.'

'The "strong man of Saas" is at work, forty feet below, cutting steps in the ice. Balmat and Cachat are holding him up, in case of a slip, with a long rope. I am luxuriating in the wildness of the scene and the picturesque appearance of our group. The "old man" has let go his rope, and, after watching us awhile, is waving his last adieu, and clambering up the rocks—a far less difficult task than to go down them—to take his solitary way homeward along the track pointed out by our footsteps. Let us stop one moment to look at the curé as he comes round the corner back again to our resting-place, peering about everywhere to try and find some practicable passage among the rocks.

'First comes his head,—a square, weather-beaten, strong, intelligent face, spectacles on his eyes (for he is very near-sighted); his head surmounted by a rough, low-crowned, tapering, broad-brimmed hat, like what a Staffordshire burgeman often wears. Then come his broad, brawny shoulders, just the least whit bent with the weight of threescore active years, but now more rounded by what he is engaged upon, for he is looking anxiously about, peeping up here and down there, gazing with cat-like feelings at every straight wall of rock, and longing to venture down its face. Balmat has given him several warnings that he will send down loose stones on the "strong man's" head, and kill him; but he is so intent upon finding a passage, that he takes no heed of Balmat's admonitions, and the "strong man" must look out for himself, and trust in Providence, for the curé will not help him; and the stones continue to roll past him, as he toils on the stubborn ice. A knapsack is strapped on his hardy back; for while the men are engaged in this difficult duty he will carry it, despite Balmat's urgent remonstrances and my entreaties. He wore to-day his oldest coat, a priest's coat, reaching down to his heels, patched in places innumerable, threadbare, and so shiny that he might use it for a looking-glass to shave by. He has tied the tails up in front with a cotton handkerchief, and discloses a wondrous fabric. It once was velvet; but what with darns, patches, and rents, it is impossible to say whether thread, cloth, or velvet predominates now.

'Whatever be its substance, it is tied at the knees,—and now torn at the knees, and torn behind, too, for the matter of that: for to-day has been a day of trial for newer garments than those which the curé has wisely donned for this expedition, and our scrambling does not suit their antiquity. A pair of legs which many a younger man might envy, firm-set, sturdy, and as straight as an arrow, are en-

cased below the knees in stout and coarse brown worsted stockings ; on his feet he wears a pair of shoes, well hob-nailed, as broad and as flat as platters, and no doubt comfortable enough. He has in his hand a heavy pole of ash, seven or eight feet long. What do I say ! has it in his hand ? He had, a minute ago, but it has slipped, and I hear it shooting down far below, striking against the rocks as it falls ; and Balmat looks over a precipice, and says it is sticking upright in the snow, in a place where we shall be able to get it again. So much the better : a mountaineer leaving his alpenstock among the mountains feels like a soldier leaving his musket on the field, and would at any time run considerable risks to recover it.

‘The curé is a fine fellow ; his people love him ; and we, who have experienced his genuine kindness and untiring hospitality, do not wonder that they do so ; we are all getting attached to him, and whenever he is mentioned, “c’est un brave homme” escapes from the lips of one or another.

‘While we were loitering about here, the curé touched me on the shoulder, and pointing to the crags above and the snows around, exclaimed, in a tone which marked the genuine lover of nature, “*Per nives sempiternas et rupes tremendas !*” It was a graceful quotation from the inscription on a snuff-box, of which my friend H. and I had begged his acceptance, as a memorial of our grateful sense of his kindness, on the occasion of our passage of the Allelein glacier, the year before.’ (Pp. 177-9.)

This excellent Curé, Herr Imseng, is the son of a peasant of Saas, and ‘in his youth tended sheep and goats on the mountain sides, and thus acquired his great strength and agility.’ He is a good Latinist, and ‘can talk Latin with an ease and fluency that would shame many a professed scholar ;’ something of a botanist, and a good local topographer and historian. Like many of his coat in these remote regions, he does, or did, a fair stroke of business in the innkeeping line ; ‘but he always had a *façon de parler*, by which he interposed himself as a mere interpreter between his guests and the “aubergiste.” For instance, after we had initiated him into the mysteries of omelet making, we asked for a second omelet, and the curé brought us word that the aubergiste had commissioned him to say that there were no more eggs ; by which we returned, by the same ambassador, our compliments to the aubergiste, and we hoped he would instruct his fowls to provide a due supply by the evening — a message which he promised to convey.’

These peasant curés in the German or Upper Valais are generally fine fellows, reminding one of their predecessors in the sixteenth century, when Cardinal Schinner, of Sion, used annually to conduct his flock, clergy and laity together, to battle, pay, and plunder in the quarrels between Pope and Emperor. He of Zermatt, if not a mountaineer equal to his neigh-

bour of Saas, is a man of some scientific acquirements, and of great local intelligence. He, too, speculates in the Boniface line, and is said to be the chief party concerned in the establishment of the new hotel on the Riffel. But these remnants of an early age in tourist progress will soon be swept away, and the professional hotel-keeper of Geneva or Zurich will doubtless exterminate the honest, old-fashioned extortioners who made their little profit out of the rarer travellers of bygone times.

The mighty Monte Rosa himself consists of several peaks, disposed north and south on a snow-covered plateau. The highest of these appears to be of not very difficult access (comparatively speaking) until the last few hundred feet of the ascent, which are terribly severe. It was first climbed by some guides in 1841, according to Tschudi; the two brothers Schlagintweit effected the ascent in 1851, and have described it in their usual painstaking manner, in the second volume of their '*Neue Untersuchungen*.' They found the peak to be a very narrow ridge of quartzose mica slate, running into two points of nearly equal height, but separated by a couple of indentations. They reached the eastern point successfully, after clambering over steep, ice-bound rocks; but they were not able to ascend the western, which measured twenty-two feet higher. According to Mr. Wills, the Messrs. Smyth (of the St. Gervais party) accomplished the feat in 1854, and several others, if '*Murray's Handbook*' reports correctly, have succeeded them in 1855.

The third great snow region is that of the Bernese Oberland; a square plateau, surmounted by lofty peaks, of which the boundaries may be very sufficiently defined east and west, by the Gemmi and Grimsel passes. Nor is this province without its own special points of superiority. It has the largest unbroken area of snow—sixty square leagues within a 'ring-fence.' It has the largest single glacier—that of Aletsch, in the Valais. Nowhere else do the glaciers descend so deep, and form so grand a contrast with the green and smiling Alpine world, as at Grindelwald and Rosenlaui. No single mountain equals in beauty of form and general grandeur of effect the peerless Jungfrau. No other range presents so magnificent a front to the distant spectator. No other has such wondrous 'water-privileges' to boast of—no other mirrors its peaks in such lakes as those of Brienz and Thun, or has its base washed by waterfalls such as the Giessbach, Staubbach, Reichenbach, and Handeck.

The loftiest of the Bernese mountains, the Finsteraarhorn, was first ascended by Leuthold and Währen (in 1829) and many times since, notwithstanding its very impracticable ap-

pearance. The Jungfrau has long possessed no better title to her name than a wedded actress, who retains her spinster appellation. It was first ascended as long ago as 1811, by the brothers Meyer, of Aarau; but Swiss patriotism deliberately shut its ears to their story: the reputation of the Jungfrau was an article of faith; and the two worthy brothers lived (and died, we believe, like Bruce the traveller,) under the imputation of Munchausenism, until certain guides, who followed their steps in 1828, fully confirmed their description. Professor Forbes's narrative of his ascent from the Aletsch Thal (described in an appendix to his Norwegian volume), gives by far the best English account of this expedition.

To these former conquests Mr. Wills has now added that of the Wetterhorn (in 1854); inferior in height to its towering compeers (12,500 feet), but commanding, from its advanced position, probably the finest view of all; and (still greater attraction to one of Mr. Wills's temperament) presenting the most dangerous and breakneck ascent. We recommend his account to our readers, as calculated to give, in perfection, that tingling sensation under the soles of the feet which some of us experience on the top of a cliff or the battlements of a tower. 'The summit is a frozen plateau of hard ice, overhanging on all sides the steep wall of the same material which leads up to it (angle of inclination in the higher part, 60° or 70° !) with a dense fringe, or projecting cornice, which curled over towards us, like the crest of a wave, breaking at irregular intervals along the line into pendants and inverted pinnacles of ice, many of which hang down to the full length of a tall man's height.' Through this strange parapet the explorers had to make a breach with the hatchet, and drag themselves through the tunnel thus made on to the summit —

'E quindi uscimmo a riveder le stelle!'

'The instant before, I had been face to face with a blank wall of ice. One step, and the eye took in a boundless expanse of crag and glacier, peak and precipice, mountain and valley, lake and plain. The whole world seemed to be at my feet. The next moment, I was almost appalled by the awfulness of our position. The side we had come up was steep—but an agreeable slope, compared with that which now fell away from where I stood. A few yards of glittering ice at our feet, and then, nothing between us and the green slopes of Grindelwald, nine thousand feet beneath.' (P. 295.)

Last, and farthest to the east, the 'many-peaked' Bernina constitutes another well-defined region of snow and ice, supposed, according to Tschudi, to be about sixteen leagues in circumference. It forms a mass entirely of primitive rock (chiefly gneiss and

unstratified granite), between the valleys of the Inn and Adda; the nucleus of the region being comprised between the pass of the Muretto to the West (a glacier pass which, strange to say, seems to have been described by no Alpine tourist since Coxe), and that of the Bernina, properly so called, to the east. It is by far the least known and frequented of all; visited as yet only by a few casual wanderers, 'distinguished,' says Tschudi, 'by the crystalline formation of its rocks, and possessing relatively the narrowest basis, and the fewest known and named peaks.' The loftiest, Mortaratsch (we believe it is the same known on the Italian side as the Monte Rosso, or Red peak of Scerscen), 'was successfully ascended and measured,' says the same authority, 'by Coaz, a geometer in the Swiss service; its height is 13,508 (French) feet' (exceeding, if true, the Finsteraarhorn by 300 feet). Like that of the Jungfrau, its summit is approached by a sharp glacier covered ridge, 'as sharp as a razor.' These mountains are easily visited from their northern side, fronting the Engadine, that most singular of Alpine valleys, suspended 5000 or 6000 feet above the sea — a long strip of level, treeless meadow of vivid green, between snowy declivities, and under skies of a strange cold blue, where vegetables and even poultry are unknown, and the inhabitants, a wealthy race of retired pastry-cooks, regale on 'old beef,' preserved for years by being merely hung up in that intensely dry air; from seven to five years being required, in the opinion of the native *gourmand*, to ripen a lordly joint, stored up for a wedding feast. But on the south these mountains appear to descend, probably in tiers of inaccessible precipice, towards the low hot region of the Valteline, with a sharper declivity (judging by the map only, for the district is quite undescribed) than any other first-rate range of mountains. Here, among other attractions, are the chief chamois-preserves now remaining in the Western Alps: the favourite ground, within these few years, of the famous brigand-hunter, Johann Marcus Colani, of whom Tschudi gives a romantic but rather marvellous account. But the whole region yet awaits an English explorer, and we hope that Mr. Wills will one day take it fairly in hand, and add the interest of novelty to that which he is able to confer by his power of description on old and familiar scenery.

We might carry the reader eastward, from the Bernina into the Tyrol, with its three great *bosses* of snowy mountain, scarcely inferior in magnitude or interest to those of Switzerland; those, namely, of the Orteler, the Oetzthal, and the Gross-Glockner. But we have said more than enough already. The real glacier-lover will think our pages very superficial; he who is not bitten

by the infection, will consider them a mere unnecessary gloss on Murray's Handbook; we know not whether we may find a few more liberally disposed readers, who will thank us for a modest endeavour to direct their attention to some recent additions to a trite but never uninteresting subject.

ART. VI.—*Beaumarchais et son Temps. Études sur la Société en France au XVIII^e Siècle d'après des documents inédites.*
Par LOUIS DE LOMÉNIE. Paris: 1856.

BEAUMARCHAIS, although his life was chequered with many failures and disappointments, may, on the whole, be considered a favourite of fortune. The career which he found or created was admirably suited to the development of his peculiar faculties. During his lifetime he largely enjoyed the fame or notoriety which he desired; and a posthumous felicity has, after the lapse of two generations, provided him with a most able biographer to revive his waning celebrity. M. de Loménie thoroughly understands the character which he has undertaken to illustrate. Equally exempt from supercilious patronage and from prostrate devotion, he cordially appreciates the good qualities of his hero, while he regards his weaknesses with tolerant and humorous sympathy. It is satisfactory as it is rare to find a biographical writer who is neither a censor nor a partisan. The distribution of praise and blame is but a secondary element in the history of an individual. The representation of what he was and of what he did, is more instructive than any abstract conclusion or moral.

The materials for the work are, to a great extent, original; and they have been collected with an amount of industry which might almost seem excessive when compared with the importance of the personal narrative; but the 'Life of Beaumarchais' constitutes a valuable addition to the social history of France in the eighteenth century. Innumerable writers have recorded the scandalous intrigues of Versailles, or described the literary circles of Paris; but the lives of mere authors are generally barren of incident; and the historians of the aristocracy confine their attention to the happy few who were privileged to sun themselves in the Royal presence. The relations which existed between different ranks have been less fully delineated. M. de Loménie records the history of a tradesman's son, who, becoming eminent in literature, in politics, in commerce, and in society, experienced to the utmost both the facilities for rising which were offered to ability, and the impassable limits which were

prescribed to plebeian ambition. The wealth and celebrity which made him sometimes the companion of princes, offered no security against the slights and mortifications to which he was exposed in consequence of his humble origin. The light political satire of his comedies is the natural expression of irritation arising from the anomalies of a social position which he nevertheless cultivated and enjoyed. Like many of the alleged precursors of the Revolution, the author of 'Figaro' was by no means subversive in his disposition. The advantages by which he profited, as well as the disabilities which he sometimes resented, belonged to the existing system. The life of the eighteenth century had given him fame and fortune, and opportunities of varied activity. With some modifications it would probably have satisfied his desires and tastes better than the uniformity of modern society. At the present day he would not have been liable to indefinite imprisonment, because he had been insulted by a duke; but, on the other hand, it would have been impossible for him to engross public attention by a display of wit and personality in the conduct of a lawsuit. The tact and pliability of a successful adventurer find their most appropriate field under a complicated and decaying constitution. In one of his early dramas, an angry footman utters, with a confusion of ideas worthy of Dogberry, an aspiration for general anarchy:—
 'Euh! que je voudrais bien . . . ! Je voudrais que chacun
 'ne fût pas plus égaux l'un que l'autre. Les maîtres seraient
 'bien attrapés.' But economical considerations soon recall him from the Utopia where no man was more equal than another.
 'Oui, et mes gages, qui est ce qui me les paierait?'

M. de Loménie admits the truth of the prevalent impression that Beaumarchais had much in common with the Figaro whom he created. He was courted and liked, but never generally respected. Bad or doubtful repute, even when it is in substance undeserved, implies a defect of manner and of character. Society might have asked, with Almaviva, 'Pourquoi faut-il qu'il y ait
 'toujours du louche en ce que tu fais?' The reply meets only a part of the charge. 'C'est qu'on en voit partout quand on
 'cherche des torts.' The apology, however, which follows, is entitled to consideration. '*Le Comte*. Une réputation détestable! *Figaro*. Et si je vaudrais mieux qu'elle? Y-a-t-il beaucoup
 'de seigneurs qui puissent en dire autant? *Le Comte*. Cent fois
 'je t'ai vu marcher à la fortune, et jamais aller droit. *Figaro*.
 'Comment voulez-vous? la foule est là: chacun veut courir. On
 'se presse, on pousse; on coude, on renverse, arrive qui peut;
 'le reste est écrasé.' Yet the fault was not wholly in his position. A man of the world, a man of business, witty, courageous,

sociable, generous, and even honest, Beaumarchais was never a gentleman. A certain want of dignity and reserve gives a light and comic tinge to his character. Gay audacity and practical energy are consistent with his nature; but when he is anxious to be grave and impressive, he never seems thoroughly in earnest. His sisters, in their kindly enthusiasm, oddly compared him to the all-accomplished Grandison; but few men were more remote from Richardson's sanctimonious type of romantic perfection. Good-feeling and good-sense carried him not discreditably through many trying situations; and he would probably have committed graver errors if he had professed to act on conscious and deliberate principle. After reading Rousseau's 'Confessions,' he declared, with well-founded confidence, that he was incapable of the acts avowed by the writer: but his security depended rather on tact and practical judgment than on the greater soundness of his theories. The satire of his comedies is never directed against what is good; but in his sentimental dramas his sympathies display a curious moral obliquity. Of all his fictitious characters Figaro is the most honest, until he becomes involved, as a virtuous and attached dependant, in the lugubrious perplexities of the 'Guilty Mother.' The austere Aurelly, and the philosophic Méléac, of the 'Two Friends,' are little better than a pair of pompous swindlers.

From his earliest youth Beaumarchais was bent upon rising in the world; and his various talents presented a choice of means by which he could scarcely fail to accomplish his purpose. His first ambition was directed to the attainment of eminence in his paternal trade. His father, Andrew Charles Caron, an ex-dragoon, and convert from Protestantism, carried on the business of a watchmaker in the Rue Saint Denis. Pierre Augustin, the only son, born in 1732, was brought up to the same occupation. At the age of twenty-one he invented a new escapement for watches, which seems to have possessed some merit. Fortunately for the discoverer, his invention was pirated by a rival artist, and he was consequently enabled to publish his grievance in the newspapers, and to advertise himself by a successful appeal to the Academy of Sciences. The precocious gravity of the young watchmaker in speaking of his art is amusing when contrasted with his subsequent career. Not yet dreaming of courts or of theatres, he concentrates his ambition on the escapements of watches. 'Retrancher tous leurs défauts, les simplifier et les perfectionner, fût l'aiguillon qui excita mon émulation. Mon entreprise était sans doute téméraire; tant de grands hommes, que l'application de toute ma vie ne me rendra peut-être jamais capable d'égaler, y ont

'travaillé sans être parvenu au point de perfection tant désiré, 'que je ne devais point me flatter d'y réussir.' The great men who had spent their lives in regulating watches were of a different stamp from Peter Augustin Caron. The Academy of Sciences decided in his favour; but chronometry profited little by the vindication of justice. The principal result of his success was the appointment of watchmaker to the King, and the consequent opportunity of exhibiting his handsome person and popular manners at Versailles. Louis XV. condescended to examine a watch for Madame de Pompadour set in a ring, and his daughter, Madame Victoria, made acquaintance both with the Caron watches and with their maker.

To an ambitious mind it must have seemed more desirable to be the humblest of courtiers than the first of tradesmen. In the Royal Establishment of Versailles there were posts suited to every rank. The Maison de Bouche, or household of the King's mouth, had been constituted by Louis XIV. on a scale of astonishing magnitude. The various employments and sinecures of the palace were generally devised for the purpose of raising money. The Papal Court first originated, in addition to many other ingenious fictions, the creation of saleable offices for the purpose of evading the ecclesiastical prohibitions against borrowing at interest. A capitalist who could not purchase a perpetual annuity without committing the sin of usury, was legitimately entitled to receive for his money a salary transferable to descendants or to purchasers. The kings of France had readily adopted a fiscal practice which incidentally augmented the splendour of their court; and several *contrôleurs clercs d'office*, among other functionaries, had purchased the right and duty of placing at certain seasons the dishes on the royal table. An old *contrôleur clerc* named Francquet was blessed with a wife who had formed an acquaintance with young Caron. The lady, in consideration of an annuity, negotiated the transfer of the office to the handsome watchmaker; and a month or two later the death of the annuitant left his successor at liberty to marry the widow. At the same time he assumed, in right of an imaginary fief, the name of Beaumarchais, which he afterwards rendered so famous. In 1789, when the Constituent Assembly decreed the abolition of territorial appellations, he said that a prohibition intended for *noms de terre* was scarcely applicable to a *nom de guerre*. It seems that under the Monarchy there was no legal restriction on the assumption of aristocratic appellations. His favourite sister Julie followed her brother in his change of name, while another

member of the family, by an equally arbitrary proceeding, took the name of Mademoiselle de Boisgarnier.

A year after his marriage, at the age of twenty-five, Beaumarchais lost his wife, and also the fortune which she had brought him; but his office, though insignificant, gave him a footing at Court, and his accomplishments enabled him to turn it to advantage. His family cultivated musical tastes, and he was himself a player on several instruments. It happened that the three Princesses, Mesdames de France, required the addition of a harp at their private concerts; and Beaumarchais, who had formerly sold them pretty little watches, became their instructor on the harp, and the conductor of all their musical recreations. Although his income was small, he prudently declined to receive any pecuniary consideration for his services. The Princesses possessed neither direct patronage nor political influence; but their favour conferred a certain social position at Versailles, and it was possible that by skilful management it might lead to more solid advantages. From 1759 to 1761 Beaumarchais led a life of calculated dissipation in the midst of the traditional jealousies and vexations which belong to a court. His light spirit and ready wit were well adapted to contend with the difficulties occasioned by his humble birth. In the fashionable accomplishment of epigrammatic repartee the future author of the 'Barber of Seville' must have surpassed all his rivals. The polite conversation of the eighteenth century strongly resembled the comic dialogue which still lingers on the stage; and it might sometimes be thought that the parts of the coxcomb, the blunderer, and the hero had been distributed beforehand. A clumsy satirist asked Beaumarchais in public to look at his watch: "Vous, qui vous connaissez en horlogerie." "Monsieur," was the reply, "I have become very awkward in these matters since I discontinued the trade." "Oh, Monsieur, do not refuse me the favour." "Very well, but I warn you of my awkwardness." Then, taking the watch, he lifts it up, and pretending to examine it, lets it fall on the ground, and with a profound bow to his interlocutor, he says, "I had given you notice, Monsieur, of my extreme clumsiness." Many a scene of a popular comedy has ended with a less ingenious effect:—the elevation and crash of the watch, the confusion of the baffled assailant, and the grave courtesy of the *jeune premier* must have been highly gratifying to the appreciating audience. The courtly parvenu was not less ready to keep his adversaries in check by more serious methods. A duel, in which he killed a certain Chevalier des C., secured him against open insult.

Two years had passed in waiting for that tide in his affairs which no man was more capable of taking at the flood. A powerful capitalist happened to require a service at Court, and Beaumarchais at once invested in the speculation his accumulated claims on the favour of his august pupils and patronesses. Paris Duverney, who had long before founded the great fortune of Voltaire by giving him a share in an army contract, had obtained in 1751 a decree for the foundation of a military school in the Champ de Mars. At the end of ten years the building was still incomplete, for projects connected with the army were not regarded with favour in the latter part of the Seven Years' War; and it was found impossible to persuade Louis XV. to inaugurate the undertaking by visiting it in state. At the request of their musical teacher, the Princesses paid a visit to the school, and, as he had anticipated, their conversation excited the curiosity of the King. In a few days Duverney obtained the favour which he had so long solicited; and he at once showed his gratitude by giving his benefactor a share in some of his numerous enterprises. In a short time the old financier found that the commercial aptitude of his new associate was not less remarkable than his courtly accomplishments. It appears, by one of the memoirs in the Goetzman Process, that on one occasion Duverney lent him in a single day the sum of 560,000 francs.

Beaumarchais had used his favour at Court as a stepping-stone to fortune, and he now prudently applied his command of capital to the elevation of his personal position. At the end of 1761 he persuaded his father to retire from business, and purchased for himself a patent of Secretary to the King, which conferred nobility on the holder. There was a wide difference between the ancient aristocracy and an ennobled plebeian; but *noblesse de souche*, as Beaumarchais wittily called his purchased rank, was a convenient substitute for *noblesse de race*. The title which he had paid for was rightfully his own. 'J'en ai la quittance, depuis vingt ans,' he said in the course of one of his numerous controversies. In addition to his Secretaryship, he purchased, with the aid of Duverney, the office of 'Lieutenant-général des chasses aux bailliage et capitainerie de la Varenne du Louvre.' Once a week the lieutenant-general, Messire Pierre Augustin Caron de Beaumarchais, took his seat at the Louvre to hear charges of offences against the game laws of the Royal manor; but he resigned his dignity before the free-warren of the Louvre was swept away with many more important institutions. The conversion of feudal forms and titles into fictions calculated to facilitate the rise of

plebeians, might have become a part of a silent and beneficial revolution; but the process was too fragmentary and gradual. The old nobility from time to time established fresh barriers against intruders; and even under Louis XVI. a pedigree of four centuries was required as a condition for formal presentation at Court and admission to the Royal coaches.

The celebrated adventure with Clavijo took place in 1764. Beaumarchais himself first gave celebrity to the story by the personal narrative which he incorporated in the *Gozzman Process* ten years later. Goethe's dramatic version, though in all respects inferior to the original, proves the European popularity which the adventure had attained. The enthusiasm which was excited for the hero of the story was a singular instance of the power of style, and a merited triumph of the art which consists in concealing literary art. The transaction in itself was neither striking nor dramatic. Beaumarchais's sister, a milliner at Madrid, had been courted and afterwards deserted by Clavijo, a rising Government official. The brother went to Madrid to vindicate the lady's character, but failed to enforce the promise of marriage. The whole blame undoubtedly rested with the unfaithful lover; but it would have been impossible to foresee that the simple story, accurately told, would become a tale of absorbing interest. The author of the '*Fragment de mon Voyage d'Espagne*' knew the effect of details skilfully selected and of dramatic representation. His narrative commences with a picture of his father shedding tears over a letter from Madrid, and appealing to the son who was recognised as the guardian of the family. Absent though they are, says the *père noble* of the drama in real life, they are still your sisters. '*Elles ne sont pas moins vos sœurs que les autres.*' Mesdames de France graciously sanction his departure, furnishing him with recommendations to the French ambassador in Spain, and he acknowledges this favour as '*l'inestimable prix de quatre ans de soins employés à l'amusement de Mesdames.*' Duverney exhorts him to hasten: '*Allez, mon fils, sauvez la vie à votre sœur,*' and appropriately puts into his hands bills for 200,000 francs for the purpose of combining business with duty. The further progress of the transaction is described in skilful and animated detail, though the story might have been told in three sentences. Clavijo yielded, or seemed to yield, to the remonstrances of the indignant brother; then he wavered or took courage, and eventually broke his word, aggravating his guilt by a secret accusation against his adversary on the ground of his alleged threats and violence. The Government deprived Clavijo of his place in the public service; and Beaumarchais

was left at liberty to pursue the speculations which had formed no small part of his business at Madrid.

In the 'Goezman Memoirs' long conversations are verbally reported, and the vacillations and emotions of Clavijo are skillfully contrasted with the dignified self-possession of the narrator. The French ambassador in vain exhorts his countryman to fly from imminent peril, but the resolute champion of justice remains at his post; and at last truth is vindicated, and poetical justice distributed at an audience of the king in person. The interest of the idyl has now become obsolete, but the extraordinary effect produced by the publication of the narrative is still intelligible. One of the most curious circumstances of the transaction is the threatened arrest. Beaumarchais was a stranger, of respectable character and station, furnished with abundant recommendations from his own Court, and openly protected by the French embassy. His alleged offence consisted in the extortion from a faithless lover of an attestation to the honour of his sister; but Clavijo held a petty post in the public service, and his influence was sufficient to procure an order of arrest. 'Votre homme,' said the French ambassador to the intended victim, 'a gagné toutes les avenues du palais; sans moi vous étiez perdu, arrêté, et peut-être conduit au *Presidio*.' The Prime Minister, the Marquis of Grimaldi, professed himself unable to avert the blow, but the ex-Minister, Wall, procured Beaumarchais admittance to the King, and his own eloquence did the rest:—'Alors le roi, suffisamment instruit, ordonna que Clavijo perdit son emploi, et fût à jamais chassé de ses bureaux.'

The *Presidio* was a prison for perpetual detention on the African coast. The proceeding, which recalls the memory of Ahasuerus and Haman, took place neither under an Assyrian or Persian monarch, nor at the Court of a Turkish viceroy. Charles III. was a reforming king, the only respectable sovereign of his race. Grimaldi was a statesman of authority. Yet an utterly groundless sentence of imprisonment for life without trial seems to have been considered on all sides a matter of course. 'Les rois sont justes,' says the ambassador, 'but they are often deceived, and if you are once in prison you will probably be forgotten.' 'I believe,' said the Prime Minister, 'that Clavijo's conduct is perfectly atrocious, but I can only suspend the sentence for the moment—all the world is against the accused.' Beaumarchais himself, at the distance of ten years, can scarcely express his gratitude to all the parties concerned in the transaction:—'J'ai osé nommer, sans leur aveu, le prince magnanime qui s'est plu à me faire rendre justice, les généreux

‘ ministres qui y ont co-opéré, le très-respecté Marquis d’Ossun, ‘ notre ambassadeur, mon inestimable protecteur M. Whal, et ‘ toutes les personnes qui ont contribué à ma justification.’ A society in which proceedings of this kind were practicable, or even credible, was ripe for overthrow. The Revolution, though in its results it may have strengthened absolutism, has at least rendered it more rational and decent. Even a Spanish minister would now hesitate to imprison an innocent foreigner for life, and a French ambassador would assuredly decline to tolerate the outrage upon a countryman.

After disposing of Clavijo’s affair Beaumarchais remained at Madrid to pursue the speculations in which he was engaged. He proposed to contract for the subsistence of the Spanish army, to form a company to trade with Louisiana, and to undertake the supply of slaves for the American colonies: but fortunately for the full development of his various capacities his fortune was not destined to be made at thirty-two. The Government at last disappointed him by a refusal to complete any of his projected contracts. He brought back to France only the materials for the Clavijo narrative and a few hints which were afterwards developed into the Figaro comedies. At the time, perhaps, he valued more highly the intimacies which he had formed with several personages of exalted rank:—‘ L’ambassadeur de Russie, Milord Rochefort, alors ambassadeur d’Angleterre en Espagne, M. le Comte de Creitz, actuellement ambassadeur de Suède en France, MM. les Duc et Comte de Crillon, et beaucoup d’autres personnes qualifiées avec lesquelles je jouais tous les jours, et qui m’honoraient d’une bienveillance particulière à Madrid, me l’ont conservée en France; j’ajouterai même que dans le séjour que ces divers ambassadeurs ont fait depuis à Paris, ils m’ont fait tous l’honneur de manger chez moi, et d’y agréer les témoignages de ma reconnaissance.’ In his private letter to his family he boasts of his social triumphs with a vanity still more candid. The ambassadors, as he tells his sister, scarcely maintained any intercourse with one another before his arrival. From that time ‘ ils faisaient des soupers charmants, disaient-ils, parceque j’en étais.’ It is not surprising that the watchmaker’s son was elated with the position which he had acquired. His temperament enabled him to enjoy every species of good fortune, but his head was too strong to be turned. Acquaintance with persons of rank, while it was in itself a proof of success, was at the same time one of many modes of advancement which he pursued with equal assiduity.

It is strange that one of the most brilliant of French writers

should not have appeared as an author before the age of thirty-six. The sentimental dramas of 'Eugénie' and 'Les Deux Amis', were produced with doubtful success in 1768 and 1770. Beaumarchais had not yet discovered the bent of his genius, and in his first theatrical essays he adopted in good faith the conventions which happened to be fashionable at the moment. The serious morality which was taught in France about the middle of the last century was the weakest and most unsatisfactory product of contemporary thought. Even Voltaire, with all his good sense and knowledge of the world, made his virtuous characters absurd and unreal, whether he placed them in England or in China. Inferior writers held up to admiration a mawkish ideal of imbecile benevolence, with no distinctive quality except an unlimited tolerance of crime. The soft-hearted open-handed hero, between a Cheerible-Jarndyce and a Job Trotter, displaying his benevolence among repentant criminals and their forgiving victims, was, as with a large class in the present day, the favourite subject of popular fiction. Beaumarchais inevitably adopted the prevailing tone. With many generous impulses, he was neither gifted with nice moral perceptions nor disposed to philosophical reflection. If the pompous Aurelly or the penitent Clarendon had crossed his path in real life, his practical instinct would have taught him the value of their professions, but the indulgence of stage sentiment was an indolent luxury to a mind which was only earnest in business, in satire, and in controversy. The story of 'Eugénie' turns upon a sham marriage, effected under circumstances of aggravated atrocity before the commencement of the drama. The plot consists almost wholly of the lies by which the titled culprit postpones inevitable detection. In the fifth act it naturally occurs to the perfidious Clarendon that it is time to reform:— 'J'ai cru que le repentir était la seule arme qui convînt au coupable.' 'He,' replies the virtuous father, 'who repents in good faith is further from evil than one who never knew it.' Eugénie is naturally filled with delight at the universal satisfaction, and the moral or tag announces to the audience 'qu'il n'y a de vrais biens sur la terre que dans l'exercice de la vertu.'

In 'The Two Friends' the exercise of virtue is uninterrupted from the beginning to the end of the play. The virtuous Aurelly is unconsciously on the eve of bankruptcy when the virtuous Mélac, *réceveur-général des fermes*, resolves to save his friend by the misapplication of a large sum of public money deposited in his hands. The virtuous Saint-Alban, *fermier-général en tournée*, discovers the embezzlement and threatens to expose it, but the defaulter refuses to offer any explanation.

To the remonstrances of an admiring confidant he replies, with the complacency of a martyr:—‘*Laissons la maxime et l'éloge aux oisifs; faisons notre devoir: le plaisir de l'avoir rempli est le seul prix vraiment digne de l'action.*’ The virtuous Pauline, a supposed niece of Aurelly, who proves to be his illegitimate daughter, is attached to Mélac fils, but admired by Saint-Alban. When the secret transpires, in the fifth act, the farmer-general in his enthusiasm confirms Mélac père in his office, lends Aurelly the sum necessary to meet his engagements, and renounces his claims to the fair Pauline. Aurelly (confus) acknowledges the blot in Pauline’s pedigree, but Mélac père (avec effusion) demands her hand for Mélac fils, and of course ‘*ils se jettent dans les bras l’un de l’autre.*’ The tag is to the same effect as in the earlier drama:—‘*Eh! quelle joie, mes amis, de penser qu’un jour aussi orageux pour le bonheur n’a pas été tout à fait perdu pour la vertu.*’ The frivolities and inconsistencies of the wise and the famous have from time immemorial been the property of satirists. It may be ludicrous

‘To see great Hercules whipping a gig,
Or profound Solomon to tune a jig,
Or Nestor play at pushpin with the boys,
Or critic Timon laugh at idle toys;’—

but when the wittiest denouncer of quackery since Molière, a strong-headed, light-hearted man of the world, delights to twaddle about spurious virtues and adulterated sentiments, the effect produced is far more singular. Critic Timon would be better employed in laughing at idle toys than in adopting the cant of the impostors who first provoked his cynicism. Long after his fame was established, Beaumarchais took pride in his serious dramas, and the unfortunate ‘Guilty Mother’ proved that even in old age he had not emancipated himself from his erroneous theories of theatrical morality. In his preface to that dismal drama he declares that his Spanish comedies were only written as an introduction to ‘the profound and touching ‘morality’ of the story in which Almaziva condones the past infidelity of the Countess. In this instance the end may be forgiven in consideration of the means. Figaro has not the less contributed to ‘the gaiety of nations,’ because in his senility he was destined to subside into a sanctimonious intriguer.

While Beaumarchais was preaching virtuous sentiment on the stage, his private character was gradually accumulating a weight of unpopularity, which M. de Loménie, with all his industry and acuteness, has but partially rendered intelligible. The celebrated tirade on calumny which is put into the mouth

of Bazile, in the 'Barber of Seville,' professedly alludes to the personal experience of the writer:—

'D'abord un bruit léger, rasant le sol comme hirondelle avant l'orage, *pianissimo* murmure et file, et sème en courant le trait empoisonné. Telle bouche le recueille, et *piano, piano*, vous le glisse en l'oreille adroitement. Le mal est fait; il germe, il rampe, il chemine, et *rinforzando* de bouche en bouche il va le diable; puis tout-à-coup, je ne sais comment, vous voyez la calomnie se dresser, siffler, s'enfler, grandir à vue d'œil. Elle s'élance, étend son vol, tourbillonne, enveloppe, arrache, entraîne, éclate et tonne, et devient, grâce au ciel, un cri général, un *crescendo* public, un *chorus* universel de haine et de proscription. Qui diable y résisterait?'

It has been paradoxically said that calumnies are always true, and it is certain that malignity in most instances exaggerates rather than invents; but the slanders to which Beaumarchais almost became a victim were more unscrupulously original. Busy, successful, conceited, and ostentatious, he might naturally expect to provoke envy and hostility, but the charges which at last resulted in a 'general chorus of hatred and proscription' were altogether alien to his history and character. His second wife—a widow of large fortune, whom he had married in 1768,—died in 1770, leaving a son, who also died shortly afterwards. A rumour arose *pianissimo* that the event was suspicious, and soon the calumny began 'se dresser, siffler, s'enfler, grandir,' to the effect that the notorious Beaumarchais had poisoned two wives and an infant child. In both instances the fortune acquired by marriage had been lost by death, and the object of the slander, with all his defects, was almost faultless in his domestic relations. Many repeated the falsehood, and some perhaps believed it, or, at least, thought that atrocious crimes could be imputed only to an acknowledged reprobate. An accusation of murder implied the previous existence of many minor slanders, and by ordinary minds the larger falsehood would be accepted as a proof of allegations somewhat less incredible.

About the same time his prosperity seemed in all respects to be deserting him. The connexion with Paris Duverney, which had originally raised him to fortune, was destined in its results to lead him to unbounded popularity, but not until it had brought him to the very verge of ruin. Shortly before the death of his early patron, which took place in 1770, the state of their accounts had been settled by a formal balance-sheet, signed by both parties, in which Duverney acknowledged himself debtor to the trifling amount of 16,000 francs. The financier's great nephew and heir, Count la Blache, not only refused to pay the balance which was due, but commenced proceedings to

set the stated account aside on the ground of fraud and of forgery. The first Court which took cognisance of the proceedings, decided in favour of Beaumarchais; but La Blache at once appealed to the higher tribunal, which was no other than the Parliament substituted by the Chancellor Maupeou for the powerful corporation which had so often thwarted the royal will. In the spring of 1773 the cause was nearly ripe for decision, and the Councillor Goezman, a name soon to become unhappily famous, had been entrusted with the duty of making the report, which was to serve as the foundation of the judgment.

Personal interviews between judges and suitors are not yet obsolete in France; and as in the present day no suspicion rests on the integrity of the tribunals, it must be presumed that the practice is found in some respects convenient: but it is evident that if judicial audiences are permitted, they ought to be granted as a matter of right. In the La Blache case the defendant had been prevented from even soliciting an interview until within a few days of the decision; and when he pressed for an audience he found that Goezman's door was obstinately closed. The circumstances which, in the first instance, interfered with the prosecution of his suit furnish M. de Loménie with one of his most instructive and amusing episodes. The anarchical condition of French society and administration under Louis XV. is curiously illustrated by the whole transaction.

The distinction of ranks which was still maintained by an extravagant inequality of privileges had not prevented Beaumarchais from forming an intimacy with the high-born Duke of Chaulnes. The attraction exercised by a duke and peer, although he was a libertine, a ruffian, and almost a lunatic, requires no explanation. The predilection on the nobleman's part for a man of intellect and accomplishment may be considered a redeeming feature in an otherwise worthless character. Beaumarchais might have been called a tuft-hunter, but he was never a sycophant. The duke borrowed money of his friend, courted him in every way, and introduced him to Mdlle. Ménard, an actress under his protection. Unfortunately the lady preferred her new acquaintance to the noble admirer who watched her and threatened her, and occasionally beat her. An outbreak of violence took place, in which the duke, who was at the same time engaged in a quarrel with his own mother, reproached his rival as the son of a watchmaker. 'Moi qui m'honore de mes parents,' wrote Beaumarchais, 'devant ceux-mêmes qui se croient en droit d'outrager les leurs, vous sentez, M. le duc, quel avantage notre position respective me donnait en ce moment sur vous.' At last the duke in a fit of jealous fury

assaulted his adversary in his own home, with the avowed intention of killing him. Several of the servants were wounded in attempting to defend their master, and the principals in the quarrel exchanged numerous blows before they were separated by the police. On an investigation of the matter, the duke repeated the charge that his late friend was a watchmaker's son, and he added, in allusion to the La Blache lawsuit, that he was accused of forgery. The tribunal of the Marshals of France sent the aggressor to the fortress of Vincennes, and acquitted the victim of his fury; but the Duke of La Vrillière, Minister of the royal household, in vindication of the rights of the peerage, committed the plebeian sufferer to the prison of For l'Evêque.

The anomaly involved in the exercise or existence of such a jurisdiction requires little comment. An oligarchy commits a grave error when it seeks to preserve obsolete prerogatives by the aid of social affability. Men will bear much from a separate and unknown caste; but demigods lose their mysterious sanctity when they move familiarly among mortals. Capricious and occasional assertions of superiority among acquaintances and boon companions can only excite resentment. It is not surprising that the French nation indignantly required the abolition of its Dukes of Chaulnes and of their privileges. Unfortunately none of the subsequent revolutions have yet resulted in the institution of securities for individual liberty. In the case of Beaumarchais the popular judgment was based on personal considerations. A reporter of the gossip of the day, quoted by M. de Loménie, thinks that on the whole the sufferer was rightly served. 'This insolent and self-satisfied individual is not liked; and although in this squabble it appears that no blame attaches to him, he is less pitied than another person would be for the annoyance to which he is subjected.' A nation ripe for freedom would have thought the merits of '*ce particulier*' the smallest part of the question. The plaintiff in *Stockdale v. Hansard*, '*n'était point aimé*.' Titus Oates was not an eligible member of society; nor was Queen Caroline irreproachable in her conduct.

It was in vain that the prisoner proved his innocence and explained to the Minister that the confinement which prevented him from soliciting his cause would lead to his utter ruin. M. de Sartines, then Prefect of Police, could only obtain for him the supercilious answer, '*Cet homme est trop insolent; qu'il fasse suivre son affaire par son procureur.*' 'As if,' said Beaumarchais, 'he did not know as well as I do that *procureurs* are forbidden to solicit the judges.' It was not until the suitor condescended to ask pardon of the Duke of La Vrillière that he

was allowed to go out during the daytime in custody of an officer of police. It happened that this vexatious restriction afterwards furnished him with unimpeachable evidence of his repeated and useless visits to Goezman for the purpose of obtaining an interview.

On the eve of the decision it was intimated to the unhappy litigant, by a bookseller named Le Jay, that a present of 200 louis to Madame Goezman, to be returned in case of an adverse judgment, would procure the necessary audience. One hundred louis, with a valuable watch, were accordingly forwarded through Le Jay, with the addition of a smaller sum of fifteen louis, which was demanded as a fee for a secretary. The audience bargained for was immediately accorded, but a second interview was obstinately refused. A few days later the Parliament, on the report of Goezman, reversed the decision of the inferior tribunal, and condemned the defendant to pay a large sum to Count la Blache, with interest, and the costs of the proceedings. Madame Goezman returned the hundred louis and the watch, and if she had abstained from a petty peculation, Beaumarchais might have been finally ruined; but the lady thought fit to keep the fifteen louis, and it was soon discovered that the secretary had never received them. The injured suitor wrote to demand the return of the money; the husband, whose previous complicity is uncertain, took up the defence of his wife, and after attempting in vain to procure a *lettre de cachet* against his adversary, he denounced him to the Parliament on the charge of an attempt to corrupt a judge. The accusation was the more dangerous, because it was to a certain extent well founded; for the payment of a considerable sum, to be returned in the event of an adverse decision, is scarcely distinguishable from a bribe. A partial tribunal, eager to protect one of its own members, might pass over the obvious consideration that the guilt of corruption attached to the judges who extorted money rather than to the litigants who paid it. The penalty attached to the offence rested in the discretion of the court, and the prejudice which prevailed against the alleged culprit had been sufficiently shown by the iniquitous judgment in the case of La Blache. It is a strange peculiarity of French jurisprudence that the history and character of the litigant form a part of every issue in which he is concerned. One at least of the members of the court acknowledged that the judgment had been influenced by the bad repute of the unsuccessful party. The whole conduct of the Goezman process shows that the tribunal was supposed to be influenced not only by general rumour, but by the opinion of society.

The laws of the time were apparently made or maintained only to excite contempt by the impunity with which they were broken, until in some exceptional case they were asserted, as if to provoke indignation at their obsolete iniquity. The proceedings on a charge of corruption ought legally to have been carried on in secret; but it was necessary for the safety of the defendant that he should turn the pleadings into the most popular pamphlets of the time. To quote M. de Loménie's forcible language,—

‘The circumstances are such that Beaumarchais is compelled, one might say almost under pain of death, to display a marvellous talent for investing an affair, not very interesting in itself, with the interest of a drama, a comedy, and a romance. If he contents himself with decorous argument, if he confines himself to the facts of the case, if he fails to connect it with piquant social details, and with great political questions, if he is not at the same time deeply pathetic and highly amusing,—if, in short, he misses a popular success, he is lost. The new parliament will show itself more pitiless to him in proportion to the distrust which he has shown of the new parliament and of its secret judicial procedure; and he has before him the prospect of *omnia citra mortem*.’

In a later stage of the controversy, when his victory was virtually achieved, Beaumarchais himself justified his appeal to the country in language which strongly indicates the approaching revolution. The custom of secrecy was consistent and intelligible when the judge was responsible to the king alone. The successful assertion of the right to publicity showed that the sovereign power was slipping from the royal grasp.

‘Cette affaire,’ says the daring suitor, ‘interesse un membre du parlement; et je ne ferais point à mon siècle l’injure de le croire assez avili pour être indifférent sur ce qui touche ses magistrats. La nation à la vérité n’est pas assise sur les bancs de ceux qui prononceront; mais son œil majestueux plane sur l’assemblée. C’est donc toujours un très-grand bien de l’instruire. Car si elle n’est jamais le juge des particuliers, elle est en tout temps le juge des juges Peut-être serait-il à désirer que la jurisprudence criminelle de France eût adopté l’usage Anglais d’instruire publiquement les procès criminels.’

It is evident that Beaumarchais is only giving utterance to a familiar and prevalent opinion; yet in the same memoir he conforms to established usage by a reference to the nominal head of the state as ‘mon souverain, mon seul maître, mon roi.’ The absence of any consciousness that the two forms of speech are inconsistent, is the best proof that the monarchy of Louis XIV. was already passing into a fiction.

With the nation or the Parisian public thus constituted judges in the cause, the virtual issue of the controversy soon

ceased to be doubtful, though the judicial sentence ultimately confirmed the charge. On the side of justice, if not of law, was the most adroit of advocates, the most lucid of narrators, and the wittiest of contemporary dramatists. His opponents were the very characters whom a satirist would have selected as his victims—a knavish coterie of imbecile blunderers engaged in the defence of a paltry fraud. The ridicule and disgrace which they incurred was, as their tormentor cruelly informed them, the result of their own blindness or officious activity. Even the paltry sum of 12*l.*, on which the controversy originally turned, might have been retained by Madame Goezman with impunity, if her husband had abstained from attempting to ruin the suitor who had been defrauded. Three or four casual witnesses of the transaction—Marin, Baculard, and Bertrand D'Airolles—attempted to curry favour with the party which seemed to be the stronger, by voluntarily joining in the attack, and they were rewarded with ruin or with infamy. In a secret inquiry the assailants would probably have been wholly successful; for the payment of a sum of money in the nature of a bribe could scarcely be explained away. The *provocatio ad populum* placed in issue the conduct of the prosecutor and of his witnesses, as well as the character of the defendant; and it was clearly proved that Goezman and his accomplices had been guilty of perjury, of subornation, and of the grossest malignity. Among his many aptitudes, Beaumarchais displayed a consummate faculty of cross-examination; and his exposures of Madame Goezman's contradictions, as reported by himself, are masterpieces, both of forensic skill and of dramatic humour.

At the very commencement of the proceedings Goezman delivered himself into the hands of his adversary by inducing Le Jay, the bookseller who had transmitted the money, to give a false account of the transaction; but perjury in the presence of a skilful antagonist is always a dangerous weapon. The repentant witness soon retracted his deposition, and his evidence supplied the link which was wanting to connect the prosecutor with the fraud originally committed by his wife. Madame Goezman was a still more unsafe confederate. Vulgar, conceited, silly and unprincipled, making false statements and retracting them with scandalous assurance, in the midst of violent invectives against her opponent she followed his lead in cross-examination with the most amusing simplicity. Beaumarchais, who, notwithstanding the perils which surrounded him, seems thoroughly to have enjoyed the comic side of the discussion, represents the lady in the very height of her fury as casily propitiated by the grossest compliments.

‘Il était dix heures du soir, nous touchions à la fin de la première séance : “Homme atroce” me dites-vous (he is addressing his fair antagonist), et j’en tremble encore, “on vient de faire lecture de mes interrogatoires, et vous remettez à demain à y répondre, pour avoir apparemment le temps de disposer vos méchancetés; mais je vous déclare, misérable, que si vous ne me faites pas sur le-champ, et sans y être préfacé, une interpellation, vous n’y serez plus admis demain matin.”’

It is impossible to delineate more happily the feminine impotence of passion than by the declaration of a fixed purpose in a matter utterly beyond her control. He next shows how readily her irritation could be calmed, *pulveris exigui jactu*. ‘How,’ he asks, ‘could she know that he was a villain, *un homme atroce*?’ “Je le sais,” she replies, “d’où je le sais; je l’ai entendu dire.” “Was it from M. de la Blache that she heard it?” “No; from ‘all the world, this winter, at the opera-ball.” “Surely,” says her gallant adversary, “the world might have found more agreeable things to talk of in *your* presence. But, however this ‘may be, as you *will* have a question put to you before we separate—je vous interpelle donc, Madame, de nous dire à l’instant, sans réfléchir, et sans y être préparée, pourquoi vous ‘accusez dans vos interrogatoires être âgée de trente ans, quand ‘votre visage qui vous contredit, n’en montre que dix huit?’” A little scene of flirtation worthy of a stage *soubrette* appropriately completes the picture. He finally asks her whether she still thinks him *atroce*? “Eh! mais vous êtes *bien malin*.” “Laissez donc, Madame, les injures grossières aux hommes, elles gâtent ‘toujours la jolie bouche des femmes.” Un doux sourire, à ce compliment, rendit à la votre sa forme agréable, que l’humeur ‘avait un peu altérée; et nous nous quittâmes.’

The reports of the cross-examination and of the repeated exposures of this worthless woman are admirably effective and amusing; but Beaumarchais himself feels that the contest is too unequal, and he reserves his fiercest invective and most overwhelming ridicule for her male suborners and confederates. His answer to an inflated memoir produced in the course of the proceedings by Bertrand D’Airolles, consists of a humorous description of the summary vengeance which he had already inflicted on the eloquent witness, by the compulsory recovery of a small debt. A phrase used by D’Airolles, which might be construed into a challenge, furnishes an introduction to the narrative: — ‘Dès le lendemain, prenant pour herault d’armes ‘le brave huissier qui défend mes meubles, j’ai fait sommer à ‘mon tour le capitain par un cartel timbré de se rendre en champ ‘clos dans la salle des consuls de Paris.’ On the trial of the

cause the defendant is, by an Aristophanic fiction, supposed to harangue the Court in the pompous language of his Memoir; but all his rhetorical flourishes are baffled by the incessant repetition of one simple question, —

ἀπὸ ληκύθου σοῦ τοὺς προλόγους διαφθερῶ.

Had he, or had he not, received from the plaintiff two bills, each for 100 louis, payable to bearer? ‘Qu’un homme de bien est malheureux d’être livré à la fureur d’un pervers!’ ‘Mais les deux cents louis de M. de Beaumarchais?’ ‘Un homme audacieux marche à la lueur d’un flambeau qui l’égare, il court après un chimère et veut entraîner un innocent dans l’abîme où sa haine va le plonger.’ ‘Entendez-vous par là que le sieur de Beaumarchais ne vous ait pas remis les deux effets qu’il redemande?’ Still the stream of declamation flows on, swollen with metaphorical reproaches. Now the creditor is like a thunderbolt, which is harmless only when it is fallen. ‘But,’ the Court continues to urge, ‘What about the two bills for one hundred louis?’ ‘He has a front of brass,’ replies Bertrand, ‘he asserts impudent falsehoods.’ ‘What, then,’ is the answer, ‘you have not had the two bills for a hundred louis?’ ‘Take the torch of hatred,’ proceeds the imperturbable orator, ‘illumine all the recesses of my life. I defy you to find me at fault.’ ‘We don’t want any hatred,’ the Court objects, ‘or any torch, to show that you have got two bills for a hundred louis.’ ‘Is this the cause of innocence, does it move in subterranean passages? Has not truth presided over all my words and honesty over all my dealings?’ ‘There is no truth,’ the Court interrupts, ‘in denying the receipt of two bills, payable to bearer, and as little honesty in keeping them.’ At length Bertrand’s attorney succeeds in silencing his client for a moment, while he produces the two bills, and offers to give them up, on the allowance of certain deductions. ‘Why, then,’ says the plaintiff’s agent, ‘has he denied them so obstinately?’ ‘Gentlemen,’ says Bertrand, ‘I have not actually denied them in my memoir; I only said, in answer to the demand, Is it possible to push impudence further? That is not a formal denial, and you will see if you read the passage yourselves, that my answer is not only equivocal, but amphigoric.’ The scene ends with a recital of the judgment actually delivered for the debt and costs, and *le grand cousin* is effectually dismissed to silence and oblivion.

M. de Loménie records, in a few animated pages, the extraordinary effect which these Memoirs produced. Voltaire was induced by their influence to desert the cause of Maupeou and

of his Parliament. Horace Walpole was roused to a burst of moral indignation. Goethe turned one of the Memoirs into a drama. Louis XV. amused himself with the exposure of the iniquities practised under his authority; and Madame du Barry, the worthy patroness of the Parliament, caused the scenes between Madame Gozman and Beaumarchais to be dramatised and acted in her own apartment. The most hated of all his opponents, the gazetteer and censor Marin, had been ridiculed in the Memoirs for his use of the Provençal expression 'ques a co?' instead of 'qu'est que cela?' and the Dauphiness Marie Antoinette thought the phrase so amusing that she introduced a head-dress composed of a plume of feathers, which became the fashion under the name of *quesaco*. One of the members of the Parliament, who had been charged in the Memoirs with a prejudice against the accused, wrote him a long apology, with the request that it might share in the illegal publicity of the proceedings. The majority of the Court, however, had the courage to resist the popular voice. By its judgment, delivered in February 1774, Beaumarchais was condemned *au blâme*, or, in other words, to civic degradation. On the next day, he was the hero of an entertainment given in his honour by two princes of the blood, the Duke of Chartres and the Prince of Conti. Public opinion was omnipotent for every purpose except to check legal oppression. The Parliament never ventured to call upon the culprit to receive his formal sentence; but the consequences were painful and disquieting. A considerable time elapsed before he was able to procure a legal reversal of the sentence; but in 1776, after the overthrow of the Maupeou Courts, he was formally restored to his civic rights; and, at a later period, the judgment of the Parliament of Toulouse, annulling the decision which had been given in favour of Count La Blache, finally disposed of the disputes which had arisen from his early connexion with Paris Duverney.

Few careers have been so consecutive in the midst of the most eccentric variety. Every new phase in the life of Beaumarchais follows in a dramatic sequence from the circumstances which had preceded it. His skill as a watchmaker had brought him to Court. His musical services to the Princesses introduced him to the capitalist whose death forced him into a lawsuit. Litigation made him popular as a controversial satirist, and the celebrity which he had acquired as a writer was now about to convert him into a political agent. Louis XV., after laughing at the memoirs in the Gozman process, at last grew uneasy in consequence of the agitation which they had occasioned, and positively prohibited the continuance of the discussion after the

judgment. He recognised at the same time the ready ability of the author, and determined to make him useful. In the hope of obtaining the reversal of the judgment, Beaumarchais undertook a mission to London, for the purpose of negotiating with a professional libeller named Morande for the suppression of a private history of Mme. du Barry. According to M. de Loménie, the Government of George III. had undertaken to connive at the apprehension of Morande by the agents of the French police; but the threatened national disgrace was averted by the indignation of the London populace against the obnoxious foreigners. The more prudent plan of buying off the biographer of the reigning mistress was carried out by Beaumarchais with characteristic skill and rapidity. 'I have turned 'a dangerous poacher,' he said, 'into an excellent keeper;' and, in fact, Morande, thus secured against want, became henceforward an ostensibly respectable member of society. The price of the conversion was a sum of 20,000 frs. and an annuity of 4000 frs.,—a sum, as M. de Loménie remarks, considerably above the value of Madame du Barry's reputation. The lady herself may have formed a different estimate of the transaction; and it is probable that the successful agent would have obtained his reward in restoration to his civil rights if the death of Louis XV., in the summer of 1774, had not rendered his services practically valueless. Fortunately for Beaumarchais, the manufacture of libels and the practice of buying them off continued under the new reign. A speck on the reputation of Marie Antoinette was a more serious evil than a few additional stains on the character of Mme du Barry. The converter or purchaser of Morande was employed to exercise his skill on a Jew named Angelucci, who carried on his trade in England under the name of Atkinson, and had compiled an offensive libel on the Queen. After a strange series of adventures, which procured him a month's imprisonment at Vienna, the indefatigable negotiator accomplished his second diplomatic work; and in 1775 he was once more despatched to London on a singular errand, which was considered by the Ministry to involve grave interests of State. The Chevalier d'Eon, well known as a soldier and diplomatist, Secretary of Legation, and for a time Minister Plenipotentiary at the English Court, had, after dismissal from his office on account of a quarrel with the Ambassador Count de Guerchy, been employed by Louis XV. as a secret agent in London. The French Government were anxious to recover some confidential papers which were in the Chevalier's possession, and for some reason which even M. de Loménie's sagacity has failed

to make intelligible, it was also thought important to confirm a current rumour that the Chevalier was a woman.

Beaumarchais entered on the business with his usual zeal and ability, and he accomplished both the objects of his mission. In one respect the emissary as well as his employer was the dupe of D'Eon. It appears that M. de Vergennes believed in the strange story which the Chevalier had thought fit to circulate. Beaumarchais was persuaded not only that the ex-captain of Dragoons was a woman, but that she was in love with himself. This error, however, exercised no unfavourable influence on the success of his mission. He obtained possession of the secret papers, and he persuaded D'Eon to assume the female attire, which he wore to the end of his life. M. de Loménie, who attributes the Chevalier's strange conduct to a love of notoriety, justly repudiates the hypothesis of a certain M. Gaillardet, that the masquerade of D'Eon was contrived to shield the reputation of Queen Charlotte. That royal matron stood in no need of assistance from French Ministers to defend her unimpeached reputation. If the necessity had arisen, it is difficult to understand why M. de Vergennes or Louis XVI. should have taken so strong an interest in the question. Neither the Government nor their agent felt in 1775 any cordiality towards England.

During his last mission, Beaumarchais had contrived both to engage Louis XVI. in an autograph correspondence, and to communicate with his Ministers on matters of more importance than the costume of D'Eon. In his repeated visits to England he had paid anxious attention to the disputes between the Crown and the American colonies; and he was one of the first to foresee the ultimate result of the struggle. He now began to urge upon his Government, with obvious and plausible arguments, the expediency of giving secret aid to the insurgents. It was the interest of France to dissolve or to amend the humiliating treaty of 1763. The colonies, if left to their own resources, might in despair make terms with the mother country; and both the belligerents might afterwards unite in an attack on the French possessions. Secrecy, however was desirable, that time might be afforded for preparation, for even in the midst of the American struggle, a rupture with France might not be unwelcome to England. The civil contest cherished dissension at home, and produced neither glory nor profit, but a French war would involve a certainty of prize money, and a possible acquisition of sugar islands. The clandestine aid which had been suggested was urgently demanded by the agents of America; and after some hesitation, M. de Vergennes adopted the project, and entrusted the execution of the plan to its author. The French and Spanish

Governments advanced 1,000,000 frs. each to Beaumarchais for the establishment of a mercantile house, which he opened under the name of Rodrigue Hortalez, & Co. He was allowed to purchase arms from the royal arsenals; and he was introduced to Silas Deane, who with Franklin and Arthur Lee had been appointed agents of the Congress at Paris. A tedious controversy afterwards arose as to the nature of the transactions which ensued. Successive American Governments used all the resources of chicane to repudiate the obligations which had been incurred in the time of their utmost need; and it was not before 1835 that the dispute was finally settled by a compulsory compromise, which gave the family of Beaumarchais about a third of the sum which was justly due. M. de Loménie has unravelled the history of these affairs with his customary sagacity; and he has clearly shown that in his relations with Congress the indirect agent of the French Government was a rightful creditor. It was distinctly understood that the munitions of war consigned to the American Congress were to be paid for in tobacco and other articles of native produce. The hazardous nature of the speculation, as well as the long credit which was necessarily allowed, fully explained the subvention allowed to the private trader. Neither Vergennes nor his successors at any time authorised the United States to require an account of the sums which had been advanced. The losses occasioned by the poverty or bad faith of the insurgent Government in fact exceeded the amount which Beaumarchais received from the treasuries of France and of Spain.

The importance of the assistance which he furnished to the colonies can scarcely be overrated. His introduction to the agents of the Congress took place in July 1776; at the beginning of 1777 he landed at Portsmouth, in New Hampshire, his first cargo, consisting of 200 cannon, a supply of mortars and shells, with muskets, uniforms, and accoutrements for 25,000 men. The transaction was completed without exciting the suspicions of Lord Stormont, who still remained as English Ambassador at Versailles; and about the same time Beaumarchais despatched to the colonies forty or fifty officers, some of them possessing high rank and considerable experience. Indefatigable in business, and inexhaustible in resources, he thoroughly enjoyed the excitement of enterprise in a cause for which he at the same time felt a disinterested enthusiasm. In a letter to his agent in America, while he complains of his enormous losses, and expresses a suspicion that Franklin and his colleagues have defrauded him for their private benefit, he bestows a patronising applause on the people with whom he has

allied himself. 'À travers tous ces désagréments les nouvelles d'Amérique me comblent de joie. Brave, brave peuple, dont la conduite militaire justifie mon estime et le bel enthousiasme qu'on a pour lui en France.' In the same letter he sketches out an amusing plan for evading a promise exacted by his Government that one of his ships, chartered for San Domingo, should return without touching at any port on the mainland. As M. de Loménie observes, the arrangement precisely resembles a dramatic plot. As soon as the ship, which is laden with warlike stores, has cleared from San Domingo, two American privateers are to appear on the stage, and to make a concerted signal. The French vessel is to be captured in defiance of all remonstrance. 'Mon capitaine protestera de violence, et fera un procès-verbal avec menace de ses plaintes au Congrès. Le vaisseau sera conduit où vous êtes. Le Congrès désavouera hautement le brutal corsaire, rendra la liberté au vaisseau, avec des excuses obligeantes pour le pavillon Français : pendant ce temps vous ferez mettre à terre la cargaison, vous emplirez le navire de tabac, et vous me le renverrez bien vite avec tous ceux que vous aurez tout juste pu y joindre.' The sober republicans probably carried out with becoming gravity the early part of the farce ; but it is to be feared that they forgot the underplot of returning a cargo of tobacco.

Before the end of 1778 Beaumarchais had a considerable fleet engaged in the trade with America. His enterprise was no longer secret. As soon as he had induced the Ministry to adopt his original plan he pressed upon them, with increasing urgency, the policy of bringing on a rupture with England, by an open recognition of the colonies. The declaration of war was in itself inevitable ; but it may probably have been accelerated by the influence of Beaumarchais. The language of the official notification to the Court of St. James's in the spring of 1778, is in some degree borrowed from an elaborate memoir now published by M. de Loménie.

In the course of the following winter 'Sa Majesté Caron de Beaumarchais' despatched from Rochefort a fleet of twelve sail, one of them, the *Fier Rodrigue*, armed as a sixty-gun ship. Near the isle of Grenada the flotilla fell in with Count d'Estaing, on the eve of his engagement with Byron. The French admiral gave the *Rodrigue* a post in his line of battle, which was honourably maintained at the cost of serious damage to the vessel, and of the loss of the convoy, which was captured by the enemy. The captain was killed in action, but the owner was rewarded by a complimentary letter from Count d'Estaing and by decorations bestowed on his principal officers. At a

later period he received some compensation for his convoy; but he gallantly abstained from making any demand on account of the damage to the *Fier Rodrigue*. Before the end of the war the house of Hortalez and Co. owned no less than forty vessels. The skilful principal, notwithstanding the repudiating propensities of his Republican debtors, contrived to accumulate a brilliant fortune by trade, and until he was in a great measure ruined by the Revolution, his good luck remained proof against many wild speculations, combined with the most profuse liberality.

It would seem that commercial operations on a large scale must, at the time, have been extraordinarily profitable. French merchants are generally characterised rather by prudence than by daring, and Beaumarchais probably found no competitor among his countrymen to dispute with him the advantages which might be gained by a magnificent contempt for risk and outlay. The general success of his enterprises is more remarkable, when it is remembered that he was never exclusively devoted to the love of gain. Personal notoriety and public utility often influenced his choice of investments. He founded a discount-office which was the origin of the bank of France. He associated himself with a scheme for supplying Paris with water, and he accomplished a task, which he considered still more useful and patriotic, by publishing the first complete edition of the works of Voltaire. Nothing could be more congenial to his taste than the erection of a monument to the great prophet of his generation. The undertaking gratified his literary and philosophic sympathies; it was bold and costly, it was popular; and above all it was forbidden. The talents for evading ostensible laws which had won the Goetzman process, and supplied America with contraband munitions of war, were once more required to publish writings which could not be circulated in France without a misdemeanour. There was fortunately no difficulty in procuring influential accomplices. The prime minister, Count Maurepas, told Beaumarchais that he knew but one man who was capable of such an undertaking. The successor of Maurepas, M. de Calonne, and his brother the Abbé de Calonne, used their authority in pursuance of the same laudable purpose. M. d'Ogny, Director of the Post Office, undertook to transmit through his department the copies of a work, which by an absurd anomaly could not possibly be printed in France.

A building was rented at Kehl in the territory of Baden, and fitted up as a printing office, but the pretensions of the Margrave to exercise a control over the publication were rejected with sum-

mary and merited contempt. To any suppression of those writings of the 'grand homme' which might be considered immoral or profane the publisher opposed plausible arguments, backed by insuperable conscientious objections. His editorial austerity only relaxed in favour of the Empress Catherine, who claimed a supervision over Voltaire's correspondence with herself. The speculation resulted in a heavy loss; but there was no act of his life in which Beaumarchais more sincerely believed that he had deserved well of his country. The government which promoted the publication abroad of the writings it prohibited at home, deserves a far severer judgment. The editor of Voltaire necessarily printed many things which were worthless, and some which may still be mischievous; but he rendered an important service to literature. It is not fitting that the works of a great and influential author should be suppressed by law. The world would gain little by giving a monopoly to writers who might be considered unobjectionable. As to Voltaire himself, M. de Loménie justly describes the permanent result of his doctrines.

'It is not Truth which has perished under the blows of Voltaire. All that portion of his works in which he has been but the echo of the errors, the sophisms, and the vices of his time, is already, with few exceptions, dead and buried; it is at the same time certain, that those who in our own day anathematise him as a personification of Satan, re-produce every morning, especially when it suits their own purposes, a considerable number of sound ideas, which he has contributed more than any one to circulate.'

From the conclusion of the Goetzman process to the Revolution Beaumarchais, notwithstanding occasional reverses and mortifications, was on the whole a prosperous man. The Maupeou Parliament disappeared soon after the accession of Louis XVI. He was happily married to a third wife, he was busy and rich, and the production of his comedies gave him literary fame in addition to the personal celebrity which he had already acquired. In a paper of his own composition he accounts for the opposition and calumny which were the principal drawbacks to his good fortune by the circumstance that throughout the numerous spheres of his activity he was everywhere regarded as an intruder. 'I played,' he says, 'on all instruments, but I was not a professional musician. I contrived mechanical improvements without being an engineer. Dramatists resented the success of a trading capitalist on the stage; while advocates complained that my pleadings were not like their own *ennuyeux à périr*.' In the same manner he excited jealousy by fitting out fleets, although he was not properly a shipowner, and by influencing questions of war and peace, when

he had never held a diplomatic office. There has probably never been an amateur who contended on equal terms with professional competitors in so many various departments. His dramatic achievements alone would preserve his memory from oblivion. 'The Barber of Seville,' and 'The Marriage of Figaro,' have many defects; but in gaiety, wit, and ingenuity of construction they were the best comedies since the time of Molière. The Aristophanic element of political satire, which is so prominent in the second drama, already added to the interest excited by the earlier production.

Except in France the Figaro plays are now best known in the form in which they have exercised the genius of Rossini and of Mozart; and it is a curious circumstance that the 'Barber of Seville' was first written as a comic opera, with Spanish music, arranged by the author himself. Fortunately for Beaumarchais, who was but a second-rate versifier, and a mere musical amateur, the refusal of his opera at the Italian theatre compelled him to fall back on a style of composition suited to his powers. The play was about to be acted when his quarrel with the Duke of Chaulnes, and the subsequent litigation with Goezman, intervened. At the beginning of 1774 it was prohibited on the eve of the first representation, and it was not produced on the stage till 1775. The second and more famous comedy was begun soon afterwards, and completed in 1781; but before it could be acted Beaumarchais was once more obliged to make use of all his characteristic perseverance and ingenuity. The obstacles to the performance of the play seemed to be insuperable. Louis XVI., after reading the manuscript, either offended by the political satire of the comedy, or disapproving of its questionable morality, had declared that the work was detestable, and that it should never be acted.

The contest which ensued was obstinate and interesting. On one side was absolute and unquestioned authority exerted in maintenance of an objection which was by no means unreasonable; but the King had to do with an anomalous state of circumstances, and with an opponent incomparably more supple and resolute than himself. In his conflict with the royal determination, Beaumarchais contrived to enlist on his side the very class which had furnished the subject for his satire. The court and the high nobility were greedy of novelties and proud of showing a blindness to coming danger, which they mistook for a superiority to prejudice. The combination of liberal theories with aristocratic privileges added a zest to the enjoyments of those 'who had given themselves the trouble to be 'born.' A further stimulus to fashionable curiosity was sup-

plied by the King's unwonted interposition, for the courtiers rejoiced in the safe opportunity of uttering patriotic protests against absolute power. Beaumarchais cultivated the growing excitement with untiring ingenuity. In a few great houses he consented to read his comedy to a chosen circle; but he made his acquiescence a favour which his hearers could not fail to requite by applause. When the Grand Duke Paul was added to the number of privileged auditors, the author adroitly suggested to the Ministers that the Empress Catherine had offered to produce the play at St. Petersburg; and he added that it had been read and approved by still graver critics. 'Chez Madame la Maréchale de Richelieu, devant les évêques et archévêques; qui après s'en être infiniment amusés, m'ont fait l'honneur d'assurer qu'ils publieraient, qu'il n'y avait pas un mot dont les bonnes mœurs puissent être blessées.' When the prelates of the church applauded the morals of Figaro and Alnaviva, it could not be expected that the Court or the Royal Family would be content with a private reading of the comedy. In 1783 the Queen herself interfered to procure the indispensable pleasure of a performance for the Count of Artois and Madame de Polignac, on the occasion of an entertainment offered to them by the Count of Vaudreuil at his country-seat. Beaumarchais, who had already secured the approval of two or three official censors, insisted, as a condition of the performance, that the comedy should be previously submitted to a new examination. As might have been expected, the censor appointed gave every facility for compliance with the wishes of the court; and the play, having been exhibited with brilliant success on a private stage, could not be much longer withheld from the public curiosity. The King's resistance was finally overcome in the spring of 1784.

Louis XVI. had shown more sagacity in his judgment than his courtiers or his family. The report of one of the censors shows how little the real purport of the play was understood by others. 'Figaro,' it is said, 'is known by the comedy of the "Barber of Seville," of which this is a continuation, as one of the intriguers of low life, whose example cannot be dangerous to any person in good society.' The King might have been well content that the noblemen of the court should imitate the bold and accomplished valet, who, in the contest of ingenuity, successfully defends the rightful cause. The risk was not that Alnaviva should be corrupted, but that Figaro should supplant his master. The political significance of the play is a well-attested fact; but the influence which it exercised has almost become unintelligible. The epigrams on diplomacy, on

hereditary rank, and on the freedom of the press, have now become little more than sparkling commonplaces. The deeper satire which may seem to be involved in the picture of the licentious count was probably in a great degree unintentional. It is evident that Beaumarchais regarded Figaro with increasing predilection as the character grew under his hands. In the celebrated soliloquy the writer protests against the persecutions which he had himself experienced, and insinuates, under a thin disguise, an apology for his own career. ‘Un jeune homme ardent au plaisir, ayant tous les goûts pour jouir, faisant tous les métiers pour vivre; maître ici, valet là, selon qu’il plaît à la fortune; ambitieux par vanité, laborieux par nécessité, mais paresseux — avec délices; orateur selon le danger; poëte par délassement; musicien par occasion; amoureux par folles bouffées; j’ai tout vu, tout fait, tout usé.’ In a preface subsequently added, he ironically acknowledges that he has depicted an unreal society. The present generation, he says, in no way resembles the characters of his play; but the past generation was like them, and the next will renew the similitude. ‘Je conviens que je n’ai jamais rencontré ni mari suborneur, ni seigneur libertin, ni courtisan avide, ni juge ignorant ou passionné, ni avocat injuriant, ni gens médiocres avancés, ni traducteur basement jaloux; et que si des âmes pures, qui ne s’y reconnaissent point du tout s’irritent contre ma pièce, et la déchirent sans relâche, c’est uniquement par respect pour leur grands-pères et sensibilité pour leurs petits-enfants.’ The most remarkable point in the political element of the comedy is, that a time and a state of society should have existed in which it could exercise a revolutionary influence. The author neither intended nor foresaw the effect of his satirical protests.

The early Spanish recollections of the writer have given a faint local colouring to these comedies, which increases their charm. The *romance*, which is sung by Cherubin to the air of Marlbrook, is too imaginative to have originated in Paris in the reign of Louis XVI. It is the old story of the page of low degree who loved the Queen, and it is told in the true ballad style, which Beaumarchais must have imported from Spain:—

‘Le roi vint à passer.
Ses barons, son clergier,
Beau page, dit la reine,
(Que mon cœur, mon cœur a de peine)
Qui vous met à la gêne ?
Qui vous fait tant pleurer ?’

The foreign element is, however, too slight to be felt as in-

consistent with the comedy of French manners. Some critics, according to the author himself, complained that the 'Barber of Seville' was not sufficiently national. 'Ils ont raison,' he replies, 'j'y avais même tellement pensé, que, pour rendre la vraisemblance encore plus parfaite, j'avais d'abord résolu d'écrire et de faire jouer la pièce en langage espagnol; mais un homme de goût m'a fait observer qu'elle en perdrait peut-être un peu de sa gaieté pour le public de Paris; raison qui m'a déterminé à l'écrire en français.'

It is generally admitted that in dramatic skill the 'Barber of Seville' is inferior to the more famous continuation of the story, but in the earlier comedy the dominant character is as yet imperfectly developed. The clever accomplice of Almaviva is the traditional valet of the theatre, although few of his predecessors can rival him in gaiety, adroitness, and versatility. The plot of the drama also belongs to the traditions of the stage. Young lovers, aided by ingenious subordinates, have, since the dawn of social comedy, succeeded, against all apparent probability, in defeating the precautions of jealous guardians. The morality of the play is the same which in England as well as in France was long conventionally established in the theatre. The personages of the stage enjoy, as Charles Lamb explained, in defence of Congreve and Vanbrugh, an exceptional existence in a world where there is neither right nor wrong. Neither the ardent lover nor the ingenuous maiden ever think of speaking the truth in their conflict with the crafty persecutor who postpones their happiness. Harlequin and Columbine dance to the same music with Pantaloon, though their movements are lighter and more graceful. In the conflict of tricks and falsehood, and in the absence of any moral preference, the sympathy of the audience is naturally enlisted on the side of youth and beauty. Bartholo is neither more nor less unprincipled than his rival, but he is a less suitable lover for Rosine. The satirical allusions which occur in the 'Barber of Seville' are too thinly scattered to disturb the prevailing sense of unreality. The most formidable attack on established institutions consists in Bartholo's answer to the appeal of his old servant, La Jeunesse, for justice:—"De la justice! C'est bon entre vous autres misérables, la justice! Je suis votre maître, moi, pour avoir toujours raison." *La Jeunesse*. "Mais, pardi, quand une chose est vraie ——" *Bartholo*. "Quand une chose est vraie! Si je ne veux pas qu'elle soit vraie, je prétends bien qu'elle ne soit pas vraie. Il n'y aurait qu'à permettre à tous ces faquins-là d'avoir raison, vous verriez bientôt ce que deviendrait l'autorité." The most jealous despotism might well

excuse stronger indications of discontent. A few jokes against physicians were probably not resented by the privileged orders. Bazile's declamation on calumny stands out from the rest of the play as an eloquent and sombre burst of invective, but the denunciation is levelled at no class or profession,—

‘And so his taxing like a wild goose flies,
Unclaimed of any man.’

The ‘Marriage of Figaro’ is more profound in its reflection and in its humour, although the plot is comparatively confused and monotonous. The clever schemer—intrigant du bas peuple—who merely supplies the machinery of the first play in the series, becomes the hero as well as the principal agent in the second. His fictions and contrivances are no longer employed in the conventional harlequinade between dupes and lovers. Figaro is defending his own honour and that of his destined bride against an oppressive and unscrupulous superior. The conscious pride of art with which he defeats the Count in intrigue makes his character comic, but not contemptible. His language and thoughts experience a corresponding elevation. He has become the representative of the unprivileged classes, as well as of his individual creator and prototype, and he boldly contrasts the rights of capacity with the claims of birth:— ‘Noblesse, fortune, un rang, des places; tout cela rend si fier. ‘Qu’avez-vous fait pour tant de biens? Vous vous êtes donné ‘la peine de naître, et rien de plus; tandis que moi,’—and here Beaumarchais is lifting the mask and speaking in his own voice, —‘Tandis que moi, morbleu! perdu dans la foule obscure, il ‘m’a fallu déployer plus de science et de calculs pour subsister ‘seulement, qu’on n’en a mis depuis cent ans à gouverner toutes ‘les Espagnes: et vous voulez joûter.’ In his part in the play, and in his occasional *parabases* to the audience, Figaro is on the whole a moral character. It is true that the atmosphere in which the comedy moves is utterly unwholesome and corrupt. The gay and witty inhabitants of the castle, which is so oddly placed in Andalusia, spend their lives in lying, plotting, and seducing. From the beginning of the play to the end almost every speech contains a false statement, and, with the exception of Figaro and Susanne, all the characters are engaged in some illicit pursuit. The rapidly varying attachments of Cherubin are more amusing than the irregularities of the Count, but scarcely more edifying. The author defended his picture of manners on the ground that it was a just satire on a demoralised society, but there is no trace of the moral indignation against vice which is directed against oppression and social injustice.

Even at the tolerant era of its production, the 'Marriage of Figaro' was thought to carry theatrical licence too far. Horace Walpole, in a letter to Lady Ossory, expresses indignation at a rumour that ladies of character had concealed themselves with masks or in secret boxes when they visited the theatre to see the 'Marriage of Figaro.' 'It is well known,' says that high authority, 'that on the Parisian stage indecorum is unknown.' He might have quoted the candid protest of Cherubin to Almaviva:—'Jc fus léger dans ma conduite, il est vrai, mon-seigneur; mais jamais la moindre indiscretion dans mes paroles.' The report was, nevertheless, perfectly true. M. de Loménie has preserved a letter written by Beaumarchais to the President Dupaty, in answer to a request for a box for 'certain persons' who have their reasons for not showing themselves in public; 'i. e. for a mother and her daughters.' The reply contains a dignified reproof:—'Jc n'ai nulle considération, M. le Président, pour des femmes qui se permettent de voir un spectacle qu'elles jugent malhonnête, pourvu qu'elles le voient en secret. Je ne me prête point à des pareilles fantaisies. J'ai donné ma pièce au public pour l'amuser et pour l'instruire, non pour offre à des bégueules mitigées le plaisir d'en aller penser du bien en petite loge, à condition d'en dire du mal en société. Les plaisirs du vice et les honneurs de la vertu, telle est la pruderie du siècle. Ma pièce n'est point un ouvrage équivoque; il faut l'avouer ou la fuir.' The grossness of the dialogue was, however, considerably corrected between the first performance before the Count of Artois and the production of the play at the theatre.

Beaumarchais was perhaps sincere in his belief that his comedy was moral, and instructive as well as amusing; but the best characteristic of the Figaro plays is the hearty merriment which pervades them. Like greater comic writers, like Aristophanes, Rabelais, Swift, and Sterne, the author of the 'Goezman Memoirs,' and of the 'Barber of Seville,' is evidently enjoying himself while he amuses his readers. In the mixture of wit and broad humour he perhaps resembles Sheridan more than any other English dramatist. The repartees of Figaro may recall the best parts of the 'School for Scandal;' and the pleading before Don Guzman or *Goezman* Bridgison, is worthy of the reasoning of the 'Critic.' A farther parallel might be drawn between the patriotic balderdash of Pizarro and the opera of 'Tarare,' which was produced in 1787. The poetry of this curious composition is on a level with that of an ordinary libretto: the philanthropic and liberal sentiments belong to the time at which it appeared. Two years before the meeting of

the States General, France was still conventionally credulous both of royalty and of freedom. The opinions expressed in 'Tarare,' and echoed by the nation at large, are comprehensively summed up by the *Chœur Général* near the end of the opera:—

'Roi, nous mettons la liberté
Aux pieds de ta vertu suprême,
Règne sur ce peuple qui t'aime,
Par les lois, et par l'équité.

[*Danse des premiers sujets dans tous les genres.*]

The plot was afterwards republicanised to suit the taste of the Revolution, then brought into harmony with the despotic tastes of the Empire, and finally imbued with the reverential loyalty which became a fashion at the Restoration.

The 'Guilty Mother,' produced in 1792, forms an unworthy conclusion to the Figaro trilogy. A literary parent has no Roman prerogative of life and death over his offspring. The later history of the Almaviva family must be rejected as apocryphal. It was not the destiny of Cherubin to court a melodramatic death under the influence of remorse; nor was Rosine left for twenty years a gloomy and repentant devotee. The touching prayers (to the Source éternelle des bienfaits), of which Voltairian authors are so prodigal on the stage, always raise a suspicion of unreality. Worthless, however, as 'Tarare,' and the 'Guilty Mother' may appear to literary criticism, their theatrical merit is proved by the fact that they are still occasionally performed.

The Revolution, which influenced the fortune of every Frenchman, put an end to some of the vexations of which Beaumarchais had long complained. He had found at last the equality which he desired with those above him; but he had more to lose than to gain by a general process of levelling, when at last 'chacun n'était pas plus égaux l'un que l'autre.' He was rich, and on the verge of threescore he had little appetite for novelties. Within the last few years he had been exposed to several malignant attacks which had rendered him unpopular. Mirabeau assailed him in a mercenary libel for the crime of proposing to supply Paris with water; and an advocate named Bergasse sought and won notoriety by promoting a scandalous lawsuit against the celebrated conqueror of Goetzman. The name of Bergeasse, given to the Irish villain in the 'Guilty Mother,' records the just resentment of the injured party. Mirabeau afterwards courted a reconciliation by applying for a favour which his generous victim willingly bestowed. The effect of these unfortunate controversies might probably have been forgotten, but Beaumarchais lived in a palace opposite the Bastille,

and the splendour of his abode was a standing offence to the people. The violence of the Revolution alarmed and repelled him, and he ridiculed the affectations and pedantry of the day in the same spirit in which he had satirized the abuses of the monarchy. In common with many of his contemporaries he had in former times often followed the fashion of designating himself as a citizen, and in one of the Goetzman memoirs he justifies the use of the title:—‘ Je prends avec autant de justice que de plaisir le nom de citoyen partout où je parle de moi dans cette affaire; ce nom est doux à ma bouche, et flatteur à mon oreille. Hommes simples dans la société, sujets heureux d’un excellent monarque; chacun de nous, Français, a l’honneur d’être citoyen dans les tribunaux; c’est là seulement où nous pouvons soutenir les droits d’égalité.’ When the excellent monarch Louis XV. had long ceased to reign, and the rights of equality had been asserted with more than needful clamour, the fantastical name of citizen was no longer pleasant on the lips, or soothing to the ear. On the contrary, the Citizen Caron, who had lost his legal claim to the title of Beaumarchais, remarked with unanswerable truth that the members of the French community were in no sense inhabitants of a city, and on every safe and suitable occasion he used the old-fashioned forms of courtesy. ‘ Si vous êtes mes sieurs, et moi votre sieur à vous tous, qui peut donc être blessé?’ With no enthusiasm for royalty, and with still less love for aristocracy, he would willingly have acquiesced in any system of government in which order and common sense were dominant. In the anarchy which ensued he might think himself comparatively fortunate in escaping with his life, at the cost of temporary exile and of the greater part of his wealth.

At the beginning of 1792, Beaumarchais was employed by the Government to procure a large number of muskets, which were deposited at Tervère, in Holland. In consideration of an advance of 300,000 francs, he was obliged to deposit in the Treasury securities of more than double the value; and the Ministers of War who succeeded each other with incessant rapidity, neglected the business and retained the money. The patriotic people, with their habitual accuracy and love of justice, hearing that muskets were in question, assumed that they were concealed for treasonable purposes in the cellars of the splendid hotel which offended their tastes as often as they emerged with their pikes from the Faubourg St. Antoine. Finding nothing in their search, they logically insisted on sending the suspected traitor to the Abbaye, where they would have massacred him on the 2nd of September, but for a theatrical

sentiment which occurred to Manuel, the Procureur of the Commune. In melodramatic revenge for certain jokes which the prisoner had formerly made at his expense, Manuel fortunately released him from prison on the 30th of August. It is well known that the Terrorist assassins were fully equal in sensibility to the most refined Opera bandit. A few days afterwards, Danton could not help laughing at the tenacity with which Beaumarchais, instead of attending to his own safety, pressed the affair of the muskets on the Assembly. His solicitations were so far successful, that he was declared to have deserved well of his country, and instructed to proceed to Holland for the purpose of completing the transaction. The Minister Lebrun promised to furnish him with funds at the Hague, and took steps to render his success impossible.

Soon after the meeting of the Convention, he found that he was accused of conspiracy and of other crimes, that his property was under sequestration, and his life in imminent danger. As he insisted on returning to defend himself he would probably have been guillotined if a kind creditor, unwilling to lose at the same time his friend and his money, had not taken the opportunity of his passage through London to imprison him in the King's Bench. Having paid his creditor and induced him to become the nominal owner of the ill-omened muskets, Beaumarchais returned to Paris in the spring of 1793, and addressed to the Convention a memoir, in which he denounced the existing evils with surpassing boldness. The Committee of Public Safety once more despatched him to Holland as a Commissioner of the Republic; but the co-ordinate Committee of General Security (*Sûreté Générale*) sequestered his real property, confiscated his personalty, and placed him on the list of emigrants.* The English Government, deriving its information from the discussions in the Convention, finally made the success of the affair impossible, by taking possession of the muskets. After the fall of Robespierre, the proscription was continued, on the singular ground that Beaumarchais ought not to have been placed on the list of emigrants, and that he was therefore not entitled to the benefit of the amnesty by which they profited. In 1796 he at last returned to enjoy the society of his family, and to exert himself in saving the wreck of his fortune. He had learned by experience that the crimes and follies of the Reign

* The majority of the Committee of Public Safety were members of the Mountain. The Committee of General Security was influenced by the Girondists, and the persecutions to which Beaumarchais was subjected were principally originated by that puritanical faction.

of Terror were incomparably more atrocious than the worst abuses of the monarchy; but convulsions, in which the scum of society for a moment rises to the surface, are not to be compared to the organised corruption of established and permanent systems. The deep-rooted nature of the previous disease was proved by the beneficial effects which, on the whole, resulted from the delirious paroxysm of the Revolution.

The last years of Beaumarchais' life were employed in efforts to obtain justice, from the Government, and to recover some fragments of his property. His only child, Eugénie, was married about the time of his return from exile to M. Delarue, who still survives. Notwithstanding the failure of her more brilliant prospects, the fortune which she ultimately inherited must have considerably exceeded 100,000*l*. Her father never lost the gaiety of temperament which had accompanied him through life; and he enjoyed in his own domestic circle a degree of happiness which he well deserved. Mme. de Beaumarchais was an accomplished and amiable woman; and his favourite sister, Julie, preserved to the last her devotion to her brother, and her cheerful character. On her death-bed, in 1798, she amused herself by singing extemporised verses to a lively air. Her friends and relatives answered in the same strain, occasionally deviating into impropriety, and Beaumarchais noted down with tender solicitude the swan-like words and music. From his earliest manhood he had made it his duty and his pleasure to provide for all his family. His father resided in his house to the end of his life; and his sisters and their children were in a great degree dependent on his untiring generosity. At the time of his American undertaking an envious rival complained to M. de Vergennes that the confidential agent of the Government was dissipated and extravagant. Beaumarchais, never unwilling to call attention to his own good actions, replied with considerable point and humour, 'Eh! que fait à nos affaires que je sois un homme répandu, fastueux, et qui entretient des filles? Les filles que j'entretiens depuis vingt ans, Monsieur, sont bien vos très-humbles servantes. Elles étaient cinq, dont quatre sœurs et une nièce. Depuis trois ans, deux de ces filles entretenues sont mortes à mon grand regret. Je n'en entretiens plus que trois, deux sœurs et ma nièce, ce qui ne laisse pas d'être encore assez fastueux pour un particulier comme moi.' He adds that he also maintains two nephews, 'et même le trop malheureux père qui a mis au monde un aussi scandaleux entreteneur.' The descriptions of the interior life of the Caron family are among the pleasantest parts of M. de Loménie's work. Their tastes were social, refined, and even intellectual, and the

differences of opinion which arose never disturbed their harmony. The sceptical head of the family regarded with complacency or with approval the religious belief which was cherished by his wife, his sister, and his daughter, and even by the old ex-dragon his father. His own views were those of the time and country which recognised Voltaire as the first of teachers; and when towards the end of his life infidelity became unfashionable, he was too old to change. The cheerful temperament and affectionate disposition which endeared Beaumarchais to his family, made him popular among those that knew him. His language, and in some instances his private conduct, may have savoured of the license of the times; but he was good-natured and tolerant, and his benevolence was not confined to words. Few men have been so liberal, either of money or of personal exertion, to strangers as well as to friends. In addition to large sums which he gave away, it was found after his death that he had lent to individuals, without security, and in most instances without hope of payment, about 50,000*l*. Many persons owed their success to his munificence or to his patronage; not a few were indebted to him for preservation from ruin or from death. If he had been nobly born and rigidly decorous, his generosity alone would have secured him universal esteem; but as one of his oldest friends informed him, he had always something of the *Bohemian* about him. If, however, he was deficient in the respectable virtues, he was free from the calculating and sordid vices. He was never guilty of malignity, or accused of hypocrisy. At the time of his utmost need he rejected a proposal from the Government of Louis XV., that he should take the opportunity of his mission to London to report the proceedings of certain political malcontents. To the last he was busy, cheerful, and sanguine; a life of calumny and an old age of misfortune failed to sour his disposition.

Beaumarchais died suddenly and without pain, a year after his sister, in May, 1799. There was something appropriate in the termination of his career almost at the end of the century. The vigorous despotism of a great captain who kept down abuses and frowned on literature, would have left no room for the exercise of his various faculties. From the beginning of the Consulate to the close of the Empire no work of genius could be published in France, and if there was corruption it was exempt from criticism. A *Marriage of Figaro* would have been as impossible under Napoleon as a *Goezman* process. A Beaumarchais of the time could at most only have risen into eminence as an army contractor.

The splendid hotel on the Place de la Bastille was afterwards

demolished, but the name is preserved in the adjacent street, and in a portion of the Boulevard. M. de Loménie, who has now raised a more enduring monument to the memory of the celebrated owner, pays our literature the compliment of announcing his biography as formed on the English model. However this may be, there are few personal histories which combine so happily the record of an individual life with a faithful picture of society. Author, politician, litigant, or capitalist, the hero is always the central figure of the composition; but he never stands alone. The likenesses of the Maupeou Parliament, of the Duke of Chaulnes, and of the actors of the Théâtre Français, are not less accurate than the central portrait; and upon the shelves which contain the voluminous memoirs of French society, none are more curious, authentic, and amusing than those which we now recommend to the attention of our readers.

ART. VII.—1. *Géographie Botanique raisonnée*. Par M. ALPHONSE DE CANDOLLE. Paris: 1855.

2. *Introductory Essay to the Flora of New Zealand*. By JOSEPH DALTON HOOKER, M.D., F.R.S. London: 1853.

3. *Introductory Essay to the Flora Indica*. By JOSEPH DALTON HOOKER, M.D., F.R.S., and THOMAS THOMSON, M.D., F.L.S. London: 1855.

4. *The Ferns of Great Britain and Ireland*. By THOMAS MOORE, F.L.S. Edited by JOHN LINDLEY, F.R.S., &c. &c. Nature printed by Henry Bradbury. London: 1855.

IT has been observed even by the earliest botanists that every part of the globe has its own peculiar vegetation. Every plant has its country, territory, or district, of greater or less extent, where alone it is to be found growing wild. In the course of time this area may, in the case of certain species, become more or less extended by the co-operation of man, intentional or accidental, or from natural circumstances, independent of human agency. Other species can by no means be made to establish themselves beyond their own natural district; their natural area may even from various causes become restricted, or the whole species may entirely disappear. The investigation of these facts, of the presumed origin and subsequent migrations of plants, and of the causes which influence the phenomena observed, constitute those sciences in which the

labours of the botanist are connected with those of the geographer and geologist.

In the earlier works on the subject we find little more than numerical statements of the number of species contained in particular districts, of the relative proportions of botanical genera, classes, or orders, according to the system adopted, with some attempts at grouping plants according to the stations they prefer, on mountains, in woods, in sandy plains, in marshes, in water, &c. But these numerical calculations, founded upon no fixed principles, and seldom even comparative, owing to the great diversity of views entertained as to what constitutes a species, cannot even now lead to any useful or satisfactory conclusions, unless accompanied by a research into cause and effect. Moreover, our knowledge of the vegetation of by far the greatest portion of the globe, has, until within the last few years, been much too deficient to lead to any general inferences. There are few floras, even of the best known parts of Europe, that have been sufficiently subjected to a critical revision upon uniform principles to supply data for any comparative calculations with numerical accuracy. Notwithstanding, therefore, some very apposite principles laid down by Linnæus upon this as upon every other department of natural history, and some opinions emitted by Gmelin and others, *Geographical Botany* can hardly be said to have existed as a science before the present century.

‘Three men now contributed powerfully to enlarge and consolidate the science,—Alexander von Humboldt, the elder De Candolle, and Robert Brown. It is curious to observe how they were led to it from the first by different impulses, according to their special studies and the countries they visited. Von Humboldt showed himself more especially a geographer and a physicist, added to which, by a rare combination of talent, he could describe, in the language of a poet, the vegetation of tropical regions. De Candolle attached himself specially to European plants, and to the relations existing between agriculture and botany and external physical conditions. Lastly, Robert Brown, deeply imbued with the principles of the natural system, which he first applied to the strange forms of Australian plants, fixed his attention more especially on the distribution of classes and families, and on the relative proportions of their species in different regions. Shortly afterwards, on the occasion of a collection of plants made in Africa, he, with remarkable sagacity, opened the way for the investigation of the origin of cultivated plants, and for researches on the transplantation of seeds by ocean currents, and on the species common to different tropical regions.’

The first, however, who can be said to have taken a comprehensive view of the subject, and to have given us a real treatise

on botanical geography, was the Danish Professor Schouw, whose 'Elements of an Universal Geography of Plants,' published in Copenhagen, in 1822, and in German at Berlin, in 1823, are replete with accurate data and sound theories. Since that time, above thirty years of general peace, accompanied by extraordinarily multiplied means of communication, have so far extended our knowledge of the natural productions of almost every part of the globe, that Schouw's work has already become obsolete. In the meanwhile, numerous writers of local floras, special monographs and other partial botanical works or memoirs, whilst they have each contributed invaluable data towards the general consideration of the subject, have, at the same time, been but too frequently tempted to generalise hastily their own partial observations. The result has been to supply us with endless speculations on botanical regions, on endemic and sporadic species, on their development and migrations, with a formidable array of figures and tables, founded upon incomplete and deceptive data, which have tended to bewilder rather than to enlighten us on the true principles of the science.

A new turn in the right direction has of late years been given to these inquiries by geologists. The principle first laid down by Sir Charles Lyell, and practically applied to a particular district by the late lamented Professor Edward Forbes, of the dispersion of plants during a state of the globe anterior to the present geological period, has greatly enlarged our views of the subject. But M. Alphonse De Candolle's work, which stands at the head of this article, may be considered as having raised geographical botany to its proper rank among the higher branches of physical science. Brought up in the enlightened school of his eminent father, endowed with keen powers of observation, with a sound and temperate judgment, and with great perseverance; above all, proof against the seductions of the brilliant theories daily propounded by the active imaginations of the modern German and French schools, the younger De Candolle ably sustains the great name which has descended to him. Starting from the true principle that in all physical science, correctness of individual facts is the only foundation upon which sound theories can be built, he throughout the work attaches the greatest importance to the investigation of the data within his reach; and in drawing the conclusions which they suggest, divests himself of all preconceived ideas or imaginative hypotheses. The aim of his work is the search after truth, not the development of a theory.

Two of the other works whose titles we have prefixed are mere introductory essays to local floras, but they contain in a

few words a clear enunciation of the soundest principles of geographical botany. Working contemporaneously and without the assistance of each other's labours*, it is satisfactory to see how nearly De Candolle and Hooker agree in the conclusions they have drawn; in the one case chiefly from a critical examination of the researches of others, in the other more especially from personal observation. We have very recently had occasion to follow Dr. Hooker in his Himalayan journeys, and to notice the zeal and intelligence he directed to all the great phenomena of those unexplored confines of British India, Settim, and the table-land of Central Asia. The volumes now before us contain the strictly botanical results of his previous Antarctic voyage, and the important observations on the Flora of India, made in common with Dr. Thomson, and to which they both have contributed so many valuable additions.

M. De Candolle divides his two volumes into three books. The first, however, is merely a preliminary and somewhat collateral essay on the mode of estimating the effect of climate on plants. The separation of the subject of the two following books into geographical botany and botanical geography is important, and is here first laid down with distinctness. The investigation of the peculiarities of the vegetation of a given country, the relative proportions of the families, genera, species, or individuals it consists of, its relation to the climate, local configuration, and other peculiarities of the region, form a branch of geography to which he appropriately gives the name of botanical geography; whilst geographical botany, belonging more particularly to the province of the botanist, and the more special object of the present work, examines the distribution of species, genera, and families over the surface of the globe; searches after the origin of species, and their migrations, tracing the changes they may have undergone or still undergo, in their dispersion or distribution through the different geological periods they may have witnessed, their increase, diminution, or final extinction.

In the investigation of the various subjects thus laid out for the consideration of the geographical botanist, De Candolle, in each case, commences with a careful exposition of individual facts, and of the authorities upon which they rest, proceeding then to classify and generalise them, and, finally, to deduce from them arguments and general considerations on the causes

* Although the introductory essay to the 'Flora of New Zealand' was published in 1853, De Candolle, who had then prepared for the press nearly the whole of his work, could only avail himself of it for a few additional notes in one of his concluding chapters.

either now in operation or dependent on a previous geological state of our globe, which have produced the actual distribution of plants on its surface.

This, indeed, was the only course by which he could hope to carry conviction into the mind of the student. Our object, however, being to give the general reader a short sketch of the stage to which the science has been brought by his work, we shall adopt a somewhat different plan, exhibiting first the ideas entertained as to the original creation of species; secondly, the principal theories as to their diffusion up to the commencement of the present era or geological period, and the causes now in operation which oppose or facilitate their further dispersion; and, thirdly, the history of the changes which species are supposed to undergo. We shall treat rather as admitted axioms than as propositions to be proved, such general facts as we may have to adduce.

But, at the outset, it is necessary that we should endeavour to affix some definite idea to the word *species* which, in modern days, has given rise to so much vague controversy.

The traditional idea to which botanists have given the name of a *species*, is the same as that commonly attached to the human race as a species, or to any other species of animal—the whole of the individuals descended from one original parent or pair of parents. But we can in no instance obtain any direct evidence of the pedigree of plants beyond a few generations; and the very limitation of the original creation to one individual or pair of each kind is denied by many; a denial which cannot be refuted any more than it can be supported by any convincing proof. The above definition, taken rigorously, becomes therefore practically useless; and various have been the attempts so to modify it, as to convey a precise idea without prejudging these doubtful questions.

Some botanists, especially of the more modern German and French schools, appear to have abandoned all idea of attaching to the word any definite meaning at all, and content themselves with calling *species* any collection of individuals which resemble each other more than they do any other set of individuals, without any limitation as to the degree of resemblance or difference which shall determine whether they belong to the same or to distinct species. But the more rational definition adopted in substance by all the great masters of the science of the present day is that of 'a collection of individuals which, by their resemblance to each other, or by other circumstances, we are induced to believe are all descended or *may have* descended from

'one individual or pair of individuals.' The various modifications of this definition enumerated by De Candolle, consist chiefly in the more or less detailed enumeration of the 'other circumstances,' such as Hereditary constancy of character, facility of intermixture of breeds, &c., which are taken into consideration in estimating the probability or possibility of the original common descent, and serve as checks to the conclusions drawn from resemblances and differences alone. In the practical application of such a definition to individual cases, in the determination of the specific identity or distinctness of two given plants, there is, indeed, among botanists the most deplorable diversity of opinion; but this depends on the different views which different minds always entertain in weighing circumstantial evidence.

Such being the general idea which we attach to the species, we must also bear in mind some of its universally admitted properties. All the individuals of a species, all the descendants of a common parent, resemble each other in certain general features of outward form, internal structure, and physical constitution, which we call the characters of the species, but may differ from each other in many minor points of size, colour, hairiness, &c. The characters of a species are (in the opinion of all except the very few advocates of progressive development) fixed, and remain the same from generation to generation. Individual variations are sometimes confined to a single individual, sometimes common to a considerable number, which we collectively term a *variety* of the species. These variations have a greater or less tendency to heredity, which, if very decided through a number of generations, converts the variety into a *race*. Hereditary races descended from one common species are now admitted by nearly all botanists. Our garden vegetables afford a familiar example of them.

Plants are endowed with the means of multiplication, dissemination, and migration of the species by the dispersion of seeds, or of the individual by means of suckers, runners, &c., in consequence of which they will spread in every direction unless checked by physical obstacles or other counteracting influences which they cannot surmount. This has been going on for a sufficient length of time for every species once planted in any spot of our globe to have spread by this time over its whole surface were it not for these obstacles and counteracting influences. So great, indeed, is the effect of these obstacles that the greater number of species of plants only occupy a very limited district; there are but few that are found equally in the different large continents of which the surface of the earth is

composed, or even spread over the whole of any one continent, and there is no plant known to grow indiscriminately in every part of the globe. The district thus occupied by a plant is technically called its area.

In accounting for these phenomena, our attention is first drawn to the great diversity in the vital properties or constitutional idiosyncracies of the several species which enable them to live only each in its own particular climate, soil, or station. The date palm would perish as rapidly in the cold regions of Northern Europe as would the Alpine vegetation of the Arctic zone, or of our mountain summits, if transported to the burning deserts of Africa. It would be as hopeless a task to cultivate the waterlily on a dry rock as to grow the caper plant in a pond. There are many plants, however, which will accommodate themselves to a great variety of climates and stations where yet they are not to be found. This leads us to the consideration of the physical obstacles which prevent their dispersion. The most important are the intervention of a tract of country unsuited to the plant, too broad for its seeds to traverse by their ordinary means of transport, and the preoccupation of a district by a vegetation already vigorous enough to choke any intruders. We can easily imagine that the intervention of the ocean should prevent the interchange of species inhabiting similar climates and stations in Europe and North America; and we daily see how seeds dropped under a dense forest, or in a thick meadow, if even they germinate, are soon choked or destroyed by the preexisting vegetation.

In our own days these physical obstacles are occasionally overcome by the direct or indirect agency of man. Immense tracts of land are devoted by him expressly to the cultivation of plants which did not previously exist there. In cultivating these, he has unintentionally sown others which come up as weeds; seeds borne by these cultivated plants, or accidentally carried by man with his goods, &c., in the course of his migrations, have sown themselves and established their species in any stations suited to their constitutions where they may have been dropped. In some few instances we may observe, even now, the area of species extended by causes purely natural; but in the great majority of instances, where man has not exercised his influence, the area of species appears to have remained the same for a period going far beyond our historical times, and commencing probably long previous to the creation of man.

Hence the division of the plants of a district into *cultivated* plants, either intentionally by the express will of man, or as weeds of cultivation, 'cultivated in spite of the will of man.'

and *wild* plants, which are termed *naturalised* if they have established themselves after their introduction by the agency of man direct or indirect, *indigenous* if we believe them to have existed in the country previous to the operation of human agency. In tracing the origin of these indigenous species, if we suppose that the majority of them occupied the same area at the commencement of the present geological species that they now do (where not interfered with by man), there arises the question: 'What changes had taken place previously to that period?' We here enter upon the field of the wildest and most varied conjectures, hypotheses, and theories, and the scene of most animated discussions.

It is universally admitted as a fact, founded on revelation, tradition, or a kind of innate conviction in our minds, that inorganic matter existed before any organised beings; and that all species of plants, as well as animals, had a commencement in consequence of an act which we call creation. This commencement, or creation, which every form of religion teaches us to be the work of an all-powerful Supreme Being, is inexplicable to the atheist. For whether we suppose, with Lamarck and the author of 'Vestiges of the Creation,' that all species are derived from the successive development of one originally created 'monade' or cell; or, with some modern theorists, that the earth, previously barren, was simultaneously clothed with a mass of vegetation such as it now bears; still there is the original first creation, equally inexplicable by any process analogous to the physical laws now in operation, or within the sphere of our observation or comprehension.

The two extreme doctrines as to the mode of creation, which we have just mentioned, are equally rejected by all our greatest naturalists. That of successive development is purely hypothetical, and unsupported by a single ascertained fact. Against that of simultaneous creation over the whole surface of the earth, we have strong arguments derived from the mass of facts accumulated by modern geologists. A third hypothesis, adopted by Linnæus, and founded on a narrow interpretation of the book of Genesis, that all species of plants were created at one time, and on one spot, whence they have been gradually dispersed, is equally incompatible with the geological and physiological facts now known.

In the chapter devoted to these questions (pp. 1165. *et seq.*), M. De Candolle very clearly exhibits the arguments in refutation of the above, and some minor hypotheses, and in support of the doctrine, that species of plants were successively created at different geological periods, and in different parts of the earth; that whilst

some species have survived through several geological periods, others have disappeared with the great changes that have occurred in the configuration of the surface of our globe. He tells us, moreover, that of the species now existing, whilst the great majority belong evidently to the earlier geological periods, there is reason to believe that the creation of others dates only from the epoch of those phenomena which produced the present geographical conformation. But there is no evidence, nor any plausible ground, to suppose that any species has been added to the vegetable kingdom since the creation of man. On the other hand, it is well known that within our historic times, certain species of plants have been gradually restricted in their area, and have even finally disappeared, either from natural causes depending on geological changes, or by the direct or indirect agency of man. This total destruction of species, as evidenced particularly in such island floras as that of St. Helena, is more insisted on by Hooker than by De Candolle, who believes that many which have apparently disappeared for a time, may be one day restored to us by the germination of seeds hoarded in the earth; a question to which we shall presently revert.

Another question, much debated in modern days, and which as yet affords no conclusive arguments in support of either of the theories propounded, relates to the number of individuals of each species originally created. Was each species originally represented by a single individual, or pair of individuals, or by a number of individuals connected together by those characters which, as above explained, constitute our idea of a species? and, if so, were these individuals all placed in immediate proximity to each other, or dispersed in different parts of the earth, separated by intervals which they could not cross by the ordinary means of dissemination with which they were endowed? The latter part of the question, the unity or multiplicity of centres of creation for each species, is indeed the main point. For the prolific power of most species of plants is so great, that the lapse of a very few years, after a single creation, would suffice to explain the appearance of thousands or myriads of contiguous individuals.

The theory of the unity of centres of specific creation has been ever the most popular, but has been strongly combated, chiefly on the ground of the frequent existence of one and the same species in regions separated by barriers unsurmountable by any means of transport we know it to possess. *Primulas*, *saxifragas*, and other Arctic or Alpine species, which cannot spread their seeds beyond a few yards at a time, inhabit chains of mountains separated by plains or seas of immense extent.

Some Antarctic species are identical with those of the Arctic circle, having the whole of the warmer and tropical regions of the globe between them. The wide dispersion of aquatic plants is well known, although we cannot conceive any possible means by which they could have been carried from one system of water to another. This objection was long considered as fatal, and had induced De Candolle to come to the conclusion that some species owed their origin to a multiplicity of centres of creation, whilst others had gradually spread from a single spot. It has, however, been met by the supposition that disjoined species,—that is, species indigenous to countries separated by unsurmountable barriers, belong to a previous formation, when their areas were connected by a continuity of station and climate, such as to admit of their spreading from the one to the other. This doctrine, which was, as already mentioned, originally brought forward by Lyell, and developed by Forbes, is cordially adopted by Hooker, and De Candolle admits that it has considerably shaken his previous opinions. He now clearly and impartially discusses the few facts and observations which can be brought to bear on the subject, and shows how little conclusive they are on either side. We must confess our own conviction that their tendency is decidedly in favour of a single centre, and consequently of a single individual, or pair, for each species.

A plant being once created, or established in a soil, climate, and station, which suits its constitution, it would spread with the greatest rapidity in every direction, so far as the requisite conditions coexist; or, in other words, until it meets with obstacles which oppose its further progress. This law, in strict conformity with what we now observe, will account, it is believed, for the complex distribution of indigenous species, provided we obtain a correct notion of the nature and effect of these obstacles.

These obstacles, or limits to the territory over which a plant can spread, may be classed under three heads:—

The intervention of a climate unsuited to its constitution;

The intervention of an unsuitable station;

The preoccupation of the ground by other species.

It has been observed, from the earliest times, that every species of plant requires a certain climate, and especially a certain degree of temperature, to enable it not only to flourish and reproduce itself, but even to exist. Some plants will accommodate themselves to a great variety of climates, others again will only live under very special circumstances; but still for every species there are limits in excess as well as in deficiency

of heat, light, moisture, density of atmosphere, and other climatological conditions, beyond which it must inevitably perish.

Of these conditions, temperature is undoubtedly by far the most important, and has but too frequently, in practical cultivation, been treated as the only one. In more recent times, extraordinary discrepancies have been observed in its effect on the same plants at different times, especially when estimated in the usual manner by thermometrical averages. De Candolle himself carefully conducted for several years numerous experiments connected with the subject, and has, in the present work, judiciously devoted much space to the examination of the results obtained, and to the development of improved theories as to the effects of heat on plants, and as to the more correct mode of estimating them. It is not so much, he tells us, a total annual average amount of heat that a plant requires to enable it to vegetate, to flower, or to ripen its seed, as that this heat shall never descend below or ascend above certain extremes, and that it shall remain within those limits for a sufficient length of time for the completion of these operations, a period of time which may be shortened or lengthened according to the greater or less intensity of the heat received by the plant within the above limits.

But temperature is far from being the only element which determines the character of a climate with reference to vegetation. Dr. Hooker shows us how temperature and humidity 're-act naturally upon one another, so that it is not easy to determine which is the cause and which the effect;' and how their joint action upon a given area is affected by the configuration of its surface, its position with relation to the ocean, by the direction of the mountain-chains and their elevation above the level of the sea; and by the course of prevailing winds. De Candolle insists much on the effects of light, and especially of direct exposure to the sun's rays, on atmospheric density, on comparative temperature of the soil and the atmosphere. These and other considerations show how extremely complicated are the meteorological elements which influence vegetation; and how difficult it is, not to say impossible, theoretically to show that the plants of one country will be absolutely suited to the climate of another, on the ground that the elements of the two climates are, as we believe, identical; although, practically speaking, the more of these elements we can take into consideration and duly weigh, the nearer approach we make to that correct estimate of the requirements of a plant which is necessary for its successful cultivation.

If the general limits to which the area of a species is capable of extension are determined mainly by climate, there are yet local circumstances which still further limit the *station* suited to the species within that area. Plants must be more or less immersed in water, salt or fresh, running or stagnant, or they must be entirely exposed to the open air, moist or dry, sunny or shady, according to the species. Some roots must plant themselves firmly in the crevices of rocks or in stiff clays, whilst others can only penetrate into the lightest sands or the thinnest mud. Saline and other chemical ingredients present in the soil may be absolutely indispensable to some species and fatal to others. All these considerations constituting what De Candolle specially terms '*Topographical Botany*,' are briefly entered into by him in as far as they may affect the general area of species. The effect of the mineralogical nature of soil on the delimitation of species is, however, discussed at some length; for notwithstanding the general opinion of the number of species chiefly confined to calcareous, granitic, volcanic, or other formations, the careful consideration of authentic facts induces him to attribute the effects observed rather to the mechanical consistency than to the chemical composition of the different soils. This question, of the greatest importance in an agricultural point of view, is still an open one, and requires for its decision a great deal more of experiment and observation than we at present possess.

A species, again, for its general dispersion, must not only experience a continuity of a genial climate and appropriate station, but it must find the ground so far unoccupied as to enable it to grow with sufficient vigour to resist the innumerable causes of destruction young plants are exposed to. Some species, hardy enough to accommodate themselves to almost any station, will insinuate themselves amongst the densest masses of previously existing vegetation; some will even require the shade or shelter of trees or shrubs for their protection when young; but, in general, when seeds fall upon a thickly covered soil, they will either not germinate, or grow so slowly and so feebly as to be soon destroyed by insects, accident, or disease. There is a large class of plants called gregarious, because when once established in a suitable station, they will completely cover the soil to the apparent exclusion of all others. When two such species meet upon the same station, that one to whose constitution it is most suitable will not only arrest the progress of the other, but in time completely extirpate it, and occupy its place so far as the same favourable circumstances extend. 'Plants, in a state of nature, are always warring with one another, contending for

' the monopoly of the soil—the stronger ejecting the weaker—
' the more vigorous overgrowing and killing the more delicate.
' Every modification of climate, every disturbance of the soil,
' every interference with the existing vegetation of an area,
' favour some species at the expense of others. The life of a
' plant is as much one of strife as that of an animal, with this
' difference, that the contention is not intermittent, but con-
' tinuous, though unheeded by the common observer.'

Upon the above principles we can readily imagine how a species originally created upon a given spot in the temperate zone of Europe or Asia, endowed with a strong constitution, and capable of accommodating itself to a variety of soils and stations, would gradually spread over the whole region from the Atlantic Ocean to the China Sea, or over such portions of any such vast continent as may have existed at the time. If checked in its progress by a stream or expanse of water too broad for the seeds to cross by any of its natural means of dispersion, we see how eddies and currents will transport them over immense distances. Birds and other animals are believed to assist them in surmounting even greater obstacles; and some such causes may have commenced their operation at a very early period. The earth's surface will thus soon have become completely, though irregularly, covered with plants, each species occupying a continuous area, either alone or more or less intermingled with others, especially on the limits of their respective territories. Here forests or masses of gregarious shrubs will not only have taken exclusive possession of certain districts, but will have interposed an impassable barrier to the progress of adjoining species, which would otherwise have crossed each other: there a great variety of plants created in different spots will have so harmonised together as jointly and equally to occupy immense tracts. And if we suppose climates then to have been more equable, dry lands swamps, and expanses of forest water being but little raised above the general level of the ocean, we can explain how the area of certain species should have extended over nearly the whole surface. Let us further represent to ourselves the submerging of large continents, leaving only small portions above the surface of the sea in the shape of islands, or the upheaving of the earth into mountain ranges, and the consequent changes in climates, we cannot deny that the effect must have been to destroy every existing species of plants over their whole area, with the exception of such islands, mountain-tops, or other isolated spots often far distant from each other, where they could still find a genial station. The same convulsions may have laid bare lands previously covered with a

vegetation no longer suited to the new climate, or will have raised up entirely new lands. These, if we exclude the idea of fresh creations, will have had to receive their plants from such adjoining lands as may have escaped destruction. 'Extending this idea of submergence or emergence of land, one island may at different epochs have been continuous with different continents, from each of which it may have received 'immigrants.' The British Isles, for instance, which appear to have no species of plants exclusively their own, may have received their flora when in connexion with the present continent of Central Europe, with the Scandinavian peninsula, or with the great Atlantic continent suggested by Forbes, either simultaneously, or at different geological periods. The island of St. Helena, which, when first known, was the only station for several species now fast disappearing, may be the last remnant of a large continent once covered with these species, which are now obliged gradually to succumb to the superior vigour of introduced species better suited to its modern climate.

We are thus led to conclude that when man first began to till the ground, he found it clothed with an infinitely varied indigenous vegetation, consisting of innumerable species, each originally created in one spot, but subsequently dispersed with the most complex irregularity, wherever successive geological changes had allowed it to penetrate. The next important consideration, in the present distribution of plants, is the subsequent extension of the area of species by naturalisation. This has taken place and continues to do so chiefly by the agency of man direct or indirect; direct when those which he has introduced for cultivation shed their seed and spontaneously establish themselves in the neighbouring districts; indirect, when seeds, unintentionally transported by him with his merchandise, his ballast, or with his cultivated plants, have fallen on a genial spot and there taken root and insinuated themselves in the local flora.

Two questions of much interest arise from the consideration of naturalised plants; the one a question of fact, whether a plant growing wild in a given country is really indigenous or only naturalised; the other of hypothesis, as to the causes of the very great diversity of the power of naturalisation of different species in different countries.

Before venturing to draw any general conclusion as to the effects of naturalisation on the flora of a country, it is necessary to trace out carefully the history of those species whose right of citizenship as indigenous natives is doubted, a tolerably accurate idea must be formed of the original country whence it has

proceeded, and of the course it must have taken to effect its introduction. But this is not always an easy task. Some species have taken so firm a hold of their adopted soil, and have spread so generally and in such profusion as not to be distinguishable from the indigenous vegetation, whilst in other cases nothing will induce plants to become wild in a district where they may be cultivated with the greatest ease. It is therefore seldom that the abundance of a wild plant affords evidence of its being an original member of the flora of the place without the collateral testimony of the general history of the species. In the island of St. Helena *Acacia longifolia* and other Australian and Cape species known to be of recent introduction, have taken possession of large tracts of country to the exclusion of many native plants. The thistles which Sir Francis Head so graphically and feelingly described as covering the Pampas of Buenos Ayres, were unknown there till introduced from Europe since its first colonisation by Spaniards. In our own country *Cheiranthus Cheiri*, *Isatis tinctoria*, *Impatiens fulva*, &c., may be mentioned as instances of plants having all the appearance of indigenous species, and which we only know to be naturalised aliens by historical or other extraneous evidence. The well-known invasion of our streams and canals by the North American *Anacharis alismastrum* is the most recent and at the same time the most extraordinary rapid naturalisation on record. Many plants have spread so universally wherever civilised man has penetrated, that it is impossible to trace with accuracy whence they first proceeded. The tropical regions of the Old and the New World exchanged their respective common annuals so rapidly after the discovery of America, that amongst the numerous plants of that class now common to both, it is very difficult to distinguish which may have been previously confined to either. Again, many of our common weeds of cultivation are now so extensively to be found in cultivated lands, that we cannot assign to them any native station,—a fact which has only been explained by the supposition that the districts they once occupied are now wholly absorbed by cultivation.

We must take this opportunity to recommend to our botanical readers, and indeed to the public generally, the magnificent publication which stands amongst others at the head of this Article, and which represents, with the fidelity and beauty of Nature herself, the Ferns of Great Britain and Ireland. Mr. Bradbury has successfully introduced in this work the peculiar mode of 'Nature Printing,' first practised in the Imperial Printing Office at Vienna, which is by far the most accurate and pleasing method of obtaining the portraits of botanical

specimens. The collection is in the highest degree interesting, and forms a complete manual of the Ferns peculiar to these Islands.

In this, as in other matters investigated by De Candolle, he has most judiciously devoted the greatest care and considerable space to the evidences of fact upon which his conclusions are founded. The chapters devoted to naturalised plants are particularly carefully worked out. Amongst others, those introduced into the modern British floras are treated of in great detail, chiefly because the patient researches and correct judgment shown in the works of Mr. Hewett Watson have afforded him more satisfactory evidence of fact than he could obtain in regard to other floras, and because the insular position of the region is a great bar to any modern augmentation of its flora independently of naturalisation by the agency of man. To the facts so obtained De Candolle has added considerations derived from a comparison with the floras of neighbouring or analogous countries, from what is known of the physical constitution of the species examined, and from a mass of historical and philological or linguistical evidences he has collected. To this portion of his work we would refer as an example of a method of reasoning, which we would strongly recommend to future investigators of similar questions, as well as in proof of the complexity of the considerations upon which the decision depends.

In regard, however, to philological evidences, upon which great stress is laid by some writers, we would nevertheless recommend the utmost caution in relying upon them. It is well known how vague and uncertain are etymological researches in general, how frequently derivations which appear self-evident, are nevertheless historically proved to be erroneous; and in the case of the names of plants there is an additional element of error in the frequency with which the name of one species is transferred to another. Man, in the course of his migrations, when settling in a new country, gives to the common plants he there finds the names of species familiar to him in his native land, wherever he can trace any resemblance or analogy, or even from the suggestions of some far-fetched association of ideas. The dew-berries, crab-apples, bitter-sweets, mandrake, &c. of North America, the willows and tea-trees of Australia, are nothing like the plants of the Old World familiar to us under those names; and we ourselves have transferred the name of *laurel* from an Italian *laurus* to a Black Sea *cerasus*, and that of *currant* from a Grecian vine to a common European *ribes*. Add to this the hasty and careless manner in which native names are collected by travellers in languages with which they are little

acquainted. The innumerable so-called Indian names now common in our herbaria, and taken from the manuscript labels of a really erudite and excellent Oriental botanist, are often merely impertinent expressions used by Indians when they could not otherwise give ready answers to the traveller's queries; and we could extract from a first-rate botanical work, an instance of a *native name* given to a species stated as existing exclusively in an *uninhabited* island.

De Candolle's use of evidences of this kind has been in general moderate and judicious, and he takes care to balance and compare them with those derived from other sources. We fear, however, that the Welsh names quoted by him from Davies's *Botanology* would require further sifting by experienced botanists acquainted with the language. The Gaelic derivations of De Théis's *Glossary*, so much quoted in some of our British floras, are in many cases the height of absurdity. These, it is true, are but little made use of by De Candolle, but we think he gives too much weight on some occasions to the evidences derived from Sanscrit names, the identification of which as applied to our modern species is often more than doubtful.

The interchange of the herbaceous vegetation of different countries within the tropics is probably very much more extensive than is supposed by De Candolle. Botanists working up collections of exotic species have so universally taken for granted that every specimen represented a plant really indigenous to the country where the collector gathered it; and the principle that two plants gathered in two distant regions could not belong to one species, however false, has been so generally recognised, that the published Floras of tropical countries teem with naturalised or even cultivated plants of other distant regions, described as new or distinct indigenous species. Our means of investigating these questions are, however, becoming daily more extended; the authors of the '*Flora Indica*' in particular, chiefly by the aid of materials for the most part not at the disposal of De Candolle when collecting data for his work, have been enabled to correct numberless errors of this description committed by their predecessors. But even now, with all the aids supplied by the rich herbaria of Kew, Paris, and Geneva, and the greater attention paid by modern collectors to the circumstances under which they gather their specimens, our information is very defective for laying down any principles for the explanation of the anomalies observed in the naturalisation of plants. The herbaceous species carried out from Europe and now generally naturalised in the United States, appear to be very much more numerous than the North American species

which have established themselves with us, and that, notwithstanding the profusion of North American plants which have now for two centuries or more been readily and successfully cultivated in our gardens. Within the tropics, on the contrary, Asia, according to De Candolle, has received many more plants from America than it has transmitted in return. Again, some species, once introduced, spread with the greatest rapidity in spite of all the obstacles attempted to be opposed to their dispersion, whilst others which, from the manner in which they maintain themselves in our gardens, we judge to be well suited to certain localities and stations, obstinately refuse to settle there notwithstanding all the facilities we give them. All attempts to increase the natural flora of a country by wholesale dispersion of seeds have signally failed. Of all the species so repeatedly sown for this purpose within the last hundred years in the neighbourhood of Montpellier, of Paris, of Geneva, in various parts of England, &c., by the most intelligent botanists and cultivators, scarcely a single one is now to be found, although, in each of these districts, several species not intentionally sown have become naturalised during the same period. The investigation of these and similar points is one of those open questions which show that geographical botany, notwithstanding the great step in advance now made, is still in a very early stage of development.

As a converse to naturalisation, the destruction of forests, the desiccation of marshes, the spread of cultivation and other operations more or less dependent on human agency, occasions a gradual diminution of the area of certain species, their expulsion from particular districts, and, in some cases, the total destruction of the species. Even the greediness of botanists is said to have occasioned the disappearance of the rare plants of many localities much ransacked by them, from the days when Gouan of Montpellier complained so bitterly of their depredations to those of our modern botanical associations. As a general fact, this disappearance of species by the indirect agency of man, as well as their gradual extinction from natural causes above alluded to, is admitted by all; and a chapter is devoted to the subject by De Candolle; but he justly observes, that correct evidence of detail upon which general conclusions can be formed, is, in this instance, very difficult to obtain. The total disappearance of an indigenous species he believes to be very rare; a negative is not easy to prove; our being unable to find a plant in a district is no absolute evidence that it is not there, and every now and then we hear of the reappearance of a long-lost species. The recent discovery of the *Epipogium* in the

woods of Herefordshire is a remarkable instance of a plant which must have existed there for ages, and which yet has been never observed till now, although so distinct that no botanist could ever have mistaken it for another species. De Candolle believes that a plant may really disappear for almost any length of time, but yet be preserved in the soil in the shape of seeds, which accident may any day turn up to the surface or otherwise place in a position to germinate.

This doctrine of the preservation in the earth of stores of seeds retaining for ages their powers of germination is a popular one, supported by men of great authority, and to which De Candolle often reverts. Carried down by torrents, deposited in the beds of rivers or canals, drawn into the earth by animals, who hoard them for their winter store, dropped into fissures formed by summer droughts, buried by accidental disturbances of the soil,—he believes that seeds swarm in the upper strata of the earth's surface, forming a kind of magazine, whence they are ready to germinate in after ages when accident turns them up to the surface itself. This is a very common idea, founded chiefly upon the occasional sudden appearance of vast quantities of some plant not previously observed, when extensive cuttings or embankments have turned up the substrata of the soil. It is a convenient resource by which to account for a number of analogous phenomena, such as the substitution of beech to pines, or *vice versa*, on the cutting down of a forest, the peculiar vegetation which will appear in the bed of a canal or piece of water when first drained off, &c. We cannot, however, but entertain considerable doubts on the subject. No one that we are aware of has ever detected any considerable dépôt of good seeds in the ground. Nor do we believe in the powers of seeds to preserve their vitality so long. It is well known that some lose their power of germination after a few months, or even a much shorter period, the generality under favourable circumstances will preserve it for one, two, three, or more years. After twenty years, as far as observation goes, the great majority are dead, although some kinds have been known to germinate after fifty years; and we have heard that Mr. Brown has caused a nelumbium seed to germinate which remained for a hundred and twenty years in Sir Hans Sloane's collection. But these cases are rare and exceptional. The seeds have been thoroughly dried and kept in a condition known to be essential to prolong their dormant life; and there is a vast difference between these extreme periods and the many hundreds, or even thousands, of years during which we are required to believe that they are preserved in the ground under very unfavourable circumstances. Seeds, we readily

admit, are shed every year upon the surface of the earth in countless myriads, but so many are the enemies they meet with, that scarcely one is to be found the following season. A large proportion may germinate, either immediately or as soon as the season affords sufficient heat to excite them, but most of these perish in infancy, starved by the climate or by want of appropriate nourishment, stifled by the surrounding vegetation, or devoured by animals; a still greater number—nearly all, indeed, of some species—are destroyed in the seed state by insects, by birds, or other animals; some rot away from the humidity of the soil, and others, though apparently still sound, have lost their vitality in consequence of a slight fermentation in their albumen or cotyledons; and to all these causes of death seeds inclosed in the earth are particularly exposed. We never did believe in the germination of mummy wheat thousands of years old, and the fallacy of the best authenticated stories on the subject is now generally admitted. As to the raspberries said to have been raised from seeds found amongst the human remains buried under the Cornish barrows, we cannot consider the case as in every respect so well authenticated as to be entirely beyond the reach of doubt. If, for instance, the seeds so found were early exhibited, with recent seeds placed next to them for comparison, some of the latter may have actually got mixed with them or substituted for them at some period or other;—in short, we would rather imagine any improbable accident or intentional trick, than believe, without the corroborative evidence of other less extreme cases, that seeds having been thrown by digestion and subsequent immersion in decaying animal matter into circumstances well known to promote either immediate germination or destructive fermentation, should, on the contrary, have preserved their dormant life for an unheard-of period of time. The causes of these sudden appearances of plants previously unobserved—of such natural alternations of crops, as it were—must be sought for in some accidental, unnoticed, but comparatively recent dissemination of seeds on ground which may, within a limited period, become vacant by the turning up of soil, by the cutting down of forest, or similar incidents, and thus, more or less, freed from the enemies, vegetable or animal, which would otherwise have stifled or destroyed the new crop at its birth.

If the question of the origin of wild plants, indigenous or naturalised, is beset with difficulties, this is still more the case with the origin of the majority of cultivated species. We know indeed when and how the sea kale was first brought from our sea coasts into our kitchen gardens; we can trace the asparagus,

the carrot, the beetroot, the strawberry, the raspberry, the gooseberry, the currant, from their indigenous types to the several varieties in cultivation; we can even point to periods when they were only known as wild plants. But our cereals, wheat, barley, rye, and oats, our beans and peas, our peaches, melons, and cucumbers, the numerous tribes of oranges, lemons, and citrons, the American maize and potatoes, and many others, cultivated from time immemorial, are unknown as wild plants, at least in the form in which we cultivate them. So long as the botany of Central and Western Asia, the cradle of the human race, was but little investigated, most of our ancient cerealia and fruits were supposed to have been originally brought from thence by man in the course of his successive migrations, and to be still existing in their natural stations. But the researches of the last quarter of a century have gradually dissipated these illusions, and we are now forced to admit that these plants, upon which the great mass of the human race depend mainly for their subsistence, exist nowhere as natives; that they moreover have no tendency to run wild; and that, if not preserved by human labour, many of them would perish or disappear altogether.

The numerous theories and hypotheses advanced and supported with more or less warmth as accounting for these facts, may be referred to two general classes: those which are founded upon the supposition that long cultivation has so altered the forms of these plants, that we do not recognise the wild types of the varieties now cultivated; and those which insist on the immutability of races, and believe that wild types still exist or have existed in the present forms, but have escaped our observation.

It is chiefly the theorists of the latter class who are now driven from their great stronghold, the supposition that their species exist wild in the little known regions of Central Asia; for the explorations of modern botanists have gradually invaded the outskirts of this mysterious territory on every side, and even penetrated here and there into the mass of stupendous mountain ridges which occupy the interior, leaving no hope of the discovery of any genial station for the grain and fruits of Southern Europe.

The total disappearance of the wild types of these supposed species has been accounted for in three different ways:

First, that they never existed in the wild state, but that when man was created a certain number of plants were also created for his support, requiring his personal labour for their preservation. This opinion, which we have heard maintained with great

earnestness by men of the highest reputation in physiological botany, appears incompatible with what is known of the successive migrations of the human race, whether it proceeded from one or from several original centres of creation. For however much the constitution of man will adapt itself to any climate, from the Equator to the Arctic Circle, that is not the case with the plants he cultivates; and it can hardly be seriously maintained that as man gradually occupied new territories, new species suited to the climate and soil were created for him to cultivate.

A second hypothesis advanced by some of the modern French advocates of the immutability of cultivated races is, that they existed wild when first taken into cultivation by man, but were destroyed at the time of the historical deluge, with the exception of the seeds preserved by Noah amongst the stores of the Ark, from whence they have been since propagated. But even for those who interpret the Mosaic history in the most literal sense, the Book of Genesis not only does not warrant the conclusion that vegetable life was destroyed by the Deluge, but distinctly affirms the contrary, for the first sign of the abatement of the waters was the olive leaf 'plucked off' by the dove whom Noah had sent out from the Ark.

A third, and, to a certain extent, more plausible theory is, that all the original stations of these cultivated species have been brought into cultivation, so as to destroy their wild types, or at least to render their offspring undistinguishable from the self-sown descendants of the cultivated individuals. This we can conceive with regard to such plants as flax or indigo, which appear nowhere to spread far from the fields where they are cultivated, although they sow themselves in the immediate vicinity with great facility; but there are others, like our wheat, which do not establish themselves even in the localities which we find best suited for their growth.

Until, therefore, some explanation is propounded of the causes of the non-existence of wild specimens of our cultivated races, more in accordance with known facts, we must adopt the conclusions of the first-mentioned class of physiologists; that these races are not real species, but varieties apparently distinct from their wild types, having their origin in a kind of sport which we call accidental, and perpetuated by careful cultivation. This theory is warmly supported by the authors of the '*Flora Indica*,' tacitly adopted by most of the more cautious physiologists, and to a great extent, although not absolutely, acquiesced in by De Candolle; and the more consideration we bestow upon it,

the more it appears in accordance with all authentically recorded facts and phenomena.

In illustration of this theory, we shall enter into a few details upon a question which has of late excited much interest and discussion,—the origin of our cultivated wheats. Some believe that they have traced it with absolute certainty to a species of grass common in the South of Europe, and known to botanists by the name *Ægilops*; whilst others maintain with equal positiveness that the wild type of the common wheat differs little from the cultivated ones, and is to be seen here and there in the ravines of Mesopotamia and Asia Minor. The facts and arguments which incline us to agree with the first of these propositions may be briefly stated as follows:—Wherever the early history of the cultivation of a species is known, we observe that man has first applied to his use a plant growing wild about him; finding it suit his purpose, he has sown it to obtain it in greater abundance. Its improvement has been the natural result. ‘Yo
‘ shall this year eat such things as grow of themselves, and in
‘ the second year that which springeth of the same, and in the
‘ third year sow ye and reap.’ The wild originals of cultivated plants must, therefore, generally have been sufficiently common in their native district to have attracted the notice of man in his search after his two great wants,—food and raiment. Wheat has been cultivated for the food of man from the very earliest times of which we have any record, by the ancient Hebrews, Egyptians, and Greeks, all historical data indicating as its earliest centre of cultivation the eastern Mediterranean regions and the adjoining Asiatic lands extending towards the foot of the mountains of Central Asia, which form also the early centre of the human race, or, at any rate, of the wheat-growing Caucasian type. Various traditions seem to indicate its origin in these countries, and that it there followed the usual course above mentioned: ‘Thou shalt eat the herb of the field.’ ‘In the sweat
‘ of thy brow shalt thou eat bread.’ According to Diodorus Siculus, quoted by De Candolle, it was at Nyræ, in Palestine, that Osiris found wheat and barley growing about the country amidst other plants. Homer and Diodorus Siculus mention Sicily as the native country of wheat of which Ceres first taught the cultivation. Among the grasses growing wild in the Mediterranean, there is none more abundant, and at the same time more nearly allied to our wheat, than the common *Ægilops*; and although most botanists have hitherto placed these two plants in two different genera, yet others have considered the distinctions relied on as purely technical, and have more than once suggested their identity. Some specimens have been occasionally

found in the South of France evidently intermediate between the two, and have been published as a distinct species under the name of *Ægilops triticoides*. M. Esprit Fabre, of Agde, near Montpellier, observed that this *Ægilops triticoides* was the offspring of the common *Ægilops ovata*, having found the husks and spike of the latter plant still adhering to the root of the former. This suggested to him the idea of cultivating the *triticoides* so obtained, which he continued to do carefully during twelve successive years, saving the seed each time from such individual as showed the nearest approach to the object he sought for. Each of the first generations showed a considerable altered character, till the plant completely assumed the form of some of our cultivated races of wheat, which it has subsequently retained under his care, as under that of M. Vilmorin-Andrieux.

Such being the facts, which are considered as convincing proofs by the partisans of the specific identity of *Ægilops ovata* and *Triticum sativum*, we shall now examine the chief arguments relied upon by their opponents, and especially by De Candolle, who argues the question with moderation, and with an evident desire to arrive at the truth. 'Our cerealia,' he says, 'are annuals, and propagated by seed only; this is a condition which must prevent them from altering considerably from their primitive types;' and 'several causes which introduce varieties and races in other plants, such as multiplication by cuttings, grafts, &c., do not exist for them.' This, in our opinion, is a false deduction. Cuttings and grafts never produce varieties, they only preserve individual modifications which would be lost by seed. Our gardeners well know that new varieties are obtained only by seed; that these varieties, if not maintained by cuttings or grafts, have, indeed, a general tendency in subsequent generations to return to the primitive type, but that even in annuals there are some individuals in each generation in which the aberration is preserved or even increased. The chances are that these exceptional individuals left to themselves will perish, but if carefully cultivated and selected for seed, the aberration becomes more and more decided and permanent each succeeding generation, till at last the return towards the primitive type is rare and exceptional. So it is with our wheats. Our principal marked varieties, ancient as they are, and usually constant, are not always so. They will occasionally under certain circumstances degenerate, or break out into fresh varieties. We admit that the so-called mummy-wheat was known to the ancient Egyptians precisely similar to that cultivated in the present

day, but that is no proof that it has maintained itself constantly distinct by hereditary descent during the whole period. The branched spike is a form which wheat has a tendency to assume under particular circumstances, and an approach to it may be often observed in some of our corn-fields during remarkably luxuriant harvests; but as it affords no advantage to farmers in our climate, no endeavours have been used to preserve it.

This leads us to the next objection, that the several species of *Ægilops* cultivated in botanic gardens maintain for years their distinctive characters without any tendency to change into wheat, and that cultivated grasses in general do not break out into varieties, especially in their seed. This is, however, no proof that they may not do so under other circumstances. It is stated that from 150 to 160 races of wheat have been cultivated in the garden of Paris for thirty years, and that Messieurs Vilmorin have for half a century kept up very extensive collections of cerealia, which have remained always true and distinct. Yet it is never pretended that these 150 or 160 sorts of wheat are all distinct botanical species. In botanic gardens the object is not to raise new varieties, but to keep all the sorts as true as possible, and if the gardener selects his seed it will always be from the most characteristic plants. De Candolle's whole chapter on the variations of species shows how readily hereditary races are formed, and grasses are not an exception to the general rule. To carry out the experiment of the *Ægilops* with any chance of success the usual process of gardeners in search of new varieties must be adopted,—to sow the plant on a large scale in different soils and in a climate known to be favourable,—to search carefully for any seedlings that may show the slightest tendency to vary in the required direction, and to sow for the next generation the seeds of these only. We have no doubt that, by patient perseverance in this course for a number of years, not only many so-called species of *Ægilops* would be reduced to one type, but Mr. Fabre's experiments, resulting in the conversion of *Ægilops* into wheat would again meet with the same success.

These positive experiments are met by the supposition that the plant upon which M. Fabre worked was an accidental hybrid or cross between the common *Ægilops* and the wheat growing in the adjoining fields. Mr. Godron, a careful experimentalist, has, they say, produced the same results by artificially crossing the two; M. Fabre's plant grew under circumstances which do not exclude the possibility of its being a natural hybrid, and therefore it is argued that all proof of the specific identity of the two parents is gone.

But natural hybrids between two species are very rare, and amongst grasses hitherto unknown. 'The fecundation of cerealia takes place in the bud before the stamina protrude and whilst the glumes are closely applied against each other, which circumstance excludes all hybrid fecundation.' 'Experience shows that different sorts of wheat grown together never cross.' Hybrids, moreover, are weak in constitution, and are seldom maintained beyond the second generation without artificial fecundation from one of the parent species, in which case a gradual assimilation to the latter has place. And supposing, as we contend, that wheat is but an extreme race of *Ægilops*, the crossing these two races would have precisely the result obtained by Mr. Godron, the production of an intermediate race. Mr. Godron's supposition that the plants successively cultivated by M. Fabre were always fertilised by the pollen floating in the air from the neighbouring wheat-fields is perfectly gratuitous, unsupported by a single observed fact, and in direct contradiction to much that we know of the physiology of grasses.

One argument remains to be noticed. It is absurd to suppose, we are told, 'that men in their early rude state would have been tempted to cultivate for their food any grains which were not tolerably weighty and nutritious, such as wheat, barley, rye, or oats, pretty nearly as they are at the present day. Do we see barbarous nations attempt the cultivation of *Ægilops* and so many other grasses moderately farinaceous? Have men but little civilised ever the idea that long cultivation could ameliorate a species? And if they arrived at this idea was not their state of society an obstacle to the effective application of the principle? The more ancient we suppose agriculture to have been, and the more distant its origin in times of ignorance, the more probable it is that cultivators would have chosen species offering from the outset incontestable advantages.'

We certainly admit that man in an early stage of civilisation would not theoretically set about agricultural experiments, but we contend that, from the moment he began to cultivate at all, the gradual improvement of the plants he sowed would be the natural consequence. And as to his selection of grain for that purpose, we believe that of the wild grasses of Palestine, Greece, and Sicily, none have a larger and more nutritious seed than those very *Ægilops*, *Hordeums*, *Sorghums*, *Panicums*, &c., whose presumed descendants are now known under the names of wheat, barley, millet, &c. Civilised nations do not now cultivate *Ægilops*, because they possess the long cultivated varieties which are much better, and barbarous nations do not

live where *Ægilops* grows. A wild grass, *glyceria fluitans*, which we should never think of cultivating so small is its seed, is nevertheless extensively harvested in north-eastern Europe, and its grain imported even into this country under the name of *Manna Croup*.

If any of our cultivated races of wheat should be found growing really wild, as it is pretended, in the ravines of Mesopotamia or the valleys of Mount Sipylus in Asia Minor, we might be induced to modify our opinions; but the facts adduced are far too vague and partial to be entitled to any weight; and from all that is now known we are led to conclude that our common wheats are the offspring of *Ægilops ovata* taken into cultivation in the earliest stages of human civilisation. The arguments which have led to this result point out the course to be followed in the investigation of the wild types of other long-cultivated plants of obscure origin. The plant must be traced back to the region where it was first taken into cultivation, and we must there look out, amongst the wild plants of the district, for that species which is at once most nearly allied to the cultivated plant in question, and sufficiently abundant to have attracted the notice of the early inhabitants in their endeavour to procure food or raiment from the herb of the field.

The careful researches of De Candolle in regard to above 150 of the most generally cultivated species are an important contribution to this most interesting inquiry. And although he has not been able to connect above half that number with any certainty with their wild types, yet he has much restricted the limits within which the native country of each is to be sought for; and we cannot do better than close the subject in his words:—

‘ We see that almost all cultivated species have a known origin, if not as to the exact country, at least as to the primary divisions of the globe to which the country belongs. It is therefore useless to suppose the disappearance of any region under the ocean since the invention of cultivation, still less to imagine a miraculous and special creation of plants for cultivation independently of ordinary species. The whole of the facts taken together prove that men merely cultivated those species which were within their reach, and which appeared to offer to them some advantage. In certain cases they carried them with them from one country to another, but frequently also they found them on their arrival in a new region. In particular, the absolute diversity in the cultivated species of the old and the new world shows how much these two continents were isolated, as well as their inhabitants, from a period which it is now impossible to fix.’

If the theory of the dispersion of vegetation over our globe, as aiding in our conjectures as to its primitive geography, is

mainly founded on the distribution of species, there is another consideration by which the conclusions arrived at may often be essentially confirmed or controlled. We allude to the fact that species which botanically resemble each other, have their origin very frequently in the same or nearly adjoining regions. Genera and families have, like species, their centres of creation and geographical distribution.

What is a genus? is a question which has led to as much controversy and difference of opinion as any other of the fundamental principles of botanical arrangement. Yet without a clear understanding of the rules to be followed in the delimitation of generic groups, the whole science is in danger of being again plunged into the chaos from whence it was extricated by Linnæus's happy invention of the substantive genus. Many naturalists of the present day consider it indeed to have no existence in nature, but to be a mere creature of the imagination, a kind of instrument to enable man to classify the infinity of forms exhibited by nature, so as to bring them regularly before him one after the other in masses reduced to the capacity of his comprehension. Others, with De Candolle, believe them to be real agglomerations of species more evident and more natural than species themselves. The truth probably lies between these two extremes. We think that all species may be arranged into groups indicated by nature, so as to divide and sub-divide the whole vegetable kingdom *ad infinitum*, but that the precise limits and extent of each group, — call it class, order, family, tribe, genus, or section, — are purely arbitrary. But the considerations upon which these conclusions are founded would lead us far beyond our present limits. It is from want of space, not from any deficiency in the interest or importance of the subject, that we pass over the definition of generic groups, and refrain from any details connected with their geography. Climate and station, which restrict within certain limits the area of species, have little or no influence on that of genera. This depends much more on circumstances of original creation, and must be well studied in speculating on the early history of vegetation. When we see large American genera represented by a very few species in Eastern Asia, with one or two extending westwards even to Europe; when we find numerous Californian and North-west Mexican genera represented by analogous species in Chili and Bolivia; when we trace great resemblance in generic forms, if not in species, between New Zealand, South Australia, the southern extremity of America, and the Antarctic regions generally; between the East Indian Peninsula and North tropical Africa; between Java, Ceylon, and South tropical

Africa, we cannot avoid speculations on the ancient continuity of lands similar to those we are led into by the identity of certain species. But this part of the science is in its infancy. The known facts upon which we must found our reasoning are as yet few and often vague and insufficiently authenticated. It is to be hoped that De Cándolle's work may induce enlightened explorers like Hooker and Thomson to collect materials with the express object of assisting our researches; that future theorists in geographical botany will see the paramount importance of a correct investigation of their facts; and, above all, that a true knowledge of the area of a species must depend on an accurate appreciation of its botanical limits and variations. Systematic botany, which it has been the fashion of late years to hold in so much contempt, is nevertheless the groundwork upon which the correctness of the speculation of the physiologist and geographical botanist must mainly depend. But the botanist who devotes himself to it should always bear in mind that it consists not in the technical description of specimens, but in the due appreciation of species and affinities; that he who demonstrates a fact such as the specific identity of two plants hitherto believed to be distinct, or the affinities of an obscure vegetable, renders a far greater service to science than he who discovers, describes, or invents any number of supposed new species.

ART. VIII.—*Perversion, or the Causes and Consequences of Infidelity: A Tale for the Times.* 3 vols. London: 1856.

WHEN a work of fiction depends in any degree for its interest on the adroit management and natural succession of supposed events, the imagination of the writer is checked and limited by the ordinary conditions of life, and his unfitness for the work he has undertaken is soon detected and exposed. It is thus that the greatest masters in the art have always shrunk from strange, though possible, incidents, and have given to their design the effect of a series of occurrences, each of which might pass before the observation of the reader without exciting either incredulity or amazement, but which, taken as a whole, produce the agreeable impression of interesting reality. Thus the example of the best authorities has established or confirmed the paradox that 'truth is stranger than fiction,' and it is left to those who are content with the approbation of the thoughtless and the uneducated to excite the fancy of the public by the invention or even the reproduction of astonishing or inconsistent circumstances.

But when we pass from the fictitious historian of the outer world to the regions of what Mr. Disraeli has called 'psychological romance,' and to the delineation of character not as manifested in acts but as developed by mental processes, the case is altogether different. Here we are entirely at the mercy of the ingenious author. We have no canon for the distances of thought, no gauge for the depths of the imagination; when the moods of our own temperament do not understand one another, how can we judge with precision of other natures and of other minds? We cannot take our own experience as the standard, for we know not how we should have thought or felt under such various circumstances; nor can we predicate that our own faculties might not, under sufficient pressure, have been disturbed or distorted in any degree, or in any direction, that the writer may choose to depict. Our sympathy with such a book will, no doubt, mainly depend on the truthful representation of emotions we recognise in ourselves, of thoughts that have arisen in our own minds when in analogous positions, of moral dangers to which we have ourselves been exposed, of internal struggles in which we ourselves have contended; but still we are able also to comprehend more than we have known, and to enjoy the description of intellectual and spiritual operations the most remote from anything that has come to pass within ourselves.

Such observations especially apply to a class of writings with which our literature is now familiar, where the narrator is free to range not only through the ordinary phenomena of perception and sensation, but through the mysterious world of religious ideas. There he can make his characters subject to what influences he pleases, and those influences the sources of whatever actions it suits him to devise. He can attach any moral conclusions he chooses to any religious convictions he prefers; the wonders of the heart of man make any and every delineation credible; no consistency of conduct, no familiar sequence of events, are required; the conditions of our moral nature, the force of habit, the laws of conscience, may be superseded by supernatural machinery, more marvellous than that of Genius or Fairy, and yet indisputably possible in an order of things where the most hardened criminal may be converted in a moment, and the most devout enthusiast become deceiver or self-deceived. With such weapons as these in his armoury, much discretion in the use of them may well be demanded of the author of a religious novel.

As long, indeed, as he contents himself with asserting or

defending his own positions, there can be little to complain of. If to ordinary readers his incidents appear to be improbable, or his thesis to be crudely stated, or his deductions to be extravagant, his book will only find favour with those whose sympathetic experience may over-rule such objections; if, on the contrary, his theory is gracefully interwoven with his tale, and his opinions not roughly intruded on the reader but fairly evolved from the characters and situations, the interest will extend beyond mere theological associations, and the writer may hope, if not to convince, at least to propitiate, those who may be opposed to his peculiarities of doctrine.

There are many sensible persons to whom all religious fiction is essentially repulsive: the language of poetry itself appears to them presumptuous in its attempt to convey the grandeur of religious ideas, and any other treatment but the plain narration of fact or the serious methods of argument or persuasion appears ill-suited to the expression of feelings connected with the problem of the destiny of the soul of man. They conceive that fancy may innocently deal with the varied conditions of this life and the affections and passions which ornament or deform it, but that if she be permitted to interfere with our moral and spiritual relations to the invisible world there is great danger of weakening the sense of religious realities, and of substituting a vague imaginativeness for earnest and practical belief. To this it has been replied that the objection if fairly urged would extend to all works of fiction whatever, for the religious man would be the last to desire to exclude the action of religious motives and principles from anything that professed to be a true representation of human life. We do not allude to this controversy with the hope of leading it to any conclusion, but only to suggest that its very existence enforces the duty of bringing religious fiction into harmony with the sacred principles upon which it rests. If we are to have novels about Christianity, let them be written in a truly Christian spirit; if we are to have sketches of religious life, let them be drawn in a temper of religious reverence; for with all the licence the range of the subject affords, and with the temptation to misrepresent and misinterpret the opinions of others to which we are all liable,—and not the less so when conscious of the sincerity of our own,—if a man permits himself to make religious fiction a vehicle of controversy or even of satire, he is in peril not only of committing gross injustice, but of exhibiting and encouraging the mockery of the very sentiments and principles which he most desires to recommend to the respect of mankind.

It is now some years since a very subtle dialectician, who holds a prominent place in the theological history of his country, becoming conscious of the insecurity of the foundation on which he had induced many good and able men to rest their faith, and regarding with complacency for himself the proximate refuge of an infallible Church, drew with a masterly hand a picture of the divisions and difficulties of Protestantism, of the emptiness and discomfort of all forms of private judgment, and, after exhausting every phase of independent belief, left his bewildered reader to choose between Atheism and Rome. Here in some sort the end justified the means; every step that sunk beneath the foot of the aspirant only served to guide him to the support and defence which at his will he could grasp and feel secure. But notwithstanding this possible vindication, the book was painful to every honest man; for it argued no tender conscience and no gentle heart in the teacher who could thus lay bare the vanity of doctrines which he had once taught and believed,—who could regard with this contemptuous pity the passionate prayers and earnest yearning after truth of his former self and of other pious men, and could expose with a malicious pleasure the fluctuations and turmoil of the deep human soul. In the volumes before us, we recognise much of the tone and spirit of ‘The ‘Loss and Gain’ of Mr. Newman, without the logical conclusion that might palliate the harmfulness of that production. They are the work of a scholar and a practised writer, not, indeed, experienced in dealing with fictitious characters or in devising an ingenious fable, but familiar with speculation and controversy, capable of presenting his own views in a clear and commanding style, and of depicting the opinions of others with a coarse humour which insinuates more than it asserts, and at the same time leaves on the uncritical reader an impression of heartiness and simplicity.

A finer sense of this faculty would have prevented the insertion of many stories which strike us as old friends not improved by a new dress. We have all heard of the charity-school-boy who, when asked if he had been baptized, said ‘he did not remember, but that he had certainly been vaccinated,’ but we never expected to find in any ‘Art of Pluck’ that such a question or answer had passed in an examination for an Oxford degree. It has been amusingly related of a Newmarket trainer that he was so confused with the nomenclature of the horses entrusted to his care, that he called Alcides *Allsides*;³ and when set right, balanced the blunder by designating Ironsides *Irōn-sī-des*; but whatever small fun there may be in this anecdote is entirely lost in its adaptation to a pedantic college-fellow who

loses the favour of his lady-love by pronouncing Walter Scott's Dumbydikes in a classical fashion.

We would not, however, reproach, with these small defects an author whose evident imitations of popular writers show he is not conscious of any peculiar originality in this line of literature, did they not illustrate the want of delicate tact, of which this work offers many other and more important examples. It appears that the object of this 'Tale of the Times' is to show by what means certain persons are 'perverted' from the right way, and what are the consequences of such 'perversion' to themselves and to others. Now this right way, from which whoever deviates is a 'pervert,' is a temperate and reasonable form of practical Christianity, which the writer believes to be all-sufficient for all varieties of mankind under all conditions, physical or metaphysical, and which every living man must be content with, unless he is a rascal or a fool. We have no word to say against the theological system which all who are not 'perverted' are here bound to adopt as their rule of life and thought. It is moderate Church-of-Englandism, free from scepticism on one hand and fanaticism on the other, more evangelical than Paley, and less liberal than Arnold; such a religion, in fact, as thousands of conscientious Englishmen have found to be their daily happiness and their eternal hope. It would be a perfectly legitimate object for a religious fiction to show how men are led away from such a blessing, and how they may be led back to it; and though the problem is a somewhat abstruse one (seeing that it involves all the reasons why Christianity has not got possession of the world in eighteen hundred years), yet the attempt has been frequently made with more or less success.

But the 'perverts' in this book consist of a young man and a young woman, who grow up without religious faith simply from the cause that there is nothing either in their family life, or in the rest of the world with which they come in contact, to teach it them. Unless it is assumed that every well-born Englishman or Englishwoman is naturally a good Christian,—as the Abbé Lamennais said somewhere that every Gallican thought he had nothing to do but to present a French passport to St. Peter at the door of heaven,—the moral of this work is unintelligible; or else the hero and heroine must have been the subject of some special Providence, first to have acquired and secondly to have retained any sound religious notions whatever. The boy has no father, a selfish, worldly, foolish mother, a brutalising school-education, a crazy German tutor; as he grows up the current religion presents itself to him in one form more dis-

gusting and absurd than another; he becomes a member of a society whose sole object is to combine debauchery with infidelity, and, as if this were not enough, he is haunted from his very childhood by a Mephistopheles of the newest fashion, a gentleman of gigantic abilities, universal knowledge, grand moral faculties employed for the worst objects and the meanest ends, and aided in his diabolical intrigues, not indeed by the supernatural intervention of the witches of the Brocken, but by the infernal machinations of the Mormons of the Great Salt Lake of Utah. In truth, except a few years at Eton, there is no period of this youth's life in which he is not exposed to the most corrupting atmosphere, and the fact that he should preserve so much of his better nature as to be susceptible of religious influences as soon as they appear to him under a reasonable and consistent aspect, and be awakened to a conviction of the truth by one superficial letter of a pious clergyman, would rather prove that there are some men who cannot be perverted than that 'perversion' is the 'Tale of the Times.'

In the same sense the portraiture and story of Charles Bampton's sister excite no feeling but that of infinite compassion. This character is outlined with a precision and delicacy far superior to anything else in the book, and is a specimen of the powers of the writer, where he allows his talent to work freely, unchecked by some obtrusive moral or invidious application. The dangerous effect of continuous sickness in spoiling the fresh nature of childhood, the self-absorption and self-importance which it induces, and the sense of injury which ensues when improved health restores the patient to the ordinary duties and cares of life, are excellently described, and lead up naturally to the fatal catastrophe of the deceived and deserted woman, when suicide presents itself to her as the preservation of her unborn child from a life of misery and reproach, as well as her sole escape from disgrace and calamity. The letter in which she announces and vindicates her intention recalls and emulates in its pathetic sophistry the conclusion of 'Werther,' and will undoubtedly shock many persons who may be unwilling to admit an apology on the score of dramatic propriety.

The villain is taken from the most horrific school of the last century skilfully adapted to the nineteenth. His cruelty so tortures and debases our Faust when at school that it requires the contrivance of a change of name, and an incredible alteration of features by a gunshot wound received in a duel, to enable him to act the part of the demon undetected, while at once an Oxford undergraduate and a dignitary of the Mormon Church. There he desolates the souls of the young men about

him by the example of his profligate life, as well as by his philosophic talk of Hegel, Göethe, and Carlyle, while he preserves the best of reputations in his college and the favour of its respectable head; and subsequently, having used his influence as a writer in the 'Times' to be made a Secretary of Legation, he summons Lord Palmerston as a witness to character when he is tried for perjury and bigamy, and while receiving sentence he is able (such is his strength of mind) to abstract his attention from the scene before him, and, as the judge is moralising on his offence, to meditate plans of future profit and ambitious schemes to be realised on the other side of the Atlantic when his imprisonment should be over.

But this vulgar and overstrained impersonation of what infidelity comes to is fairly matched by the characteristics of large portions of the Anglican Church, as they fall under Charles's observation, and become active agents in his 'perversion.' There is a popular Evangelical preacher who has broken the heart of the woman to whom he is engaged by running off with an earl's daughter, and who after her death devotes all his spiritual energies to fresh matrimonial speculation. He is represented as trafficking in piety like the advertisements of the 'Rouser' (Record?) newspaper, 'that compound of superstition, formalism, unscrupulous dishonesty, and malignant uncharitableness,' and as 'singing 'an old song by rote, which he learns not from Scripture but 'tradition.' There is a 'deputation' from a prophetic society in the shape of a drunken Irishman, who collects a large subscription for the Murphy-fund to save himself from arrest, and who, finding his carpet-bag missing at a railway terminus, steals a portmanteau. There is a young lady who flirts from preacher to preacher, regards her family as in a Pagan state, and 'makes 'millinery her business and millenarianism her recreation;' and there is a child of eight years old, who 'won't play with little 'George Rubrick because he is a nasty tractarian.'

The High Church section is sketched in colours equally attractive. An Archdeacon, who has been an infidel at college, and who still laughs in his sleeve at the opinions he professes, — while acting as secretary to his bishop, requests an old lady, who presents her son to a rich rectory, to send her title-deeds to his solicitor for inspection, that he may satisfy himself that there can be no other claimant. The solicitor is instructed to raise some ingenious doubts about the validity of the title, and to protract the discussion beyond six months after the vacancy, when Mrs. Jones is informed that her title is defective, and the son of the Archdeacon is collated to the benefice. The sharp practice of this worthy on other occasions has frequently

brought him into courts of law, where he is roughly handled both by counsel and juries; but he is sustained by a body of ecclesiastical janissaries who defend him, right or wrong. The son delivers an admirable charge at a confirmation, interspersed with sharp hits against the Archbishop of Canterbury, and all but swears at the curate who is accompanying the catechumens. The train of his surplice is borne by six Sunday-school children, and he preaches on the text, 'If any provide not for his own, he is worse than an infidel.' He is very amusing in society, tells several good stories, but has one look meant for insinuating, which must be the very one with which the Evil One uttered the 'great original, fatal, lie.' Again: a sham Dean arrives with a rescript signed 'John Tomphulia,' 'given from our palace, in 'this our cathedral city of Squatterville,' to collect funds for the church of that interesting colony, and behaves with a prurieny of manners which no hyper-clerical costume ought to have protected from summary personal chastisement. Then appears a Roman-Catholic convert to agitate for a petition against the Ecclesiastical-Titles Bill, in the uniform of an Austrian officer,—while an Ecclesiological Society discusses and groans over the profanation of the early-English church of Hogg's Norton, 'dedicated to that blessed saint and martyr, St. 'Sus;,' and a lady finds her chief consolation for the death of her daughter in working a cloth for the credence-table, fortified by the heterogeneous authority of Mr. Carlyle, that 'Work is Worship.'

After such representations of the two chief parties in the Establishment, we might naturally hope to hear of some such phrase as 'Broad Church,' and to discover that these extravagant caricatures were really intended to set off by contrast a large and liberal scheme of Christianity manifesting itself rather in good works than in good words, and labouring to make the Gospel a reality of internal life, not only to the thoughtful student, but to the masses of the people now sufficiently educated to be no longer credulous, but far from unwilling to become credent of holiness and Christian truth when offered to them with the sympathy and single-mindedness of the first disciples of the Founder. But, instead of this, we are introduced, as the next step in the hero's religious experience, to a society in one of our Universities composed of young men of active minds, some of whom have attained the highest honours, but which is nothing more or less than a conspiracy against all religion and morality. We will not content ourselves with denouncing this as a strange libel against either of our great academic bodies, but, we will say

further, that if this author is a member of either of them, his observation must have been singularly clouded by ill health, ill humour, or some other evil impulse, for him to deem such a picture of the more distinguished youth of this, or, indeed, of any time, faithful and fair. In all such places of education there will be such voluntary associations, and we have most of us felt their beneficent influences. Whether united for objects of mere recreation, or for higher and graver purposes, which of us has not experienced the advantage of the intimate interchange of young thought, the conflict of eager argument, the multiplication of knowledge by the very act of imparting it, and the

‘ Sweet belated talk on winter nights,
With friends whom growing time keeps dear to me ? ’

Who, too, is unconscious, or condemnatory, as he looks back on these spring-days of life, of the harmless conceit of those who, having fresh landed in some new region of speculation or science, walked about with the air of discoverers and rulers, till, in a very short time, they met the real authorities of the place, who reduced them to their proper level,—or of the innocuous incongruity, the humorous borderland that lies between truth possessed and truth anticipated, which it requires only a good heart and a good head to convert into the loftiest wisdom? Surely there is some woeful ‘perversion’ in the mind of the man who could perceive in such a connexion only a bond of malice-prepense against the principles of social order, of duty, and of religion. Those who are worn in the world’s ways may join themselves together to do these things, but neither British nor any other youth have such terms of communion. To undermine, to destroy, to corrupt, are not their projects: rather to construct, even in the air,—rather to build, even up to Heaven. It was surely not worth this writer’s while to render his book, as he has done, inadmissible to a decorous drawing-room, by a supposed imitation of the proceedings of such a Society; and the moral corruption of the subject of his tale might have been contrived by some less elaborate, more natural, and more charitable process.

But the evident object of all these descriptions is to inculcate that, while positive divergence from the *via media* of orthodoxy leads the culprit to these extremities of folly and even of crime, all doubts and difficulties on this subject in the immature mind result in an entire negation of truth and in contempt of all laws human and divine. This is the right royal way to deal with heretics both positive and negative. Only

assume that persons who believe, or who do not believe, so-and-so, will do so-and-so, and then put them on their trial for the offence. Then prove the belief or the disbelief, and forthwith pronounce sentence before God and the people. It is singular that in all the infinite variety of modes in which this proceeding has been attempted, it has never succeeded in convincing the sufferer of the justice of the penalty, and rarely in preventing a recurrence of the misdemeanour.

We would now select this author's judgment of Mr. Carlyle and his works as a model of his manner of extravagant calumny. Mr. Carlyle's philosophy may be right or wrong, deep or shallow, clear or muddy, anything you please; but we never, up to this time, met with anyone who doubted the sincerity of the man, or the singleness of mind with which his views of men and things are propounded. But we are here informed that all this rude simplicity is a cloak for an astute design against the faith of his age and country. He is here exhibited as skilfully preparing the British public for his Pantheistic doctrines, by gradually insinuating them under the phrases of common Christianity,—as creeping on from the guarded sentiments of his earlier essays to the avowal of a creed diametrically opposed in morality and religion to that of Christendom,—as using the apotheosis of Oliver to induce the belief that he is an orthodox Puritan,—as conducting his siege with great adroitness, not attempting to storm the citadel, but availing himself of all practical shelter by the method of zig-zag, and as adopting the language of all successful creeds in turn, to show, by his eulogiums, that he believes the truth that is in them, a principle which has received its final development in the adoption of the Christian Scriptures by the apostles of Mormonism. No proof of these monstrous assertions is attempted. They are simply affirmed; just as we might assume that the real aim of Mr. Carlyle, in his vindication of Cromwell, is the decapitation of Queen Victoria, or that it is the esoteric meaning of 'Sartor Resartus' to annihilate the trade of the British tailor, and to reduce the present islander to the condition of the ancient Pict.

Lesser examples of this sort of malice—by-hits which, if perhaps not very clever, still may succeed in giving pain to somebody—are liberally interspersed. The description of St. Paul, as 'a narrow-minded Jew, who fancied that he lived in 'a perpetual state of ecstacy, and whose brain was most probably affected by paralysis,' is a hit at Professor Jowett, who will be found to have never said anything of the kind when the passage referred to is taken with the context of his most learned and pious work, but who may be injured to some small extent

by this allusion, in the minds of those who have not read him. Again, some exceptionable character here admires 'Saffi, 'Mazzini, and the other magnanimous champions of liberty, who, 'by precept and example, have exhibited the poniard as the only 'regenerator of nations,'—thus gratuitously and superfluously introducing the first of these two names solely as a hit at an irreproachable gentleman, whose political life, apart from his opinions, has been considered by the governing body of our most loyal and conservative university as sufficiently pure to justify them in attaching him officially to their system of instruction. The re-baptism of Mr. Palmer, or the sentimentalities of Mr. Faber towards his pupils, can be no matter of public interest, and must be brought in solely for the purpose of annoying those persons and their friends. And where no special attack is made on any individual, a grand jumble of names, often the most incongruous, is selected for obloquy,—Fichte, Miss Martineau, Emerson, Goethe, in one bundle,—Goethe, Hegel, Schelling, Spinoza, in another,—leaving on the reader's mind the impression that this is not the way that a writer speaks of authorities whose force and meaning he has thoroughly ascertained. It should be left to schoolboys and small journalists to affect this apparatus of learning and frivolously to bandy about great names in literature and philosophy.

We know an eminent preacher who is in the habit of stating in the commencement of his discourse the propositions he intends to controvert with so much completeness, clearness, and power, that, if the attention of the hearer slackens as the argument goes on, he is in peril of coming away with a much stronger impression of the validity of the objection than of the success of the refutation. A similar danger is incidental to all argumentative fictions where the main body of the work is taken up with the delineations of some moral malady, but where literary etiquette demands that the remedy should be satisfactory and the restoration entire. The dignity of the victory of course is enhanced by the force and energy of the assailants; and thus the framer of the story accumulates the difficulties or exhausts the doubts, confident in his own ability to make all smooth and certain at last. In this expectation, however, he is often sadly deceived, for criticism is far easier than construction, and many can vigorously assault where few can convincingly defend. It might indeed be expected that the unfairness with which all adverse persons and principles are represented in these volumes would anticipate any embarrassment of this nature, and that the wary author could with facility contrive to lay the very foolish phantoms he had

evoked. But nevertheless, after so many pages of exaggeration and abuse, it becomes difficult to establish any positive propositions which shall content the sincere and dispassionate inquirer. And thus we find the supposed 'Conversion' not more reasonable than the 'Perversion.' For as it must have been a base religion which would not have been shocked by such odious forms of Christianity, so it must be a weak infidelity that could be satisfied by such arguments as these. The chief objections of the sceptic are here stated to be the want of positive intellectual proof of the truth of Christianity, the incredibility of the verbal inspiration of the Bible, and the universal discrepancy between Christian principle and practice—grave matters, no doubt, which have demanded and received the consideration of thousands of serious men. But what can be the worth of the mental history of a man who waits till the end of the third volume of his experience to be told, that the Christian religion is of the heart and not of the head alone—that the Bible may be a divine revelation, even though its writers were not infallible on all subjects of secular knowledge—and that, as long as mankind is full of contradictions about everything else, we have no right to expect it to be consistent on religion? Is it decently probable that such solutions would have been so novel to a well-educated, truth-seeking, Englishman of our time, that, when supported and illustrated by the example of two or three zealous individuals, they would at once have dispelled all the clouds of unbelief, and sent him to die at Scutari in the holy work of nursing the sick British soldier? The characters, indeed, of these exemplary ministers of the Gospel prove how effectively this author can describe what he admires, when for a short time he suspends his theological acerbity and trusts to his better imagination. Charles Bampton expresses his deep regret that he did not know them sooner, and so do we.

We resume our objections to this book. It is both intolerant and irreverent—two faults which go together oftener than is supposed. True veneration respects the consciences of other men and is tender for their troubles as for its own. Intolerance belongs to a hard temper and a proud stomach and a wilful mind, utterly inconsistent with the spirit of reverence, which is humble, unselfish, and forgiving. How can a man who thinks of, and treats, the creeds and the doubts of others, as this writer does, expect that the sarcasm and the slander shall stop just short of his own proportion of faith and of his own allowance of dogma. If he can jeer, as he does, at things serious to High or Low Churchmen, will not others be found who will jest at his share of credulity, and pronounce him too, in his measure,

superstitious and absurd? If he can regard with scorn the difficulties and scruples of all honest men who do not quite attain his quantum of belief, and can represent Unitarians as 'being ashamed of the name of Christians,' why should not those who are discontented with his Christianity, either from a historical or spiritual point of view, declare him to be a secret conspirator against the truth, plausibly veiling his infidelity under the colour of a moderate rationalism? Such words have been spoken against far deeper theologians, against far wiser and more temperate controversialists than he is; and it will, and ought to be, in vain for those who are at once the satirists of all shapes of piety that do not happen to please them and the maligners of all religious ideas more comprehensive than their own, to appeal to the moderation and good sense of their own scheme of theology to save them from opprobrium and misrepresentation. It is a wretched game, played by all parties at a loss, and to the satisfaction only of the spectator who sympathises with none of these things and finds a diversion in the fray. We sincerely lament that so well-furnished a combatant as the author of '*Perversion*' should have descended into this arena, and we trust we may never see him there again.

The '*Causes and Consequences of Infidelity*' in this age and country lie far other-where than in these three volumes post-octavo; we shall not commit the similar error of attempting to state them in a review. We would rather direct attention to what is being done to remedy or mitigate the evil. The British are no irreligious people. There may be formalism in church and chapel-building, but the enormous impulse given to those enterprises of late years proves the existence of a large demand and supply of the external signs of Christian communion: the internal reality may or may not be there, but at any rate there is the ample framework for the breath of man and the grace of God to animate. We can compare with satisfaction the Establishment of our day with that of fifty years ago. Give to each section of opinion its due, and we shall find that none has been without its effect, in stimulating energy, in exposing abuses, in awakening the sense of responsibility. A Bishop may not resign his see exactly after the Apostolic method, but fifty years ago an incompetent Bishop would never have thought at all of surrendering half his income for the good of his diocese. The Evangelical clergy may preach a narrow and partial theology, but Mr. Close welcomes the British Association to Cheltenham in a speech full of appreciation of the just relations between science and religion. Dr. Hook may dangerously elevate the sacerdotal office above the claims and rights of free

thought, but he builds a cathedral at Leeds by voluntary zeal, animates that great town with generous and charitable feelings, and advocates the most liberal and least ecclesiastical plan of popular education. Mr. Maurice may have incurred the wrath of Dr. Jelf, and lost a sphere of usefulness in consequence of having maintained a doctrine that Jeremy Taylor avowed, but that has not prevented him from winning the affectionate devotion of a large mass of the working-men of England, whom he is leading on in a safe and sound path of spiritual and intellectual enlightenment, and, by the establishment of People's-colleges, endowing with a system of training, which bids fair to realise all the advantages that Dr. Birkbeck's excellent project of Mechanics' Institutes" has hitherto failed to secure. Such, and, if we can get them, yet broader means and yet better instruments, are all that we know of that are compatible with the 'liberty of prophesying' and the divergences of opinion which are the essential condition of our moral and political life. The burning diatribes and tormenting sarcasms of such writings as those we have censured are *autos de fe* of quite another order, and not likely to be even as effective as their practical predecessors in the same line. For the baneful machinery of persecution, when implacably and unremittingly exercised by principalities and powers, may in a great measure attain its end, but personal bigotry rarely affects in any degree the cause it assails, while it induces the individual to commit acts of injustice from which, in the ordinary transactions of daily life, he would shrink as from crime—inclines him to overlook in himself tempers which he would severely chastise in his children—and, if he be one with whose name the literature of his time is familiar, destroys the worth and character of the Writer, as it damages and diminishes the Man.

ART. IX. — 1. *L'Ancien Régime et la Révolution*. Par ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE. Paris: 1856.

2. *On the State of Society in France before the Revolution of 1789, and on the Causes which led to that Event*. By ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE. Translated by HENRY REEVE. London: 1856.

IT is always with some anxiety as well as with great expectations that we open the second work of an author who has achieved a wide and lasting reputation by his first. There are many chances against its enhancing or even maintaining

his well-earned fame. On his earliest production a man usually lavishes his utmost efforts and his utmost care; it is the child of the fresh vigour of his youthful powers; it is the depository of all the wisdom he has hived till then; it is enriched and adorned with all the imagery which his fancy or his reading may have gathered round him; it is the manifestation of whatever may be original and striking in his genius; and, in addition to this, he will have bestowed upon its preparation for the world a degree of sedulous and unsparing elaboration which those who have once won an assured position do not always devote to a second work. Subsequent productions may be the result of wider observation and maturer thought, but the warm and vivid life which is distinctive of the first-fruits of the intellect is seldom there.

In the case of the author of 'Democracy in America' there was the more reason for such anxiety, inasmuch as the work by which he won his spurs in the field of Political Philosophy twenty years ago, was remarkable for qualities which usually belong to the later manhood of the mind—a wide and cautious range of induction, deep speculative insight, and patient reflection unusually profound in its spirit and sober in its tone. A *maturer* treatise could scarcely have been produced by a recluse who had grown far-seeing and passionless in solitude, or by a statesman who had grown grey and sad in the experience of administrative life; and it was not easy to conjecture what would be the character of a book composed in the more advanced years of a life which was already ripe with the wisdom and soberness of age at eight and twenty. This volume is, however, in every way worthy of the high fame which M. de Tocqueville has so long enjoyed; it is strikingly similar in character to his early production, and indicates that his mind has been enriched and mellowed, rather than changed, with time and trial; there is the same originality of view, the same care and independence of research, the same habit of proving everything and assuming nothing, the same fascinating and genial but consummate wisdom. What strikes and delights us still more,—for it is lamentably rare in even the ablest writings of the day,—is that the materials are all thoroughly *digested* and assimilated; there is no rude ore, requiring us to forgive its rudeness in consideration of its value; the jewel is polished, cut, and set as such precious stones deserve to be; the workmanship is as perfect and as conscientious as that of an ancient statue. It is evident that no labour has been spared, either in investigating facts, in evolving conclusions, or in marshalling these facts and conclusions in an order and a dress calculated to dis-

play them with the most pleasing and convincing effect before the public eye. The style—including in this word the thoughts as well as the mere language—is in our view faultless; uniting the tranquil depth of the mountain tarn with the crystal clearness of the mountain stream.

It is not easy to review a book of which we admire every paragraph and agree with every sentiment; especially when, as is the case here, the writer is treating of a period which he has so profoundly studied, and of a science which he has made so peculiarly his own. We can do little but sit at the feet of Gamaliel to listen and to learn—a novel and somewhat anomalous position for a critic, but, as a variety, not an unpleasing or unwholesome one. It may seem strange that a subject so thoroughly worn and trampled as the antecedents and causes of the great French Revolution, should yet not have been exhausted; and that M. de Tocqueville should have been able to throw upon it so much new light, and to treat it in a manner so entirely original. Yet so it is; we feel after reading the volume before us as if for the first time we had obtained a real insight into the meaning and significance, the sources and the issues, of that vast convulsion—the greatest event by far of the last three centuries—one of the three great events of modern history.

He thus explains both his present aim and the ultimate design of a more comprehensive work on the Revolution, to which this volume is the prelude.

‘The peculiar object of the work I now submit to the public is to explain why this great Revolution, which was in preparation at the same time over almost the whole continent of Europe, broke out in France sooner than elsewhere; why it sprang spontaneously from the society it was about to destroy; and lastly, how the old French Monarchy came to fall so completely and so abruptly.

‘It is not my intention that the work I have commenced should stop short at this point. I hope, if time and my own powers permit it, to follow, through the vicissitudes of this long Revolution, these same Frenchmen with whom I have lived so familiarly under the old monarchy, and whom that state of society had formed,—to see them modified and transformed by the course of events, but without changing their nature, and constantly appearing before us with features somewhat different, but ever to be recognised.

‘With them I shall proceed to review that first epoch of 1789, when the love of equality and that of freedom shared their hearts—when they sought to found not only the institutions of democracy, but the institutions of freedom—not only to destroy privileges, but to acknowledge and to sanction rights: a time of youth, of enthusiasm, of pride, of generous and sincere passion, which, in spite of its errors,

will live for ever in the memory of men, and which will still long continue to disturb the slumbers of those who seek to corrupt or to enslave them.

‘Thus rapidly following the track of this same Revolution, I shall attempt to show by what events, by what faults, by what miscarriages, this same French people was led at last to relinquish its first aim, and forgetful of freedom, to aspire only to become the equal servants of the World’s Master — how a government stronger and far more absolute than that which the Revolution had overthrown, grasped and concentrated all the powers of the nation, suppressed the liberties which had been so dearly bought, putting in their place the counterfeit of freedom — calling “sovereignty of the people” the suffrages of electors who can neither inform themselves nor concert their operations, nor, in fact, choose — calling “vote of taxes” the assent of mute and enslaved assemblies; and while thus robbing the nation of the right of self-government, of the great securities of law, of freedom of thought, of speech, and of the pen, that is, of all the most precious and the most noble conquests of 1789, still daring to assume that mighty name.

‘I shall pause at the moment when the Revolution appears to me to have nearly accomplished its work and given birth to the modern society of France. That society will then fall under my observation: I shall endeavour to point out in what it resembles the society which preceded it, in what it differs, what we have lost in this immense displacement of our institutions, what we have gained by it, and, lastly, what may be our future.’ (Pp. xiv—xvii.)

Amid much profound reflection, and much interesting observation, which, though miscellaneous, has all its bearing on the master idea, two salient features are discernible throughout the book. First, M. de Tocqueville applies himself to show that several of the most marked characteristics of the social and administrative state of France which we are accustomed to regard as the offspring of the Revolution, or of the Empire which sprung from it, were in truth of a much older date, and are traceable, and were nearly full grown, under the old French monarchy. Secondly, he searches out, with admirable sagacity and discernment, those peculiarities in the condition of the people during the eighteenth century which not only prepared and produced the Revolution, but imparted to it the idiosyncratic features which distinguished it from all other political convulsions, and without a thorough knowledge of which its special significance, and its anomalous caprices and persistencies, can never be adequately comprehended. He makes us enter into the interior life of the various classes of which the French Nation consisted, as that life was during the preceding century, with the notions, the wants, the aspirations, which it inevitably generated. He shows us the peasants, with their cruel oppressions and their

vindictive passions; the nobles, retaining all their previous privileges, but deprived of all their power, and relieved from or deserting all their duties; the government, engrossing everything, but holding the reins rather than guiding or ruling, often kind in intention even when most burdensome in fact, and precipitating the Revolution still more by its imperfect and tardy virtue, than by its lingering and ineradicable vices; and literary men, led on to the wildest and most disturbing speculations by their severance from all practical action and their deprivation of all political power. We have a picture, convincingly and prophetically clear, of that destruction of all *class cohesion* — that dissolution of the entire nation into a mere crowd of unconnected units — which made the convulsion, when it did come, utterly unopposed and irresistible; — and in following the masterly sketch, line by line, as laid before us, we see as in a glass how inevitable that convulsion was, and how sweeping and destructive it became.

The excessive subdivision of land — the extent and popularity of peasant-proprietorship in France — has hitherto been commonly regarded as the work of the Revolution, which not only brought vast domains into the market, but enacted the law of equal inheritance. It appears now, however, that the peasant in France — unlike the peasantry in other continental countries — had long emerged from the state of serfdom, had the right of holding land in fee-simple, and was passionately attached to its possession. Twenty years, too, before the Revolution, the habit of the poor of investing all their savings in land, and thus running up its price to an exorbitant degree, had attracted the attention of contemporary observers; '*morcellement des terres*' had excited the uneasiness of both Turgot and Necker. Arthur Young mentions it as one of the most striking features of French communities, and Intendants of provinces report upon it as a 'disquieting' fact. In the cases in which M. de Tocqueville has been able to compare the number of proprietors existing in a given parish in 1790, he finds them to have reached one half, or sometimes two thirds, of the actual number now extant in a population more than one fourth larger.

Another fancied product of the Revolution of 1789 — administrative centralisation — M. de Tocqueville finds in full vigour nearly a century before that date. It is true, that the old feudal and provincial and mediæval authorities still existed and retained their ancient names; there were still governors of provinces, and mayors and syndics of villages, but they were throughout four-fifths of the country mere lifeless phantoms: their power had fallen into desuetude, and their duties were

discharged by other functionaries who had gradually grown up alongside of them, whose origin was scarcely known, and whose authority and field of activity was as undefined as it was unlimited. The seigneurs held formal courts; mayors and provosts went through certain formalities; parliaments and 'states' met and were prorogued; but the entire administrative government of France was carried on, as a controller-general of the finances described it, by thirty Intendants who held office directly from the crown, and communicated with their one central chief of Paris. The King's Council had ended by absorbing into itself and monopolising all legislative pretensions and all executive functions. The members of this council gave advice to the sovereign and carried out his decrees. They were seldom nobles; rarely gentlemen; sometimes lawyers, men of business, skilful managers, experienced intendants or stewards of great nobles, but generally *roturiers*. They constituted, in fact, a highly respectable and often able 'civil service,' — a central bureau of *employés*, who did the whole work of the Empire, while the nobles slumbered or sported on their exemptions, and the middle classes were intent upon their private gains or their paltry places. The Intendants of provinces, the subdelegates of districts, were the arms, the agents, the representatives to the nation, of this supreme, central, irresponsible council. They decided on the amount of the principal taxes and the mode in which these were to be levied; they arranged the conscription for the militia, and gave or refused exemptions; they ordered and superintended all roads and public works, except the meanest bye-paths; they maintained order by means of a special body of military police, called the *Maréchaussée*: they undertook the task of relieving the indigent in times of scarcity; they instructed, or feigned to instruct, the peasants in agricultural pursuits, and even commanded or forbade certain modes or articles of cultivation, according to their ignorance, their science, or their fancy. They held the whole population not only in subjection but in tutelage; engrossed everything, made themselves responsible for everything. The Council, moreover, not only issued ceaseless decrees, which had all the force of law though enacted only by the good pleasure of the king, but they took upon themselves to control and reverse the decisions of the courts of justice, whenever they pleased; and all causes involving a dispute between the crown and the people were reserved, with jealous exclusiveness, for their special tribunal.

It is from the correspondence of these provincial Intendants with their chiefs at Paris, that M. de Tocqueville has drawn a vast proportion of the new light which his work throws upon the

state of France under the old monarchy: and we cannot too strongly fix our attention upon the fact which he develops with such lucid fulness — that this new and central power had reduced to insignificance or nothingness all local powers, and had thus slain all provincial life and all municipal action — for to this more than to any other cause is attributable the sudden and avalanche-like character of the Revolution. In many towns and villages, the *forms* of ancient liberty and self-government remained, but they were corpses only, and not living frames, so that all attempts (and there were many such), made by the authorities to galvanise them into a semblance of real life, miserably and necessarily failed. The people were still summoned, as of yore, by sound of church bell, to elect their municipal officers, or transact some local business, but the mockery was too transparent, and the people could seldom be persuaded to lend themselves to the delusion.

‘This democratic assembly of the parish could indeed express its desires, but it had no more power to execute its will than the corporate bodies in the towns. It could not speak until its mouth had been opened, for the meeting could not be held without the express permission of the Intendant, and, to use the expression of those times, which adapted their language to the fact, “*under his good pleasure.*” Even if such a meeting were unanimous, it could neither levy a rate, nor sell, nor buy, nor let, nor sue, without the permission of the King’s Council. It was necessary to obtain a minute of Council to repair the damage caused by the wind to the church steeple, or to rebuild the falling gables of the parsonage. The rural parishes most remote from Paris were just as much subject to this rule as those nearest to the capital. I have found records of parochial memorials to the Council for leave to spend 25 livres.’ (Pp. 91, 92.)

Centralisation thus paved the way, by a three-fold operation, for the consequences which were so soon to follow: — It taught the people to look to the government as the source from which to expect everything, and therefore, by a logical and natural sequence, to throw on it all the blame of the wants which it did not supply and the sufferings which it could not relieve: — it untaught them at the same time those habits of self-reliance and self-management, and that practical experience and good sense which would have enabled them to use their freedom, when suddenly acquired, with wisdom and moderation; and it reduced to impotence, or deprived of vitality, all those independent powers and tenacious classes in the social hierarchy, which in the day of crisis might have stood between the throne and the populace, and retarded or softened the down-

fal of the monarchy. The soil had been prepared with consummate perversity of skill for the seed which was about to be dropped into it.

But, while this mischievous centralisation pervaded the greatest portion of the kingdom, M. de Tocqueville has brought to light the curious fact that in certain provinces called *pays d'états*, such as Languedoc, a wholly opposite system prevailed—a system so healthy in its character, and so satisfactory in its results, that its general adoption would in all likelihood have averted the catastrophe. It seems strange that such an anomaly should not either have been followed as an example, or crushed as an unendurable reproach. In Languedoc all the special abuses which are signalised in this volume as the causes of the Revolution were unknown. The province had its single Assembly, wherein nobles, clergy, and the *tiers-état* sat and worked in perfect harmony. This Assembly apportioned the taxes payable by the province, decided on the public works to be undertaken, carried them on with signal energy and still more signal impartiality, made canals, enlarged rivers, kept in order by-roads as well as high roads, and paid for the labour of the peasants employed on these works instead of executing them by forced requisitions. Nay, more: the very exemptions from taxation, which existed even in Languedoc, became less onerous and humiliating than elsewhere. The *taille* was there rather a real than a personal impost: it was levied, that is, on the property, not on the proprietor. Some properties (originally the possession of nobles) were exempt: these in course of time were purchased by *roturiers*, who thus inherited the exemption, and became of the number of the privileged. At the same time several of the nobles had become possessed of property formerly plebeian, and therefore subject to the tax: thus they inherited its liability and became, in spite of their nobility, contributors to the revenue. The injustice of the distinction remained, but its invidiousness was in a great measure done away.

Perhaps the circumstance which beyond all others contributed both to cause the Revolution and to give it its peculiar character, was the anomalous and unique relation held by the nobility of France to the cultivators of the soil; and the chapter in which M. de Tocqueville explains this relation is the most interesting and remarkable in the volume. The special task of the Revolution, in his view, was the sweeping away of all vestige of feudalism, which, though less vigorous and less burdensome in France than in any other country, had from that very circumstance become more intolerably odious.

The relations between the seigneur, or lord of the manor, and the peasant had gradually changed, till every trace of the original *idea* which gave to those relations propriety, significance, and sense was lost. The vivifying meaning, the defensible reality, was gone: the detestable formality, the rusty chains, alone remained. The *claims* of the feudal superiors survived in full force: the correlative duties which sanctioned those claims had long since been abandoned or neglected. In Germany, the position of Lord and Vassal was still existing: the latter worked for the former, and was protected, governed, judged by him. In England serfdom was at an end, but the noble and landed chief still administered the affairs of his district—did actual service, wielded actual power, commanded merited respect. But in France, the seigneur, while still possessing and enforcing all the most onerous rights over the labour and liberty of the cultivator of the soil, did nothing in return: his pecuniary claims remained—his political power and life had disappeared. His demands, therefore, had gradually assumed the hateful form of unwarrantable exactions: they resembled that worst sort of tithes—those levied by a clergy of a different creed. This was bad enough: but worse was behind. They were no longer levied on his own tenants or vassals, but on independent possessors of the land. For the French peasant had long been a *proprietor*: he had bought his estate or inherited it from his forefathers; he held it in fee-simple—yet he was daily called upon to satisfy rates and demands made by a man who was not his master, who did nothing for him, whom he never saw, and whose exemption from taxation made his own taxation the heavier,—whom, in fact, he knew only as a privileged extortioner.

The *corvée* still existed, though variously modified. The peasant proprietor was obliged to leave his own land to labour for so many days on the farm of the noble without recompense. He had to pay tolls on the seigneur's roads, and often to keep them in repair. The lord likewise levied dues on all fairs and markets. He alone might hunt and shoot, and keep pigeons, which fed upon the peasants' corn. The peasant proprietor was compelled to send his wheat to be ground at the lord's mill, and his grapes to be pressed at the lord's *pressoir*. He could not buy or sell an acre of land without paying a fine to this invisible but omnipresent lord. All these things only formed a part of the oppressions of the one party and the exactions of the other. If the cultivator had been a tenant or a vassal, he would scarcely have felt them: they would have been a part of his rent. If the noble had also been his feudal lord, a sort of paternal

master who cared for him and governed him, they would have been a sort of homage cheerfully rendered. But he was himself sole owner of the soil, and his seigneur was in the majority of cases only a sort of oppressive abstraction—brought home to his business and bosom by the periodical visits of the tax-gathering steward.

‘When an aristocracy possesses not only privileges but powers, when it governs and administers the country, its private rights may be at once more extensive and less perceptible. In the feudal times, the nobility were regarded pretty much as the government is regarded in our own; the burdens they imposed were endured in consideration of the security they afforded. The nobles had many irksome privileges; they possessed many onerous rights; but they maintained public order, they administered justice, they caused the law to be executed, they came to the relief of the weak, they conducted the business of the community. In proportion as the nobility ceased to do these things the burden of their privileges appeared more oppressive, and their existence became an anomaly.

‘Picture to yourself a French peasant of the eighteenth century, or, I might rather say, the peasant now before your eyes, for the man is the same; his condition is altered, but not his character. Take him as he is described in the documents I have quoted — so passionately enamoured of the soil, that he will spend all his savings to purchase it, and to purchase it at any price. To complete this purchase he must first pay a tax, not to the government, but to other landowners of the neighbourhood, as unconnected as himself with the administration of public affairs, and hardly more influential than he is. He possesses it at last; his heart is buried in it with the seed he sows. This little nook of ground, which is his own in this vast universe, fills him with pride and independence. But again these neighbours call him from his furrow, and compel him to come to work for them without wages. He tries to defend his young crops from their game; again they prevent him. As he crosses the river they wait for his passage to levy a toll. He finds them at the market, where they sell him the right of selling his own produce; and when, on his return home, he wants to use the remainder of his wheat for his own sustenance — of that wheat which was planted by his hands, and has grown under his eyes — he cannot touch it till he has ground it at the mill and baked it at the bakehouse of these same men. A portion of the income of his little property is paid away in quit-rents to them also, and these dues can neither be extinguished nor redeemed.

‘Whatever he does, these troublesome neighbours are everywhere on his path, to disturb his happiness, to interfere with his labour, to consume his profits; and when these are dismissed, others in the black garb of the Church present themselves to carry off the clearest profit of his harvest. Picture to yourself the condition, the wants, the character, the passions of this man, and compute, if you are able, the stores of hatred and of envy which are accumulated in his heart.’
Pp. 54-6.)

Such was the origin of that fierce and inveterate desire for EQUALITY, which, of all the passions which agitate and govern the French people, is probably the most deep-rooted, the most universal, and the most fatal. We have seen what were the privileges of the nobility, how intensely inequitable, how indefensibly anomalous, how perversely and ingeniously irritating. The matter was made still worse by the poverty of many of these nobles: they had become yearly poorer, while the middle classes had been growing yearly richer; till, at last many of them possessed no land at all, but lived solely on the produce of their seigniorial rights and feudal exactions. But their exemptions and privileges continued intact, and became only more galling from the incongruity; and the gulf between them and the wealthy *roturiers*, though ludicrously narrow, was yet as impassable as ever. The middle class, therefore, hated the feudal noble just as ferociously as the peasant, though for a somewhat different reason.

But this was not all. The middle classes treated the peasants and artisans with the same haughty disdain—the same insolent *esprit des privilèges*—which they themselves experienced from the nobility. They, too, had their privileges and exemptions, and would not associate with any craftsman even in the simplest municipal arrangements for their common interest. Of course they were repaid with detestation all the deeper for its enforced suppression. But there was more still to fill up the cup of mutual animosity. The citizens themselves, the notables of the towns, were divided into infinite sub-castes and guilds, each having its own special privilege or exemption, and guarding it with insane jealousy, just in proportion to its triviality.

‘I have counted,’ says M. de Tocqueville, ‘not less than thirty-six of these bodies among the chief citizens of a small town. All of them were separated from each other by some diminutive privileges, the least honourable of which was still a mark of honour. Between them raged incessant disputes for precedence. The intendant, and even the courts of justice, were distracted by their quarrels. “It has just been decided that holy-water is to be offered to the “magistrates (*le présidial*) before it is offered to the corporation. The “Parliament hesitated, but the King has called up the affair to his Council, and decided it himself. It was high time; this question had “thrown the whole town into a ferment.” If one of these bodies obtained precedence over another in the General Assembly of Notables, the latter instantly withdrew, and preferred abandoning altogether the public business of the community rather than submit to an outrage on its dignity.—The body of periwig-makers of the town of La Flèche decided “that it would express in this manner its “well-founded grief occasioned by the precedence which had been

"granted to the bakers." A portion of the notables of another town obstinately refused to perform their office, because, as the intendant reported, "some artisans have been introduced into the Assembly, with whom the principal burgesses cannot bear to be associated." (Pp. 174, 175.)

But we have not yet exhausted the list of the privileged classes in France in the eighteenth century. There were the countless *placemen*, perhaps the most odious of all. The passion for office was as widely spread and as insatiable then as now. It was principally manifested by the middle classes, and was a main source of revenue to the state. Existing offices were put up to sale, and new ones were created as purchasers were found or were wanted. Between 1693 and 1709 it is calculated that 40,000 places were made and disposed of, chiefly to the *petite bourgeoisie*. In 1750, a single small provincial town counted 109 judicial, and 126 executive placemen. To obtain some petty post under Government was the main object of the thirsty ambition of every *roturier* who could scrape together money enough to purchase it.

One thing more to complete the wretched but instructive picture. The most universal as the most valued of the privileges enjoyed by all these various classes was exemption more or less complete from taxation. The nobles, ancient and recent, paid no direct taxes at all; or when they paid any, the assessment was so inequitably laid as nearly to amount to an exemption. Thousands of trivial places under Government exempted their holders some from one onerous contribution to the revenue, some from another. Hence, in part, the passionate eagerness with which they were sought, and the high price which was given for them. So vastly had they been multiplied by the recurring necessities and the short-sighted policy of the State, that the number of persons exempted among the middle classes was considered as large as that among the nobility. Of course in precise proportion to the augmentation of the classes who did not contribute to the revenue was the increased pressure upon those who did; taxation became heavier at the same time that those who paid it became fewer; till at length nearly the whole fiscal burdens of the country were borne by the cultivators of the soil—day labourers or plebeian proprietors as might be. Inequality thus came before the town classes in its most odious and defenceless shape; it was not inequality of rank,—it was not inequality of talent,—it was not inequality of social condition,—it was simply inequality of pecuniary burdens and of civil privileges, warranted by no presentable plea, justified by no real difference between man and man. He who paid

taxes and he who did not were often dissimilar in that alone. Thus it came about that fierce envy was aggravated and engrained by a rankling sense of injustice in the breast of every untitled and undecorated Frenchman; and that the whole people resolved, as one man, when their day of retribution and of power arrived, that—come what might—whatever else they were, they would henceforth be EQUAL: whether alike in servitude or alike in freedom mattered comparatively little.

M. de Tocqueville has signalised in few words and with great precision the three points of distinction between the English and the French aristocracies in their relations with the other classes of the community, to which must be attributed the harmony which exists between these classes in the one country and the mutual animosity which severed them in the other. In France the *gentilhomme* was divided from the *roturier* by the most distinct and the most odious of all barriers of demarcation—liability to imposts: the whole burden of taxation was laid upon the shoulders least able to bear it; the rich and great were exempted—the visits of the revenue collector vexed the poor and the obscure alone. In England, on the contrary, for many centuries, taxation has fallen indiscriminately upon noble and simple: the great man pays in a proportion more or less accurate, but still in proportion, to his wealth; and for a long period, whatever exemptions have been made are all in favour of the poor. Again: the French noblesse had, as we have seen, lost or surrendered by degrees all their special functions while retaining all their special immunities; they had forfeited their political existence while retaining their existence as a social caste; they had ceased to be an aristocracy while continuing to be a nobility. They neither ruled the people, nor led them, nor protected them. The original ground and meaning of their separate life had been swept from under them: it had become an anomaly and a lie. The English aristocracy, on the other hand, whether Peers or merely gentlemen, still did the work and held the reins of Government: they still grasped with jealous tenacity all the powers of the State; they ruled, administered, legislated, and for the most part without pay; they alone were justices, members of parliament, ministers, generals, lord-lieutenants of counties.

‘Unquestionably the English aristocracy is of a haughtier nature than that of France, and less disposed to mingle familiarly with those who live in a humbler condition; but the obligations of its own rank imposed that duty upon it. *It submitted that it might command.* For centuries no inequality of taxation has existed in England, except such exemptions as have been successively introduced for the

relief of the indigent classes. Observe to what results different political principles may lead nations so nearly contiguous! In the eighteenth century the poor man in England enjoyed the privilege of exemption from taxation; the rich in France. In one country, the aristocracy has taken upon itself the heaviest public burdens, in order to retain the government of the State; in the other, the aristocracy retained to the last exemption from taxation as a compensation for the loss of political power.' (P. 150.)

A third advantage which the English aristocracy have long enjoyed over that of France is, in M. de Tocqueville's opinion, not that its ranks are more accessible to men of plebeian origin, but that the rank itself is undefined. In France, as in England, the sovereign could ennoble whom he pleased, but the new nobles were even more hated than the old. The power of conferring nobility, frequently as it was exercised in later times, never in the least degree broke down the barriers between the two classes, or softened the feelings with which those without regarded those within the pale; because the moment a man stepped across the line of demarcation, he became separated by a wide and clear gulf from those out of whose ranks he had sprung. In England, on the contrary, the only privileged body of men are the peers of the realm, and their privileges are purely political. Between them and the rest of the aristocracy or gentry, there is no other definable distinction, often no social distinction whatever. The father or brother is a noble; the son or brother, though equally a *gentleman*, is a simple commoner. Again, between the gentleman by birth — the man of family, and the gentleman by courtesy — the unauthorised assumer of that title, there is often no marked or perceptible distinction, social or personal. The latter is often the equal if not the superior of the former in wealth and education, and sometimes in manners also. The patrician and the plebeian meet and mingle, like light and darkness, in a broad belt of twilight, whose ending or beginning no man can fix within precise limits. The nobles of England are not envied, not because any man may be made a peer, but because any man may make himself a gentleman. However humble his origin, as soon as he has property and culture sufficient to prevent the assumption from being too flagrantly ridiculous, he may write 'Esquire' after his name, and no one will interfere to say him nay. He injures no one, because he gains no immunity by his rank. His son, at least, if not himself, may sit at any table, fight any lord, marry into any family. No one of common sense feels soured or embittered by the existence of a class whose privileges, for the most part, are purely

nominal, and may be attained by any one,—and which, when more than nominal, involve toils and burdens as well as power. Nay, in spite of that passion for equality, which has for more than sixty years agitated and influenced the people of France, we suspect that the practical, social equality of educated people is more complete and undisputed in England than it is in France. Even now, nothing is more rare than an alliance by marriage between a member of the French aristocracy and a person of inferior social condition—to a woman especially, such an alliance would be almost impossible; nor do the sons of the French upper classes mingle, as they do with us, in the professions of the Church and the Bar. In this country, on the contrary, marriages, professional pursuits, and political life are continually blending together all the upper ranks of society, whether they owe their position to birth, to wealth, or to intelligence.

After showing the mode in which the suppression of local liberties and the deprivation of provincial and seigniorial power had gradually induced the nobles, great and small, to abandon the country and seek the gay pleasures and the low ambitions of the town and the court, and had severed them from the peasants whose feelings and grievances they no longer shared,—thus causing a moral, which was even worse than material, absenteeism,—M. de Tocqueville proceeds to draw a frightful picture of the increased fiscal oppression which fell upon the cultivators of the soil, who had no longer any superiors or benevolent neighbours to live among them or to witness and alleviate their sufferings. We cannot follow him through this description. The *taille* had been increased tenfold during the last two centuries, and almost entirely at the expense of the peasant. Forced labour was applied not only to all roads, but to the building of public works and even of barracks. The collector, whose task was to apportion and collect the imposts in each parish, had to do it for nothing, and was usually ruined by the appointment; but he had power enough to injure and oppress his neighbours. Agriculture was stationary or retrograde, according as the variable and inequitable burdens upon it were augmented. Altogether the social and moral condition of the several classes had become such that it could no longer exist—such that no one could even wish to prolong so unsatisfactory and unblessed an existence.

It remains to consider two other influences which both hastened and coloured the coming change in a remarkable degree. But before proceeding to these, we wish to make one observation in passing. In a country where glaring inequali-

ties, galling restrictions, and manifold injustices are upheld or recognised by legislation, a compulsory provision for the poor at the cost of the rich is not only a righteous and just charge on property, but such a provision is, under ordinary circumstances, a most efficient safeguard against social convulsions, at once by preserving the indigent from those worst extremes of suffering which lead to violence, and by interesting the rich and the great, not casually merely, but continuously, in the condition of the poor and the humble. This link of mutual interest between the higher and lower classes was wanting in France under the old monarchy—and indeed is still most imperfectly supplied in that country. For though the State, to a certain extent and under specified circumstances, steps in to secure the poor against absolute destitution, yet the essential value of a poor-law as a safeguard and a bond of union depends upon its local character—as a tax levied on local property and administered by the authorities of the parish or the municipality. Before 1789, in France the destitute had no recognised claim to relief; in periods of terrible scarcity they were indeed assisted by eleemosynary gifts, chiefly from the central power; but they were not a burden on the possessions of the seigneur or the wealthy resident, which could not be shaken off, and which therefore these parties had a special motive for mitigating by a timely and kindly vigilance. It is difficult to say how far the course of events would have been changed, had this single condition been altered.

Other writers on this fascinating period of history have dwelt much on the part which the literary men of France took in bringing about the Revolution; it was reserved for M. de Tocqueville to point with discriminating finger to the peculiar nature of their influence and the causes of its signal strength. This influence not only bore a large share in accelerating the grand catastrophe, but imprinted upon it when it came its remarkable features of sweeping destructiveness and theoretical extremes. Probably in no country in Europe, during the early and middle portion of the eighteenth century, were literary tastes and culture so widely spread among the higher classes as in France. Authors had already great influence and a wide arena; all subjects were open to them; speculation on political science was a favourite theme, not only in books devoted ostensibly to such matters, but incidentally also, in nearly every class of productions; and these topics were as welcome to readers as to writers. But here came the peculiarity. These authors were all closet-philosophers; they dwelt, and had always dwelt, apart from the correcting practice of administrative life; and

would probably have rather looked down upon one of their number who had condescended to treat of the details of governmental action. Hence, they dealt rather with the foundation than with the superstructure, amused themselves more with investigations into the origin of society than with disquisitions on its existing forms, and gave an undue preference to what they termed the natural rights of man over the precise and limited rights of citizens. They constructed Utopias in place of reforming laws; a far easier, safer, and more entertaining task. 'The one pervading idea which characterised all their productions, however diverse in other respects, being' (as M. de Tocqueville observes) 'the propriety of substituting simple and elementary rules, derived from pure reason and natural law, for the complicated customs and traditional forms which they found established.'

They had probably little notion of ever seeing — perhaps they never desired to see — any attempt to carry their abstract conceptions into actual life. But there were many reasons why those attractive speculative pictures should have taken firmer hold of the popular fancy in France than elsewhere, and at that conjuncture than at any previous epoch. Of these causes the severance of high intellect from public life was the most influential. In England, political writers had for the most part been actors in the strife or at least close spectators of it, and associates of those who waged it. Algernon Sydney was a patriot and a martyr to the cause of political liberty. Andrew Marvel was a member of Parliament for many years. Locke was the intimate friend of Lord Shaftesbury. Halifax was the leading statesman of his time. Later on, Swift was in daily intercourse with ministers; Steele was in Parliament; Addison was Secretary of State; so was Bolingbroke; Johnson was a partisan pamphleteer; Hume, though more of a recluse, had learnt experience and moderation as an historian of party annals; and the recluse Gibbon had sat in Parliament and served as a Lord of Trade, and in the Hampshire militia. In France, the corresponding cases were few or none. In England, the only man who wrote nonsense at all analogous to that of Rousseau was, like him, wholly ignorant of actual life—we mean Godwin.

'It was not by chance that the philosophers of the eighteenth century thus coincided in entertaining notions so opposed to those which still served as bases to the society of their time: these ideas had been naturally suggested to them by the aspect of the society which they had all before their eyes. The sight of so many unjust or absurd privileges, the burden of which was more and more felt whilst their cause was less and less understood, urged, or rather

precipitated the minds of one and all to 'the idea of the natural equality of man's condition. Whilst they looked upon so many strange and irregular institutions, born of other times, which no one had attempted either to bring into harmony with each other or to adapt to modern wants, and which appeared likely to perpetuate their existence though they had lost their worth, they learned to abhor what was ancient and traditional, and naturally became desirous of re-constructing the social edifice of their day upon an entirely new plan — a plan which each one traced solely by the light of his reason.

'These writers were predisposed, by their own position, to relish general and abstract theories upon the subject of government, and to place in them the blindest confidence. The almost immeasurable distance at which they lived from practical duties afforded them no experience to moderate the ardour of their character; nothing warned them of the obstacles which the actual state of things might oppose to reforms, however desirable. They had no idea of the perils which always accompany the most needful revolutions; they had not even a presentiment of them, for the complete absence of all political liberty, had the effect of rendering the transaction of public affairs not only unknown to them, but even invisible. They were neither employed in those affairs themselves, nor could they see what those employed in them were doing. They were consequently destitute of that superficial instruction which the sight of a free community, and the tumult of its discussions, bestow even upon those who are least mixed up with government. Thus they became far more bold in innovation; more fond of generalising and of systems, more disdainful of the wisdom of antiquity, and still more confident in their individual reason, than is commonly to be seen in authors who write speculative books on politics.' (Pp. 256-8.)

It was natural and even inevitable that the Utopian conceptions of such writers should be received with enthusiasm by those of the inferior classes whom they reached: the readers were as ignorant and unpractised as the writers; and their wrongs and wretchedness predisposed them to listen, with a fierce and eager joy, to declamations on universal justice and natural right. There was not a tax-payer, aggrieved by the unequal distribution of the *taille*, who did not get excited at the idea that all men were naturally equal; not a peasant-proprietor, whose fields were devastated by the rabbits of the neighbouring *gentilhomme*, who did not delight to be told that all privileges, indiscriminately, were condemned by sound reason. It is still more remarkable, that the nobility were as fascinated as the lower orders by these disturbing doctrines; they adopted them and preached them, never dreaming of a practical application; they in a manner played with them as ingenious *jeux d'esprit*; high-born ladies, whose lives were the *ne plus ultra* of

artificial mannerism and heartless dissipation, and who had scarcely a natural taste or sentiment that was not smothered by conventionalism, sighed and wept over the Arcadian pictures of the 'Nouvelle' Héloïse, and the 'Essai sur l'Inégalité des Conditions'; it became the fashion to talk Rousseau and the 'Contrat Social'; and hundreds who were gorged with immunities, and fat with the produce of oppressive privileges, were heard to discourse with serene conviction of the absurdity of artificial distinctions and the anomaly of rights not more baseless than their own.

There was, however, one class of writers of a very different character and tone from that of the speculators on political abstractions, though their influence ultimately tended in the same direction, and gave the finishing touch to the peculiar colouring of the Revolution of 1789. The 'Economists' were, for the most part, men of practical ability, and even of administrative experience and skill. They had not a dream of political liberty or individual right. They were enamoured of a system and a theory. Their idol was uniformity. They worshipped the conception of a wise, enlightened, benevolent centralised despotism. The 'interest of the State' was to override everything. The wisdom and power of the State were to superintend and order everything. These men were administrative reformers, as the others were organic reformers. They were sincere, passionate, dogmatic, philanthropic despots—bearing a startling resemblance to the Socialists of to-day, and the 'organisateurs de travail' of 1848. But they had as little respect as the literary philosophers for the existing and the ancient: both, as Burke says, had arrived at that point of irreverence, that they looked upon their country as a *carte blanche*, on which they might engrave their several plans and write their several names without let or hindrance. The two classes differed in their theories; but they agreed to perfection in the rash, extreme, disrespectful, autocratic action for which they prepared the nation, as soon as it had power to act. Accordingly, we find a remarkable conformity between the conduct of the people and the instructions of their teachers.

'A study of the history of the French Revolution will show that it was carried on precisely in that same spirit which has caused so many abstract books to be written on Government. There was the same attraction towards general theories, complete systems of legislation, and exact symmetry in the laws—the same contempt of existing facts—the same reliance upon theory—the same love of the original, the ingenious, and the novel in institutions—the same desire to reconstruct, all at once, the entire constitution by the rules of logic,

and upon a single plan, rather than to seek to amend it in its parts. The spectacle was an alarming one; for that which is a merit in a writer is often a fault in a statesman: and the same things which have often caused great books to be written, may lead to great revolutions.' (P. 269.)

Only in a country where the condition of society was as much out of joint as it was in France, could mere literary men have exercised so fatal and predominant an influence. But there they ruled without a rival. They were the sole guides and leaders of opinion. The two classes which, in more healthy communities, share this function with speculative writers, the Aristocracy and the Clergy, were at this period in France utterly discredited and almost without influence. The nobles, in losing their political position, had also lost their moral weight; and were, besides, as we have seen, in a relation of universal antagonism to all below them: they succumbed, therefore, to the new power, instead of countervailing or resisting it. The clergy, too, were so associated, in the minds of the people, with all the most odious abuses of privilege and power; the practice of their lives corresponded so little to the grandeur and beauty of their doctrine; their whole existence, as an institution, had so derogated from its original significance and vivifying sanction, that their power over men's minds was gone. The Press — in all that related to the formation and guidance of public opinion — thus rose into the position of the 'Fourth Estate,' and became, virtually, mightier than the other three.

No chapters of M. de Tocqueville's work are more original or more startling than those in which he explains how the rapid increase in the wealth, prosperity, activity, and welfare of the people during the thirty years preceding the Revolution, and the sincere and earnest efforts of the Government to promote this improvement, hastened the catastrophe. About the middle of the century, an unwonted stir and movement became perceptible throughout the land. The whole nation seemed to be awakening as from a lethargy, in which private men and public authorities shared alike. Individuals became active in commercial enterprise. Government became energetic in public works. Societies for the improvement of agriculture were formed and encouraged. Intendants of provinces busied themselves strangely with projects for developing the resources, and assisting the industry of their several districts. Canals and roads were constructed. Many fiscal ameliorations were introduced to lessen and adjust more equally the burden of taxation among all who by law were subject to it. Population and revenue alike increased. Everyone became better off; but

became more and more discontented precisely in the same proportion. For a long time people had been hopeless, and therefore apathetic. Now, they began to dream of the possibility of a better future; then to long for it; then to be sanguine of it, and to fancy it easily within their reach; finally, to clamour for it, insist upon it, rise in arms to seize it.

‘It is not always by going from bad to worse that a country falls into a revolution. It happens most frequently that a people, which had supported the most crushing laws without complaint, and apparently as if they were unfelt, throws them off with violence as soon as the burden begins to be diminished. The state of things destroyed by a revolution is almost always somewhat better than that which immediately preceded it; and experience has shown that the most dangerous moment for a bad government is usually that when it enters upon the work of reform. Nothing short of great political genius can save a sovereign who undertakes to relieve his subjects after a long period of oppression. The evils which were endured with patience so long as they were inevitable seem intolerable as soon as a hope can be entertained of escaping from them. The abuses which are removed seem to lay bare those which remain, and to render the sense of them more acute; the evil has decreased, it is true, but the perception of the evil is more keen.’ (P. 323.)

Another cause which helps to explain the apparent anomaly is this:—In proportion as the Government became more active and enterprising, and undertook to aid the development of industry by a more liberal expenditure on public works, it became a borrower to a larger amount. The number of its agents, of its creditors, of those who had pecuniary connexions with it of one kind or another, increased year by year. Year by year, therefore, a greater and more important and energetic body of its subjects were affected by the financial abuses and mismanagement which still prevailed to a ruinous extent, and became clamorous for a prompt and radical change of system; and in proportion as they grew more numerous, they grew more impatient likewise.

‘For the love of speculation, the thirst for wealth, the taste for comfort, having grown and extended in proportion to the business transacted, the same evils which they might have endured thirty years before without complaint, now appeared altogether insupportable.’ (P. 327.)

Thus it came to pass that the monied classes, the merchants, the public creditors—those classes, in short, which in other countries are the most averse to rash changes, the most suspicious of political novelties, the most timidly and sensitively hostile to anything like radical reforms—were precisely those

which in France insisted most fiercely and impatiently for such a thorough fiscal reorganisation as must inevitably entail a general convulsion. Those who are elsewhere the most conservative became here, in virtue of their immediate interests, the most discontented and revolutionary.

But this was not all. About the same period,—many years, that is, previous to 1790,—a new-born spirit of benevolence and consideration towards the poor began to show itself, not only in the breast of the monarch, and of the agents of his Government, but among the privileged and superior classes. They seemed to awake to the conception that ‘property has duties as well as rights.’ They opened their eyes—as it were suddenly—to the fact of the oppressions and sufferings to which the peasants had long been subjected, and appear to have been not a little startled and shocked at what they saw. They expressed themselves upon the matter, in language in which sincere compassion and benevolence blended, in the utmost simplicity, with great unconsciousness of their own sins and a certain implied contempt for the inferior people. They speak of the masses almost as of the lower animals, whom it was incumbent upon them not to ill-use, and who ought to be treated better than they had been, but not at all as creatures having any rights or any power of enforcing them. The King, the Intendants, and the provincial assemblies, addressing each other or exhorting the privileged and the rich, speak and write about the wrongs of the people, as if the people did not hear them, but in a manner which, as it *was* heard and seen—being indeed embodied constantly in the most popular documents—could not fail to inflame and exasperate, as well as to justify, the popular indignation. They denounce their own conduct, and the conduct of each other, towards the middle and lower classes, in language as strong and unmeasured as could have been employed by the most mischievous and malignant demagogue. The King, in the preamble of a decree, issued thirteen years before the Revolution, designed to abolish the *corvée*, declares ‘that almost all roads have been made by the gratuitous labour of the poorest part of our subjects. Thus the whole burden has fallen on those who possess nothing but their hands, and who are interested only in a secondary degree in the maintenance of roads: those really interested are the landowners, nearly all exempt, whose estates are increased in value by the construction of the public ways. By forcing the poor to keep them up unaided, and compelling them to give their time and labour without remuneration, they are deprived of their sole resource against want and hunger, because they are unable to labour for

‘the profit of the rich.’ In like manner when Louis XVI. wished to abolish guilds, he pronounces, ‘the right to labour to be the ‘most sacred of all possessions; that every law infringing this ‘violates natural justice, and ought to be considered *ipso facto* ‘null and void; and that the existing corporations are grotesque ‘and tyrannical institutions, the result of selfishness, avarice, and ‘violence.’ Dangerous words, but still more dangerous that they should have been pronounced without effect.

The language employed in times of scarcity, was even more rash and exciting still. In order to stimulate the charity of the rich, one intendant speaks of ‘the injustice and insensibility of the proprietors, who, though owing all they possess ‘to the labour of the poor, suffer these very poor to die of ‘hunger at the moment when they are exhausting themselves ‘to augment their landlords’ profits.’ The King is not behind-hand with similar denunciations. ‘His Majesty is determined ‘to defend the people against manœuvres which expose them to ‘the want of the most needful sustenance, by forcing them to ‘give their labour for any wages the rich please to offer. The ‘King will not suffer one portion of his subjects to be sacrificed ‘to the cupidity of the other.’ Nor were the upper classes in their salons, or the provincial assemblies in their published documents, at all backward in admitting and denouncing the unjust and grasping conduct under which the masses had groaned for so many generations.

‘The Provincial Assembly of Lower Normandy said, in 1787, “We have too frequently seen the money destined by the King for roads serve only to increase the prosperity of the rich without any benefit to the people. It has often been employed to render the approach to a country mansion more pleasing instead of making a more convenient entrance to a town or village.”’ (P. 336.)

But the strangest specimen of this sincere but imprudent sympathy is to be found in a circular (one of many) signed, in the name of a provincial assembly, by an abbé, a great lord, three nobles and a *bourgeois*, desiring the syndics of the several parishes to assemble the peasants and inquire what are their complaints against the mode in which the taxes are assessed and levied. ‘We know (they say) in a general manner that the ‘greater number of the taxes, especially the *taille* and the *gabelle* ‘operate disastrously on the condition of the agriculturist, but ‘we are anxious to understand the abuses connected with them ‘more particularly.’ The circular went on to ask the number of privileged persons in the parish, whether nobles, clergymen, or *roturiers*, and the precise nature of their exemptions; the value

of these exempted properties ; the residence or non-residence of their owners ; the amount of ecclesiastical or mortmain lands, &c. Not only this : the circular further ordered *a calculation of the amount of taxation which would fall upon the privileged parties supposing there were no exemptions!* As M. de Tocqueville remarks, 'c'était inflammer chaque homme en particulier par le récit de ses misères, lui en désigner du doigt les auteurs, l'enhardir par la vue de leur petit nombre, et pénétrer jusqu'au fond de son cœur pour y allumer la cupidité, l'envie, et la haine.'

Louis XVI. paved the way for the Revolution, not only by his earnest benevolence and the reforms which that benevolence induced him to permit or to inaugurate, but as much perhaps by the despotic mode in which he endeavoured to carry his good designs into effect. In pursuing his objects, he never scrupled to infringe any civil right or any private property. His Government set the example, on a greater scale than any preceding one, of seizing whatever lands were needed for public improvements, and of postponing almost indefinitely the indemnification of the proprietors. This lesson of contempt for individual claims when the wants or interest of the state were concerned, was not lost upon the people, when they in their turn became despots. 'Ce qui accrut le mal' (observes M. de Tocqueville) 'fut précisément l'intention pure et désintéressée qui faisait agir le roi et ses ministres ; car il n'y a pas de plus dangereux exemple que celui de la violence exercée pour le bien et par les gens de bien.' Thus everything contributed to bring about the grand and sad catastrophe : — the vices of the old *régime* ; the tardy and imprudent, but most earnest endeavours to reform those vices ; the intolerable past ; the softened and ameliorated present ; the intoxicating visions of the future ; the abortive efforts of practical administrators ; a universal and inextinguishable hatred of all special privileges, because those privileges had ceased to have any meaning, mitigation, or justification ; oppression and injustice so complicated and inwoven with the social system as scarcely to be removeable by any skill without a shock that must convulse all existing things ; and a centralised Government, which had left no political entity or power between the people and the crown.

The remarkable and constant preference manifested by the French people for equality rather than liberty,—the salient fact that whereas, since the first great convulsion of 1789, the desire for the former has been universal, unvarying, and unconquerable, the taste for the latter has been only occasional, partial,

superficial, and easily suppressed or suffered to fall into abeyance,—the truth, in a word, that while the hatred of castes and privileges has always assumed and preserved the character of a *passion*, the love of free institutions has rarely got beyond a lukewarm and transient fancy,—constitutes a phenomenon which could not fail to occupy M. de Tocqueville's most earnest attention, and his observations upon it should be carefully studied. We have already traced the causes which gave birth to the love of equality and fostered it into a fanaticism so fierce that it would take no denial, would accept any contest, and would pay any price. We have seen that long previous to 1789 the nation had come to be not only ruled, but guided, fettered, tutored, assisted in its simplest actions, led by the hand in its most trivial movements, by a centralised and not ill-intentioned bureaucracy which penetrated every corner of the land, and pervaded every relation of civil life. We have seen, too, that the economists, the radical reformers, of France, not only never dreamed of regarding this bureaucracy as an enemy or an obstacle to the improvements they desired and planned, but actually cherished its radiating despotism as their greatest auxiliary, and the surest instrument of those improvements. We know now, and so do our neighbours,—for sixty years of convulsive struggles after the impossible have taught them—that such an administrative system, though no bar to the most searching and beneficent reforms, and quite compatible with the most remorseless and universal equality, can by no ingenuity be reconciled with institutions which embody and secure freedom, nor can it be forced into coexistence with them for more than a few brief and fleeting periods. But when the States General were summoned, this truth had not made its way into the minds of the innovators. The speculations and discussions which had been long afloat had familiarised the minds of men with ideas far beyond that of redress and reform: the desire to be well-governed was mingled with another still more fascinating, which for awhile threw it into the background—the desire to govern and to guide themselves. Political observers confirmed the wish which political theorizers had created; and the example of England and America was enthusiastically held up for admiration by statesmen and writers, who forgot to mark that both in England and America centralisation was a thing alien and unknown. The great leaders of that time loved liberty heartily, and many of them loved it for itself and not for the blessings believed to follow in its train. They felt themselves and believed their countrymen sincere and magnanimous enough to deserve free

institutions, and to be able to wield them; but the result showed that centralisation was a plant of older growth and of deeper root than liberty, and that the habits of the inveterate past were more powerful over men's minds than even the influence of the new divinity. Constitution has succeeded constitution, government has supplanted government, revolution after revolution has swept over the surface of the soil and sometimes cut deep into its substance, but since 1789, the old administrative organisation, ready to the hand of each, has been scarcely touched or modified by any.

'Several times, from the commencement of the Revolution to the present day, the passion of liberty has been seen in France to expire, to revive—and then to expire again, again to revive. Thus will it long be with a passion so inexperienced and ill-directed, so easily discouraged, alarmed, and vanquished; a passion so superficial and so transient. During the whole of this period, the passion for equality has never ceased to occupy that deep-seated place in the hearts of the French people which it was the first to seize: it clings to the feelings they cherish most fondly. Whilst the love of freedom frequently changes its aspect, wanes and waxes, grows or declines with the course of events, that other passion is still the same, ever attracted to the same object with the same obstinate and indiscriminating ardour, ready to make any sacrifice to those who allow it to sate its desires, and to furnish to a government which will favour and will flatter it, the habits, the opinions, and the laws which Despotism requires to enable it to reign.' (P. 383.)

The truth is—and M. de Tocqueville has not shrunk from stating it with courageous distinctness—that the love of liberty was never felt in its purity and simplicity by any but the more enlightened and exceptional spirits of the French nation: with the mass of Frenchmen it was a *derivative* and not a *primary* passion: freedom was desired for its supposed results, not for its intrinsic value—for what it would bring, not for what it was;—it was sought for as a means of ensuring the blessing of good and just government—not as a blessing in itself so precious as to be cheap at the price of many blunders and of much misgovernment—of some injustice, of unceasing vigilance, of occasional turmoil, agitation, and convulsion. The goddess was loved not for her beauty, but for her dower. The gospel was followed for the loaves and fishes. But, as our author expounds in a passage of remarkable and masculine eloquence, the love of independence and self-government, which has its origin merely in an angry sense of the evils of oppression, is never durable; because despotism may reform those evils, or remove their pressure from the masses, as well as freedom, and in some cases more promptly and more easily. The desire for liberty which

springs from the thirst for material well-being has an existence alike transient and precarious, because though freedom alone can permanently procure prosperity and wealth to a people, prosperity and wealth are by no means always the *first* fruits of freedom, and despotism may often be wise and vigorous enough to confer them for a time. If any large proportion of M. de Tocqueville's countrymen shared the noble and spirit-stirring sentiments we are about to quote, there could be little fear for France's future, and little likelihood of the long duration of her present.

'That which at all times has so strongly attached the affection of certain men is the attraction of freedom itself, its native charms independent of its gifts—the pleasure of speaking, acting, and breathing without restraint, under no master but God and the law. He who seeks in freedom aught but herself is fit only to serve.

'There are nations which have indefatigably pursued her through every sort of peril and hardship. They loved her not for her material gifts; they regard herself as a gift so precious and so necessary that no other could console them for the loss of that which consoles them for the loss of everything else. Others grow weary of freedom in the midst of their prosperities; they allow her to be snatched without resistance from their hands, lest they should sacrifice by an effort that well-being which she had bestowed upon them. For them to remain free, nothing was wanting but a taste for freedom. I attempt no analysis of that lofty sentiment to those who feel it not. It enters of its own accord into the large hearts God has prepared to receive it; it fills them, it enraptures them; but to the meaner minds which have never felt it, it is past finding out.' (P. 309.)

It may seem ungracious, where so much has been given, to feel the want of more, but there is one omission in this volume which, we hope, M. de Tocqueville may be induced to supply in a subsequent edition. Nothing is said upon the intellectual and moral education of the upper classes of France under the old monarchy; yet few things could have exercised a more potent influence on the Revolution. Not only did that event indirectly take its rise and derive many of its peculiar features from the character of the higher classes, (including under that denomination all the noble and the cultivated,) but these classes took an active and a leading part in its earlier stages. Few popular assemblies have contained a greater number of men remarkable both for talents and acquirements, and the result which we call character, than the States General and the Constituent Assembly. They gave its special lustre and its lofty promise to the opening years of that great political experiment; they shed over it the halo of their genius; they stamped it with the

guarantee of their wide knowledge and sometimes of their strong sense; they redeemed its follies by their high-minded eloquence and wisdom; and when they fell, all that was noble, wise, or sober fell with them. Their views were often Utopian; their practical experience often imperfect or absolutely deficient; and their rashness often headstrong and unpardonable; but in all the higher qualities of intelligence and virtue they had no successors among those who followed them in the subsequent progress of that mighty movement. Mr. Macaulay somewhere makes the observation, that there is usually a wide difference between the men who make revolutions and the men whom revolutions make—between those who originate and those who spring out of them;—and this discrepancy was never more remarkably displayed than in the various phases of the Revolution of 1789. Its initiators were 'darkly wise' and irregularly, but still unquestionably, great: its products and continuators were for the most part insane or ferocious dwarfs. It would have been especially interesting to have known the early training of the men thus sharply distinguished from their successors in the same career. In all probability we should find that, amid much frivolity and dissipation, their youth had been nourished by the perennial sources of generous and humane lore, that they had drunk deep of the Greek and Roman springs, and had sat as reverent pupils at the feet of the immortal Past.

Perhaps, among all its excellences, the characteristic which gives to the work of M. de Tocqueville its especial charm, is the proof, perceptible in every page, that the writer, while studying thus profoundly the lessons of the past, had the actual France of the day ever before his eyes; and that his researches have been dictated less by the taste of the philosopher than by the enduring affections of the patriot. A certain tone of sadness—yet not of hopelessness—pervades the book; the grave, stern, melancholy of the statesman, who sees clearly the causes of the actual degradation of his countrymen, and is compelled to acknowledge how deeply they lie rooted in the moral wants and vices of the national character;—who resolutely refuses to despair of the advent of a better day, but recognises, without any attempt at self-delusion, how dreary and toilsome a tract of desert and of twilight has to be traversed before that better day shall dawn. Scarcely any passage is so affecting as that wherein he admits and ventures to depict without extenuation or periphrasis that degeneracy of courage and of nobleness, that lapse from high and gallant aspiration, that substitution of the love of ignominious ease and physical enjoyments for ambition, and loyalty, and thirst for glory, which

characterise the present generation of Frenchmen as compared with their forefathers of a century ago. The spur is gone

‘That the clear spirit did raise
To scorn delight and live laborious days.’

The national character has gone down—all their better minds deplore it: those high-flown and sometimes irrational sentiments which used to reign so widely, even amid the idleness and profligacy of the old *régime*, seem to have given place to the pursuit of solid realities, far meaner, if far more tangible;—idols are worshipped as before, and all idolatry is debasing,—but its mischief is in proportion to the character of the idol, the nature of the offering, and the sordidness or splendour of the shrine; to pursue an *ignis fatuus* is finer and better than to grub in the dust-heap; and the ‘desire of the moth for the star’ is less abject and corrupting than the worship of the Golden Calf.

‘The men of the eighteenth century knew little of that sort of passion for comfort which is the mother of servitude—a relaxing passion, though it be tenacious and unalterable, which mingles and intertwines itself with many private virtues, such as domestic affections, regularity of life, respect for religion, and even with the lukewarm, though assiduous, practice of public worship, which favours propriety but proscribes heroism, and excels in making decent liveries but base citizens. The men of the eighteenth century were better and they were worse.

‘The French of that age were addicted to joy and passionately fond of amusement; they were perhaps more lax in their habits, and more vehement in their passions and opinions than those of the present day, but they were strangers to the temperate and decorous sensualism that we see about us. In the upper classes men thought more of adorning life than of rendering it comfortable; they sought to be illustrious rather than to be rich. Even in the middle ranks the pursuit of comfort never absorbed every faculty of the mind; that pursuit was often abandoned for higher and more refined enjoyments; every man placed some object beyond the love of money before his eyes. “I know my countrymen,” said a contemporary writer, in language which, though eccentric, is spirited: “apt to melt and dissipate the metals, they are not prone to pay them habitual reverence, and they will not be slow to turn again to their former idols, to valour, to glory, and, I will add, to magnanimity.”’ (P. 217.)

M. de Tocqueville has written his book, as he assures us, and as is obvious in every line, ‘without prejudice, but not without passion;’ the actual condition of the country permitting ‘no Frenchman to speak of his country and think of his time unmoved.’ Some of the most remarkable passages in the

introduction are those where he traces the peculiar and paramount perils which surround every nation that has discarded or been deprived of its aristocracy, and shows how Despotism builds upon and nourishes social equality as its handiest tool, its strongest buttress, its surest precursor, its most natural ally. When the hierarchy of rank is gone, and classes and permanent combinations and divisions of citizens have ceased to exist among a people, the community is dissolved into a collection of units without coherence, and therefore without strength, and public virtue has no place when a narrow and selfish individualism everywhere prevails. This fatal tendency to isolation and dissociation, Despotism instinctively fosters as well as consciously delights in, by withdrawing from the people all common aims, all need of one another, all necessity for mutual understanding, all opportunity of united action. It does the business of the commonwealth: nothing is left for citizens to do except to look after their private interests. Despotism, if harsh and leaden, destroys citizenship and patriotism, by crushing them — if bland and wise, by superseding them, by taking the breath out of their nostrils, the bread out of their mouths, the work out of their hands.

Then ensues a state of society, full of meretricious allurements and not wholly devoid of real charms, but, to an experienced eye, stamped with the unerring signs of disease and dissolution; a society refined perhaps, and sometimes prosperous and powerful, and containing within it, probably enough, excellent fathers, excellent husbands, enterprising merchants, beneficent proprietors, delightful writers, and even good Christians; but a community without elevation, and without enthusiasm; and in which the prevalent standard of intellect and morals will sink day by day. Wealth, being the sole distinction between man and man, acquires a new value; its possession gratifies ambition as well as the love of pleasure; while, at the same time, its easy acquisition, its rapid transfer, and its difficult retention, combine to concentrate upon it the desires and the energies of all. The pursuit of gain, and the thirst for material enjoyment, when united and unrelieved by higher aims, are at once the most abasing and the most enervating of passions; and they are precisely the passions which Despotism most favours and most stimulates. These are the best auxiliaries of arbitrary power; for they occupy the energetic spirits, amuse the restless, and carry off the fever of the excitable and turbulent, while they make the avaricious, the self-indulgent, and the pusillanimous, tremble at the bare idea of revolution or disturbance.

In reading M. de Tocqueville's description of communities reduced to this perilous condition, it is impossible not to recognise the likeness,—a likeness, only not perfect because the process is not yet complete, and because a handful of noble and undespairing patriots like himself still remain—the legacy of better days—to cherish in solitude and retirement the sober wisdom and the lofty virtue for want of which Patriotism has so often succumbed; to sound from time to time a stirring note of warning and of exhortation, like the book before us; to keep the lamp trimmed and the light burning; and to wait, in patience but in readiness, the summons of a people less unworthy to be free.

- ART. X. — 1. *Recent Speeches and Addresses.* By CHARLES SUMNER. Boston: 1856.
2. *Essays on the American Constitution, from the 'Mercury.'* Charleston, South Carolina: 1856.
3. *Our Seaboard Slave States.* By FREDERICK LAW OLMS- TED. New York and London: 1856.
4. *Dred: a Tale.* By Mrs. H. B. STOWE. London: 1856.
5. *The Political Essays of Parke Godwin, Esq.* New York: 1856.
6. *A History of the American Compromises.* By HARRIET MARTINEAU. London: 1856.
7. *An Address on the Nature and Power of the Slave States.* By JOSIAH QUINCY. Boston: 1856.

IF there are any persons in England so impatient of patience, and so discontented with content, as to feel themselves oppressed by the tranquillity of our own political atmosphere, they may take comfort from the present commotion and the prospective uproar of the elements in the Transatlantic skies. On the eve of the Presidential contest, which is carried on under circumstances of unparalleled danger and excitement, a struggle has commenced between principles far more deep and intense than the rallying cry of rival candidates.

‘Eurus Notusque ruunt, creberque procellis
Africus.’

Every breeze that blows to us from America comes laden with the shouts of contending parties. Nor are they shouts alone that reach us. Mingled with the storm of words sounds yet

more portentous fall upon the ear — the noise of bludgeons and the cry of Senators stricken down in the Senate Chamber, and from the distant frontiers of the Republic the clash of arms and fury of civil war.

These are not the ordinary accompaniments of political conflict in a free state. It is long now since signs at all comparable to these attended the collision of parties in our own country; nor are they familiar to the history of American politics. Forty years ago John Randolph, the leader of the Southern Democracy, standing in his place in the House of Representatives, threatened that he and his would 'nail the Northern men to the counter 'like base coin,' and his followers were profuse of insults to their colleagues; but the last outrage of violent deeds was not then offered to the sanctity of the legislative character. Twenty years afterwards, the most upright and honourable man who had filled the Presidential Chair since the days of Washington, the high-spirited and illustrious John Quincy Adams, was assailed with menaces and taunts for defending the right of petition; but the tempest which raged about that eloquent old man expended itself in the insolence of speech. That a Senator should be assailed, not in the heat of debate, by one of his fellows, but deliberately and of malice prepense, brutally beaten to the earth by a member of the lower house, for language uttered in his senatorial capacity, and stamped as Parliamentary by the acquiescence of all who listened to it, — this is a feature so new and strange in the aspect of political affairs beyond the Atlantic, that too great importance can scarcely be attached to it as significant of a state of feeling in America, upon which no Englishman can look with indifference. Not less significant is the dread reality of armed strife now raging between citizens of the Northern and Southern sections of the Union upon the plains of the territory of Kansas.

How important to ourselves the possible consequences of a great political crisis in America must be, we need not say. Every intelligent Englishman is thoroughly aware of the many bonds that connect, we had almost said that unite, the interests of England with those of the mighty people 'issued of her loins;' and we can assure the Americans that the progress of their nation through the difficulties which seem now to be gathering about its path will be watched with a generous anxiety, and that the triumph of their Republican institutions over the dangers which now menace their existence, will be hailed with cordial satisfaction by all classes and parties of the English public. But important as it is for Englishmen to understand the present position of affairs in America, the difficulty of the task is equal to

the importance of the subject. The kaleidoscopic (perhaps we ought to say the *kakeidoscopic*) play of principles and opinions which has been going on in America for the last ten years, bewilders the eye accustomed to the more regular outline and distinct colouring of European parties. In the whirl of 'Know Nothings' and 'Know Somethings,' of 'North Americans' and 'South Americans,' of 'Hards' and 'Softs,' of 'Fillmore Whigs,' and 'Old Line Whigs,' and 'Fremont Whigs,' and 'Buchanan Whigs,' and 'National Democrats,' and 'Free Democrats,' and 'Republicans,' and 'Liberal-Party Men,' and 'Abolitionists,' and 'States-Rights Men,' one is utterly at a loss whither to look for the representatives of tangible opinions, and how to trace the really deep and deepening furrows of public sentiment. It is our present purpose to disentangle as far as we can the true issues of American politics from this network of confusion; to put our readers in a position clearly to understand the steps by which the actual crisis in America affairs has been reached; and to draw from the facts of the case such inferences in regard to the probable future of America, as may legitimately suggest themselves to the mind.

But before we enter upon this task it may not be unprofitable for us briefly to notice some of the recent publications which bear upon the subject, and which have been of use to ourselves in the investigation of it.

The 'Political Essays of Parke Godwin, Esq.,' are worthy of particular attention at this juncture of American affairs. Mr. Godwin was long associated with his father-in-law Wm. Cullen Bryant, the poet, in the editorial management of the 'New York Evening Post,' a journal eminent among American newspapers as the oldest, ablest, and most dignified organ of the Democratic party of New York. The papers comprised in this volume of 'Political Essays' were furnished by him, during the last few years, to the pages of 'Putnam's Monthly,' a periodical published at New York, and worthy of notice as the first successful instance of an attempt to maintain a magazine of the highest class by contributions purely American. In a series of Essays upon 'Parties and Politics,' the 'Kansas Question,' the 'Policy of President Pierce,' and kindred topics, Mr. Godwin discusses the recent political history of America from the point of view of an elevated and statesmanlike philosophy. He is rarely ambitious and never redundant in style, and his opinions have the importance which belongs to the representative of a large class of independent thinkers, who have been recently forced into the arena of political warfare by the pressure of the times.

While Mr. Godwin's *Essays* may be taken as the expression of the soundest Northern sentiment in regard to the actual aspect of affairs, the writer of the '*Essays on the Constitution*' in the '*Charleston Mercury*,' gives voice to the deliberate convictions of many intelligent Southern men, whose influence upon their own section of the country is more likely to increase than to diminish. This writer dissects with singular ability the constitutional theories which have found favour at different times and with different parties in both the Northern and the Southern States. He examines the original conception of the Constitution as it existed in the minds of those who framed it, and looks fully in the face the circumstances of the present day which must determine its final interpretation. He comes unhesitatingly to the conclusion that the Constitution must inevitably be administered in a sense adverse to the institution of slavery; and he summons the South to prepare for a surrender of that institution, or for a secession from the existing Union, and the formation of a new slave-holding confederacy. The temper of these *Essays* is admirable, and their argumentation, we think, decisive. This view of their merits has been confirmed by one of the most eminent of American publicists, well known in this country, who assured us that in his opinion the writer in the '*Mercury*' had 'seized the absolute truth of the question.' The '*Charleston Mercury*' has long been considered the leading organ of extreme Southern opinion; it was the mouthpiece of Mr. Calhoun, and is supported by the principal public men of South Carolina.

The name of Charles Sumner is too well known in England to need more than a passing mention from us. The sympathy and indignation which were excited throughout the Northern American States, by the atrocious assault which prostrated him upon the floor of the Senate, and with him the dignities and decencies of that august body, met with a ready response throughout England; nor will a perusal of his '*Speeches and Addresses*' tend to lessen the amazement and the disgust of Englishmen at such an outrage, perpetrated upon a man so accomplished, so earnest, and so honourable. We shall have occasion, in the course of this paper, to recur to the position of Mr. Sumner, as one of the signs of the times in America, and we content ourselves therefore, in this place, with recommending to the particular attention of our readers this volume of *Addresses*, in which they will find the most careful and eloquent expression of the ultra-Northern principles and policy. In the same category of opinion with Mr. Sumner, we must place Mrs. Beecher Stowe, whose new novel of '*Dred*' has been written, we presume, with

the intention of completing the impression so forcibly produced by 'Uncle Tom.' In 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' Mrs. Stowe undertook to paint the effects of slavery upon the enslaved; in 'Dred,' she means to describe its influences upon the slave-owner, and upon the race to which he belongs. We have no space here for an examination of the literary merits of 'Dred,' to which, however, we may observe in passing, less than justice will probably be rendered by the public, who rendered more than justice to 'Uncle Tom,' since the interest of novelty which attached so passionately to the first vivid picture of American slavery ever held up to mankind, has been largely satiated, and 'Dred' must pay the penalty of his predecessor's success. As a representation of the 'effects of slavery on society,' we cannot think 'Dred' successful; for it is evident that Mrs. Stowe has attempted to describe classes of persons with whom she has had but little intercourse. Nowhere are the lines of social life more sharply drawn than in America between the people of the world and the specially 'religious' circles in which Mrs. Stowe has been born and bred. It is one of the unfortunate consequences of the extreme Puritanism which reigned so long supreme in New England, that the 'professing Christians,' as they are called, of the Northern cities, still form an Israel of their own, carefully distinguished from the rest of the world in the midst of which they live, by manners, by habits, and even by a certain Shibboleth of speech. Whether the 'world's people,' or the 'professing Christians,' are to be held responsible for a state of things so undesirable and dangerous, it might be hard to determine; but it is hardly just to the Americans, that such singular personages as Nina and Tom Gordon, in 'Dred,' should be allowed to pass as unchallenged representatives of Southern society, and it would be unfair to Mrs. Stowe herself to withhold the true excuse of her failure. When Southern people of the rank in life of the Gordons visit the Northern States, they naturally associate with the more brilliant and the more fashionable, rather than with the graver and more pious portion of the Northern community, and into whatever frivolities of temper and feeling they may fall, they certainly do not learn from their acquaintances of Newport and New York the provincial *patois* of Connecticut. In the character of Nina Mrs. Stowe wished to paint a brilliant little American coquette, but she has only succeeded in producing a nondescript combination of the Parisian lorette with the Yankee factory-girl. Tom Gordon, we are given to understand, 'has learned his manners and his morals' in the school of chivalry to which Mr. Brooks, the assailant of Senator Sumner, owes his education, and the

implication therefore is, that Tom Gordon may be taken as a type of the South Carolinian gentleman. But 'Tom Gordon' is simply a melodramatic blackguard, an absurd caricature of the class of persons to which Mr. Brooks belongs. Such a misrepresentation is not merely wrong in itself, and false in point of art, it destroys the value of one of the most instructive signs which the times present to us in America. If Mr. Brooks were but a vulgar villain, there would be nothing particularly alarming in the incident which has given him so undesirable a notoriety. The true and terrible significance of that dastardly deed is to be found in the evidence it affords of the height to which party passion has risen in America, and of the ferocity which slavery keeps alive in the breasts of men, who not only bear the semblance of gentlemen, but who in most of the relations of life really act upon the principles, and govern themselves by the rules, of civilised honour. We believe that the personages of 'Dred' are no more faithful illustrations of Southern society than if Hannah Moore or Mrs. Fry had undertaken to describe the patronesses of Almack's. The chief value of this new work of Mrs. Stowe's, apart from its unquestionable truth as a representation of the corrupt religious feeling of the Slave States (and nothing in 'Uncle Tom' is finer in its way than the Camp Meeting scenes of 'Dred') is its symptomatic value. It is a signal proof of the intensity with which the great religious community of the Northern States has been and is agitated on the question of Slavery. We have no doubt that the brief and earnest preface, in which the author expresses her passionate sense of the importance of the actual crisis in the affairs of her country, may be taken as a virtual manifesto of the feelings of the great body to which she belongs, and consequently of a large majority of the most respectable and energetic classes of Northern society.*

* Since this passage was written, we have received from America the fullest confirmation of our views on this subject. It appears that the religious press of the North, with scarcely an exception, is declaring itself in favour of the 'Republican' candidate on anti-slavery grounds. The leading organ of the New York Presbyterians addresses its readers in these most eloquent and impressive terms:—

"We do not wonder that timid men, who dread a conflict, or who distrust the strength of the national tie which unites us, should fear and turn pale. Nor do we wonder at the shifts and turns which are resorted to, to postpone a little longer the mortal struggle which is to put our principles to so terrible a test, and to settle the question whether Freedom or Slavery is to be the controlling spirit and formative power of our national life. It is a serious, eventful, sealing,

Those who would know what are the true effects of slavery on the society of the South, may be referred with confidence to the excellent work of Mr. Olmsted, upon the 'Seaboard Slave States.' Mr. Olmsted is evidently a man of judgment, well-informed, familiar as a practical farmer with the laws of agricultural profit and loss, fitted by the nature of his faculties, and by experience as a traveller, to observe the aspects of society, and master of the happy art of describing truly and clearly what he sees. He visited the Slave States in detail,

'decisive issue—one that has been coming on ever since the formation of the Government—one that touches the vitals of our political existence—one that, having come up, can never be turned aside until it is settled. For years, in all spheres, and in every form, it has been preparing. It has entered into everything. Religion, literature, social life, politics, commerce, legislation, have all been invaded by it. There is not a religious body that has not felt its influence, nor a sphere of activity, thought, or life, in the country, which it has not coloured or shaped. It is and has been for years the all in all of our public concerns; no other topic begins to gather to itself such a universality and intensity of interest as this. Whether for good or evil, the last great struggle is upon us, and we can no more avoid the responsibility, the excitement, and the consequences of it, than we can escape the Providence of God which calls us to the conflict. If not decided at the present election, it will continue to reappear, like Banquo's ghost, till the policy of the country becomes settled—till it is finally determined whether of the two is to be the animating, guiding genius of the Republic—Freedom or Slavery.

'If now the right of suffrage implies at all times the duty of giving due attention to political concerns, it cannot be doubtful to what degree of interest and effort the present canvass is entitled at the hands of every conscientious citizen. Where so much is involved, it cannot be right for any lover of his country, of his children, or his kind, to be indifferent. It cannot be right for any Christian man to withhold, or to trifle, with his vote. It cannot be wise to ignore and overlook the significance of the struggle in which we are engaged, nor honourable or just to seek to evade it. It is now the set time of Providence for the religious prosecution of political duties; and as at other times, it should be our paramount duty to open the hand of charity to the starving or pestilence-stricken poor; or to contend earnestly for the faith, or to go forth with zealous words to warn the impatient and to guide the inquiring; so now, if we discern the signs of the times, it seems to us to be the one call of Providence, and the uppermost duty of the Christian life, to understand the meaning of, and to engage manfully and heartily in, the conflict that is to have its decision at the ballot-box in November. There ought to be the principle and the earnestness of a service rendered to God, Truth, and Freedom.'

with the express purpose of discovering for himself their real condition, and his book is one of the most valuable, if not the most valuable, contribution to our knowledge of these States, which has yet been given to the world. Praise so high we cannot bestow on the 'History of the American Compromises,' by Miss Harriet Martineau. This pamphlet is a remarkable instance at once of its author's conspicuous felicity in seizing upon the leading merits of a case, and of her singular infelicity in dealing with details. Miss Martineau is too ready to reason from the particular to the general without examining the value of her premisses; and her inferences consequently remind one continually of that famous medical generalisation, founded upon two instances, by which it was decided that a certain drug would surely heal all shoemakers, but just as surely kill all tailors. In her 'History of the American Compromises,' Miss Martineau declares her belief, that the extreme Abolitionists of America alone have seized upon the true principles of political action; a belief which we do not share; and she sketches the political course of certain leading Americans with more freedom than accuracy. This is particularly the case with the celebrated Judge Story; of whom she speaks as the 'most cautious of politicians,' and whom she takes to task for his lukewarmness, and want of faith in the instincts of the people. Singularly enough, the very quotation from Judge Story's letters (vol. i. p. 362.), which she adduces to support this charge, directly controverts it; and it is a fact well known to all who are familiar with the political history of America, that Judge Story, while the most temperate of judges, was at the same time most earnest in holding his political creed, and most frank and fearless in avowing it on all proper occasions.

Much more interesting, however, than the speculations of Miss Martineau, is the 'Address on the Nature and Power of the Slave States, and on the Duty of the Free States,' delivered by the Hon. Josiah Quincy, before the citizens of the town which bears the name of his family, on the 5th of June, 1856. Mr. Quincy, who is one of the most venerable Statesmen of the North, utters his convictions fully, fearlessly, and with amazing force. He is persuaded that a time has come at last which must thoroughly try the temper of men's souls, and decide the question whether liberty or slavery shall for ever colour the character and the policy of the American people. If the young men of the North shall be inspired with the wisdom, and her old men animated with the fire which distinguish this address of Mr. Quincy, there need be little fear for

the results of the collision which he so plainly anticipates between national principles and sectional passions in the Republic.

From the various works upon which we have thus hastily commented, our readers will derive the means of pursuing for themselves the trains of thought and speculation which the limits of this article will only allow us to suggest, and of filling up the picture which we can only sketch in outline.

We observe that in most of our journals the present crisis in American affairs is spoken of as a great 'conflict of parties.' The phrase is inadequate, and, by suggesting false analogies, is apt to mislead the inquirer. No judicious political thinker would now speak of the contest for the emancipation of the Irish Catholics as a conflict of *parties*, for that contest transcended the limits of party warfare, and assumed the proportions of a quasi-Revolution. And if we can imagine what the exasperation of that contest would have been, and the immense accession of importance it would have received, had the Catholics of England been as numerous and as deeply wronged as those of Ireland, we shall perhaps approach more nearly to a just estimate of the actual collision of sentiments and opinions in America than we can otherwise attain. Without such an effort of the imagination it is impossible to reconcile the extremities of violence and outrage to which these political differences have arrived, with what we know of the civilisation of the States, and with the rank which has been conceded to them among Christian commonwealths.

So great has been the material development of the American Union during the seventy years of its existence, and so vast the prosperity which that development has brought with it, that it is no matter for surprise that Americans, as well as Europeans, should have been blinded to the great changes in the character and the policy of the nation which have been steadily going on during the same period. These changes have, nevertheless, been as remarkable as any that history records, and the present perturbations of the Republic are but their natural paroxysm.

When the American Constitution was adopted in the year 1789, the territory of the Union, then organised into States, was confined to the regions bordering on the Alleghanies and the Atlantic. Between the Mississippi and the great north-western lakes lay a vast tract of country, originally, for the most part, claimed by the great colony of Virginia. This territory, which rested to the north upon the possessions of Great Britain, and to the south bordered upon those of Spain, had been ceded by Virginia, in the year 1784, to the Con-

federacy. When that cession was made, and upon the very day of the cession, one of the Virginian delegates to the Congress of the Confederacy (no less a person than Mr. Jefferson), drew up and reported a plan for the government of this territory, and 'of all territory, ceded or *to be ceded*, by the 'individual States to the United States.' This plan provided that such territory should be from time to time 'formed into 'distinct states;' and 'that after the year 1800 of the Christian 'era there should be *neither slavery nor involuntary servitude in 'any of the said states*, otherwise than in the punishment of 'crime, whereof the said party shall have been duly convicted 'to have been personally guilty.'

There was at that time no reason for anticipating an extension of the American territory beyond its actual limits. The French Revolution had not yet overthrown the ancient monarchies of continental Europe. The King of Spain was still a mighty potentate, whose hold upon the Mississippi and the Floridas seemed as firm as upon the provinces of Castile. The proved loyalty of the Canadas assured to England her vast north-western empire. And even if the neighbours of the young Republic had been as weak as they were strong in appearance, the almost unanimous sentiment of the leading men of America themselves was opposed to the introduction into the Union of any territory not comprised within the limits of the 'Thirteen Colonies;' and Mr. Jefferson's proposition was, therefore, intended to cover the entire future of the Republic. It was a proclamation of national policy, and as such it was at the time received. It was in complete accordance with the views on the subject of slavery which were expressed by Southern men as well as by Northern men, — by the Washingtons, and Marshalls, and Henrys, and Randolphs, and Pinckneys, and Desaussures of the South, as well as by the Adamses, and Shermans, and Quincys, and Hamiltons of the North. When one of the judges of Virginia had declared, in his 'Commentaries on 'Blackstone,' that 'posterity would execrate the memory of 'those ancestors who, having the power to avert the evil of 'slavery, have, like our first parents, entailed a curse on all 'future generations,' it was but natural that a Virginian delegate should set the brand of his State's reprobation upon the system, and should do what in him lay to avert the menaced malediction. Had the proposition of Mr. Jefferson been carried, it would have established a precedent from which, we may hope, it would have been impossible for the American Congress, in its future legislation, to depart; but by an unfortunate accident that proposition was defeated. In the Congress of the Confederation

the vote was taken by States, and no State could vote unless represented by two delegates. Six of the thirteen States voted for the proviso, three States voted against it; one State more would have given it a majority of the Confederation. Georgia and Delaware were unrepresented; North Carolina was neutralised by the division of her delegates, and New Jersey, whose vote would have saved the measure, was rendered powerless by the casual absence of one of her representatives—a striking illustration of the slight and singular chances which sometimes determine the destinies of a nation. For when the proviso of Mr. Jefferson was revived three years afterwards by Mr. Dane, of Massachusetts, it was found that the slaveholding interest in the States of South Carolina and Georgia had begun to take very decided ground against the anti-slavery principles of the Revolutionary leaders, and Mr. Dane's proposition could only be carried in a more limited form. This proposition is known in American history as the Ordinance of 1787, and expressly excludes slavery from all the territory of the Union *north-west of the river Ohio*. The consequences of this limitation were speedily seen, when, in the first years after the adoption of the Constitution, two new States, Kentucky and Tennessee, settled chiefly from Virginia and the Carolinas, and by slaveholders of the second class, applied for admission into the Union, and were received with the institution of slavery.*

We say these consequences were seen. They were seen at the time, but only by a few of the more philosophical, foresighted, and patriotic of the American statesmen; for under the operation of the Constitution, which gave form and coherence to the Republic, and under the judicious administration of the government by General Washington, and by his premier, Alexander Hamilton, the ablest statesman and the most accomplished financier whom America has produced, the young nation had already entered upon that career of prosperity in which it was destined to make such marvellous progress. The commerce of the Northern States had begun to develope itself, works of internal improvement were everywhere commenced, and the tide of emigration was flowing rapidly from New England into Western New York and the valley of the Ohio. That the institution of slavery was likely to grow into a permanent and powerful interest,—that it would extend itself into new territories, and would become a controlling and dangerous

* See for a more detailed account of these transactions, a very able pamphlet entitled 'Five Years' Progress of the Slave Power,' and written by the Hon. J. G. Palfrey, of Massachusetts, in 1852.

element in the Republic,—the population of the Northern States, absorbed in their own pursuits and habituated to the impressions of the revolutionary times, seem not to have imagined. The great political questions of the day concerned the administration of the national government; and the American people, both North and South, divided themselves into the two well-known parties of the Federalists and the Democrats; the former inclining to a consolidation of power in the hands of the Central or Federal Government, the latter vehemently insisting upon the sovereignty of the individual States. The leading men of both parties and from both sections were at first agreed upon the original anti-slavery policy of the Revolution. Few persons ventured to defend the institution of slavery, and all acquiesced in the abolition of the slave-trade, which was in itself, of course, a virtual condemnation of that institution. As it was understood and generally accepted, both by the North and by the South, that the national policy, as being truly Republican, was also truly opposed to the institution of slavery, and therefore that the Federal Government must be administered in an anti-slavery sense, it will not surprise us to find that the Democratic or States-Rights party was soon found to preponderate in those sections of the South in which alone symptoms of opposition to the anti-slavery doctrine of the founders of the Republic had begun to manifest themselves. While the Federal party, comprising as it did most of the intelligent, highly-educated, and distinguished men of the North, was unable to compete in the favour of the masses of the northern population with a rival, recommended at once by the taking name of democracy and by a seeming devotion to the rights of the people as against the claims of a central authority, the growth of the slaveholding interest, and with it the growth of the slaveholding spirit at the South, contributed to the same result in that section of the country. The Federal party fell with the administration of President John Adams, the successor of Washington, and the Democrats came into possession of the Central Government. This they had no sooner obtained than they began to abdicate the original doctrines of their party, while they were careful to preserve its name. Like the Scythians of old, they absorbed into themselves the strength of their defeated foe. The reason of this change will be soon made to appear.

In the interval between the adoption of the Constitution and the fall of the Federalists a new vitality had been given to slavery. The invention of the cotton gin, and the rise of our own cotton manufacture, had stimulated the Southern States of

America to a new agricultural industry, and caused a sudden rise in the value of slave property. In 1789 less than a million pounds of cotton were raised in America, in 1801 nearly fifty millions of pounds were exported thence. South Carolina and Georgia found their slave property redeemed from deterioration and converted into an element of new and unexpected wealth; Virginia and North Carolina foresaw an almost unlimited demand for their negroes; and the eyes of all who held slaves, or raised them throughout the South, were turned to the magnificent cotton lands of the Alabama, the Tennessee, and the Mississippi as to a region of unbounded promise.

During the same eventful years which had witnessed this sudden growth of the slave-holding interests in America, the face of the European world had been changed by the Great Revolution in France. The fabric of the Spanish power in both hemispheres had crumbled away at the touch of the terrible neighbour of Spain, and the First Consul of France was master of the splendid provinces of the Mississippi. Busy with his gigantic schemes of European conquest, and hard pressed by England, Napoleon, it was thought, would not be unwilling to listen to propositions for the sale of this transatlantic dominion to a young and growing nation which had so recently emancipated itself from Britain, and which might one day prove itself a useful friend, if not a powerful ally, to France. The slave-holding party of the South (for at that time the South was by no means united in support of slavery) resolved to add Louisiana to the territories which had been left open to slavery by the limitations of the North-western Ordinance. That such an acquisition could only be made by the consent of the whole of the Union expressly obtained for that purpose, and formally recorded in an article additional to the Constitution, was the conviction of all American statesmen who pretended to a familiarity with the Constitution or to a respect for its principles. Mr. Jefferson himself, the then President, regarded the acquisition, in the form in which it was proposed to be made, as a most unconstitutional act. 'The Constitution,' he says, 'has made no provision for our holding foreign territory, still less for incorporating foreign nations into our Union.' To admit Louisiana, he adds in a letter to a friend, would be *'to make the Constitution blank paper by construction,'*—if Louisiana be thus admitted, *'we have no Constitution.'* Nevertheless, the chiefs of the new Southern policy had resolved that Louisiana should be acquired, and Mr. Jefferson bent to their will. His own words remain to bear witness against him. He writes to a partisan leader from Monticello, Aug. 30. 1803, 'Concerning the acquisition of

'Louisiana, *the less that is said about any constitutional difficulty the better!*' Had Mr. Jefferson been true to his own convictions, had he (speaking with the authority due to one of the principal framers of the Constitution) interposed his Presidential veto to the bill admitting Louisiana, he would have roused the Northern States to a sense of the danger impending over the Union,—a danger which no man saw more clearly, or described more prophetically, than this very President, whose signature was required to give operation to a bill which he believed was destined to annul the Constitution of his country, and indefinitely to extend an institution upon which he had himself sought to put the seal of death twenty years before! But Mr. Jefferson was silent.

There were not wanting Northern representatives and senators clear-sighted enough to discern and bold enough to denounce the consequences of this measure. Mr. Josiah Quincy, of Massachusetts, the heir of a great Revolutionary name, and himself a man of the Revolutionary spirit, openly declared on the floor of Congress that the admission of Louisiana would 'virtually dissolve the bonds of the Union, free the States which composed it from their moral obligations, and make it, as it would be the right of all, the *duty* of some, to prepare definitely for a separation, peaceably if they can, forcibly if they must!' But Mr. Quincy and those who supported him were Federalists; the cession of Louisiana was to draw closer the bonds between America and France; it was to damage England, the favourite of Federalism; and the great democratic chieftain Jefferson was ready to sanction it. And so the Northern democracy refused to listen to the voice of Cassandra, and the great step was taken which turned the anti-slavery republic of Washington, Adams, and Hamilton into a republic of freemen governed by slaveholders. For such was virtually the effect of this bill.

From the date of the acquisition of Louisiana the support and extension of slavery have been the great and leading objects of American policy. The Democratic party, committed to the slaveholding interest, has been the ruling party of the nation. On the questions of the tariff, of internal improvements, and on other economical questions, the party known as that of the Whigs was organised; and during the long period of general prosperity which followed from the acquisition of Louisiana down to the year 1852, the history of American politics is mainly occupied with the details of party conflicts arising out of questions of expediency. But where during all this time the real vitality of power in America has been lodged will be seen from a glance at

the course of American policy in respect to the question of slavery, and at the history of the administration of the Federal government. Let us begin with the latter. The actual slaveholders in the United States were computed in 1852 to amount to about one hundred thousand persons.* The total number of voters in the Union is estimated at about three millions. The Northern States are not only by far the most populous, they are also immeasurably the richest, the best educated, the most thoroughly civilised section of the Union. Yet of the sixteen Presidents of the United States eleven have been slaveholders; and if we consider that by the death of General Harrison the Executive power during the rest of his term fell into the hands of a Virginian slaveholder, and that of the five Northern Presidents *three* went into office the understood representatives of the Southern policy, while one of the three was actually a native of the South, it will appear that the South has held the Executive power of the Union throughout five-sixths of the lifetime of the nation. Meanwhile, we find that of the other great offices of state the South had obtained up to 1852 —

17 out of 28 Judges of the Supreme Court,

14 out of 19 Attorneys-General,

61 out of 77 Presidents of the Senate,

21 out of 33 Speakers of the House,

80 out of 134 Foreign Ministers.

* We are aware that this estimate falls below that of the American census. But the American census bears internal evidence of incorrectness; and it is commonly alleged in the United States, that the Returns were tampered with to serve a party-purpose. The census of the *State of Kentucky*, taken in 1848, gives the number of slaves in that State at 192,470, and the number of slaveholders at 8,743, being an average of 22 slaves and a fraction to each owner. The census of the United States, prepared in 1850, under the supervision of a well-known Southern writer and advocate of slavery, Mr. de Bow, returns the total of slaves in the Union at 3,177,589. Assuming this total to be correct (and it is of course more likely to fall below than to rise above the truth), we find that the proportion between slaves and owners in Kentucky gives us for the Union 144,343 proprietors of slaves. But Kentucky raises neither cotton nor rice. Her plantations are farms, and do not employ gangs so large as those which are worked in the cotton, rice, and sugar-growing States, where many single owners are known to possess three or four hundred, not a few eight hundred or a thousand, and some even two, three, and four thousand slaves. The Kentucky average applied to the whole Union, must give us an over-estimate of the number of slaveholders. This is the opinion of Mr. Palfrey (*Five Years of the Slave Power*, p. 9.), and of Mr. Olmsted.

And on further investigation we discover that of the Northern holders of high office the proportion has steadily diminished during the century. Such facts strike a foreigner with amazement, and demand an explanation. The policy of the Union is a too intelligible comment upon their meaning. It is beyond our present purpose to investigate the causes of the political ascendancy which the South has undoubtedly exercised, and still continues to exercise, with increasing power, over the Union, and especially over the Northern States, in spite of their acknowledged superiority in population, in wealth, in cultivation, in popular education, and in the practice of free institutions. This problem is one of the most curious which the condition of the United States presents, and it may be briefly explained by the comparatively *aristocratic* character which the peculiar institutions of the South have given to those communities. By the Constitution of the United States,

‘(ART. III.) Representatives and direct taxes are appointed among the several States according to their respective numbers, which shall be determined by adding to the whole number of free persons, including those bound to service for a term of years, and excluding Indians not taxed, *three-fifths of all other persons.*’

This somewhat obscure expression designates the slaves, who therefore are reckoned (where they exist) in the proportion of three-fifths in that estimate of the population which determines the number of representatives, though, of course, the exercise of the suffrage is confined to the whites and freemen. Hence three millions of slaves, who are in fact property, count in the basis of the Southern representation for two millions of free men, but the power thus conferred by their numbers is exercised by their masters only to rivet their chains. Such a power is essentially contrary to the theory of democratic equality, since the slave-holding interests are represented in Congress not only by their own numbers, but by this species of property qualification, which alone countervails the votes of the Free States.

Again, the habits of life in the Southern States are more aristocratic; the traditions of the older families of the Union are there more carefully retained; the descendants of these families are more carefully trained for public life, and above all, the predominant interest and the common dangers of these slave-holding communities unite them as one man in the defence of their cause, whilst the societies of the North are broken up into a multitude of factions by political differences of very inferior importance. The result has been not merely a successful defensive policy on the part of the South by which slavery has

been upheld, but a systematic policy of extension and aggression by which its territorial area and its political power have been steadily increased.

After the acquisition of Louisiana in 1803, and the admission of the State of that name in 1810, settlers continued to pour in to the territory of the Mississippi; and in 1819 the people of that portion of the French cession which lay about the lower course of the river Missouri applied for admission as a State. This application revived the great question already practically determined by the unconstitutional admission of Louisiana. By this time, however, the Northern statesmen had begun to see more clearly the course that things were taking: the old bugbear of Federalism was laid to rest, and the opposition to the admission of Missouri as a Slave State was fierce and resolute. It was upon this occasion that Judge Story came down from the bench to the platform, and threw the weight of his great name and of his earnest eloquence against the measure. The letters of the Judge written at this time from Washington are very remarkable. He foresaw ceaseless agitation as the consequence of any new surrender of national principles to the demands of the South; and he states to one of his friends that it would be useless for him to tell the truth 'concerning Virginia policy' to his Northern acquaintances, 'since they would not believe it,' so convinced were still the great body of Northern men that slavery was a 'dying' institution, and that it meant no serious harm.* Naturally enough, the 'Virginia policy' triumphed, through a seeming concession. The famous Missouri Compromise was adopted, which secured to free institutions all that part of the territory ceded by France north of 36° 30' North latitude, not included within the limits of the state of Missouri. By this compromise slavery was once more recognised, in defiance of the principles of the Constitution, as an institution which could be extended, while it was at the same time condemned as an institution not fit to be *indefinitely* extended. Moreover this inconsistent compromise gave to slavery all the best lands and most propitious climates of the French cession. Still, inconsistent as it was and unjust to the North, the Northern States seem to have accepted the 'Missouri Compromise' as a final limitation of slavery, and the current of American politics subsided into the commonplaces of political economy.

Meanwhile the free labour of the North and of Europe extended its conquests yearly to the West. The slave labour of the South

* Life and Letters of Judge Story. Edited by his son Wm. W. Story, Esq. Vol. i. pp. 360. *et seq.*

was carried into the fertile central lands of the Mississippi valley. New Slave States were formed and admitted without question. New Free States followed them, not so rapidly, but too fast for the satisfaction of the Southern leaders, who were ceaselessly at work to fortify their peculiar institution on every side. In the year which saw Missouri admitted to the American Union, Mexico established her independence of Spain. Eight years afterwards she manumitted all her slaves. Almost immediately upon the adoption of this measure by Mexico, General Jackson, the then President of the United States, offered to purchase of her the province of Texas; and this proposal, rejected by Mexico, was repeated by the American Government at different times through six years. Meanwhile, as Mexico would not sell Texas, the Southern States resolved that she should forfeit it. Mexico, by her absurd and intolerant administration of the province of Texas, afforded her dangerous neighbours a pretext for assisting their friends, oppressed by a papistical and avaricious government. Of the army which defeated the Mexican President at San Jacinto, in April, 1836, fifteen-sixteenths were Americans fresh from the South-western States.* Texas became independent, and in 1837 applied to America for admission into the Union. The American Secretary of State effected a treaty of annexation in 1844, on the express ground that 'the establishment of an independent government so near the Slave States, forbidding the existence of slavery and speaking our language, could not fail to produce the most unhappy effects!' This language certainly strikes us as extraordinary, when coming from the representative of a republic one half of the members of which were in exactly the 'unhappy' condition of Texas! It is immensely significant too of the change which has been brought about in the character of the American Government; and we cannot suggest a more forcible illustration of the facts which we are endeavouring to set before our readers than is afforded by the contrast between the language used by Mr. Jefferson, of Virginia, in 1784, in respect to the conterminous north-western territory of Virginia herself, and the language used by Mr. Upshur, of Virginia, in 1844, in respect to a territory far removed from the slaveholding States of the original confederation. We are content to appeal to this single fact in support of our statement, that History has recorded few changes of sentiment so profound and extensive as that which sixty years have sufficed to bring about in the United States.

* North American Review, vol. xliii. p. 254., in an article attributed to Judge Bullard of New Orleans.

Mr. Upshur's treaty was rejected by the Senate on the 8th of June, 1844. 'The public mind,' says the Hon. Mr. Palfrey, of Massachusetts, 'was not yet prepared for so enormous a measure.' That the public mind was not so 'prepared' is to be attributed in no slight degree to the efforts of the distinguished Dr. Channing, whose celebrated letter to Mr. Clay on the Texas Question no man can now read without wondering that it should not have completely effected the noble object of its author, so prophetic is it of every consequence that followed the 'enormous measure,' for which the public mind of America was 'not yet prepared' in 1844. But all the machinery of American politics was instantly set to work 'to prepare the public mind.' It was loudly bruited about that England had secret designs upon Texas; that Texas, repudiated by her natural friends, would throw herself into the arms of 'perfidious Albion.' The instincts of the unthinking multitude were appealed to in behalf of gallant fellows of their own blood, who had whipped the Mexicans, and longed to extend the 'area of freedom.' The 'Convention' system was successfully worked to the same end. This system, which has been a powerful engine in the hands of the Southern politicians, dates from the nomination to the presidency of Mr. Van Buren in 1836. In the earlier days of the Republic the election of president was made *bonâ fide* by the Electoral College. This college, composed of persons chosen in the several States for that purpose, meets at the seats of government, and deposits their votes by States.* Each State expressed its choice of a candidate for the presidency through the electors whom it had freely selected. But, as we have said, the Democratic party, after obtaining control of the government, became more federal in its theory of administration than the Federalists had been. Its Southern leaders soon saw the necessity of concentrating the control of the party as much as possible in their own hands; and with that object the 'Convention' system was invented. This system introduced a positive change into the manner of the presidential elections, and subordinated the constitutional electors to the irresponsible nominating committee of the Convention. The Convention is summoned by the party leaders at Washington; delegates to any number are chosen by the party in the different States. They meet in Convention during the session

* Each State is represented in the College by a number of electors equal to its Congressional Delegation, which consists for each State of two Senators, and of one or more Representatives, according to the population of the State.

of Congress, and at some point not inconveniently far from the capital; there, under the pressure of open and of clandestine influences, they nominate a presidential candidate for their party. For this candidate the electors subsequently chosen are considered to be bound to give their votes, and actually do give their votes. In the Convention of June, 1844, Mr. Polk was nominated as a friend to the annexation of Texas, or rather to the 're-annexation of Texas;' for such was the audacity of the party proposing this measure, that they did not hesitate to declare that Texas had originally made a part of the territory ceded by Spain to France, and afterwards by France to America.

The opposition to the annexation of Texas throughout the Free States was warmer and more resolute than might have been expected. The legislatures of various Northern States, and especially of Ohio and Massachusetts, passed votes reaffirming the declarations made by statesmen like Mr. Quincy, on the occasion of the admission of Louisiana, that the States could not be bound by any treaty so unconstitutional. Though the opponents of the treaty were stigmatised as 'Abolitionists,'—a name which has always been as dreadful in decent Northern ears as the name of 'Chartist' in the ears of Englishmen—and though the commercial classes were alarmed by the Southern threat of 'disunion,' yet the most eminent Northern statesmen (and Mr. Webster among the number) did not shrink from exposing the real bearings of the case. Judge Story had made known his intention of again appearing before the people to denounce a step so fraught with danger, but was taken from his friends and his country in the midst of the contest. But as usual, the North at last gave way. The vote on the bill was hurried through Congress under the operation of the 'previous question,' and the act of annexation was consummated on the 22nd of December, 1845, the anniversary of the landing of the pilgrims at Plymouth, in New England. By this act the South gained two senators, with the creation *in posse* of four more Slave States, to be in time erected out of the territory of Texas. The annexation of Texas was speedily followed by the war with Mexico, which was a great indirect gain to the Southern policy, by exciting the thirst of conquest among the lower classes of the Northern population. The popularity of this war may be inferred from the well-known fact that many American politicians and lawyers accepted commissions in the army, and went to gather votes on the battle-field. It was in this way that Mr. Pierce (without, we believe, any serious exposure of his person) won his General's epaulettes, and eventually his Presidential dignity. It is to be

feared that the lesson then learned by the chiefs of that policy, as to the value to themselves of a war of conquest, has not been, nor is very likely to be, forgotten.

The Mexican war resulted in the acquisition by the United States of a territory five times as large as the Kingdom of Spain. Within this territory slavery had been expressly abolished by the government of Mexico; yet, when it was proposed to reaffirm the Ordinance of 1787 in relation to that territory, the democracy arose in their wrath. For two years there raged in the United States the most prolonged and exciting contest that had yet been known upon the question of the exclusion of slavery from the territories surrendered by Mexico. During these two years the gold discoveries of California, by drawing into that territory an immense influx of labouring men from all the countries of the world, practically settled the question in respect of that portion of the disputed area. California organised herself as a State, adopted a free constitution, and appeared for admission at the bar of the American Congress, in the person of her first Senator, Colonel Fremont. Her admission was resolutely opposed by the South; as resolutely the North refused to give to the remaining territories conquered from Mexico any organisation at all, unless with a proviso excluding slavery. The matter seemed to have come to an issue, when the North again succumbed. Mr. Clay, of Kentucky, who had drawn up the luckless Missouri Compromise, came forward with a new panacea of peace. He proposed:—‘1. To admit California without mention of slavery. 2. To establish governments in the rest of the Mexican territory, without restriction as to slavery. 3 and 4. To fix the western boundary of Texas on the Rio Grande, and to adopt a portion of the debt of Texas, on condition that she should relinquish her claims on New Mexico. 5. To declare it inexpedient to abolish slavery in the district of Columbia. 6. To declare it inexpedient to continue the slave trade in that district. 7. To provide for the recovery of fugitive slaves, and, 8. To declare that Congress has no power to prohibit or obstruct the slave-trade between the Slave States.’ Upon the amazing inconsistency between the sixth and the eighth provisions of this extraordinary Act, nicknamed in America the Omnibus Bill, no one seems to have remarked.

The monstrous nature of the seventh provision, for the recapture of fugitive slaves in the Free States, soon absorbed the entire attention of the country. The compromise measures were passed mainly through the defection of Northern men; and the unfounded claims of Texas, to which President Taylor, himself a

Southern man, had declared that he would never yield, received the sanction of President Taylor's successor, the Northern Vice-President Fillmore. The calmest and most sober accounts of the manner in which these measures were passed are almost incredible: it is hardly too much to say that they seem to have been enacted into laws in the midst of an orgy of bribery, violence, fear, and clamour. Their life has been as stormy as their birth. The bill which was to heal the breach between the North and the South, has made that breach more wide and sore than ever. The Fugitive Slave Law, by bringing the slave within the immediate circle of Northern sympathies, seems for the first time to have awakened the population of the North to the realities of slavery. Clergymen from their pulpits, judges from the bench, denounced it. Its execution was opposed with violence as well as with words; slaves were rescued from their claimants in open court, and sent off to find a shelter beneath the flag of England in Canada. Boston, the chief city of New England, the birthplace of the Republic, was garrisoned with marines; cannon were planted in her streets, and her Court-House was surrounded with chains, in order that a fugitive, arrested with a fictitious warrant, and under cover of the night, might be carried back to slavery openly through her streets, between files of armed men. That nothing might be wanting to the disgrace of the Puritan city, the chains which kept out her own citizens from her courts were lifted by the Federal officers to strangers, on the mere announcement that these were 'Southern gentlemen.'

So passed on the interval between the enactment of the second 'compromise' and the 'Nebraska-Kansas' agitation. In the year 1852 Mr. Pierce was elected to the presidency. Although nominated by a convention in which Southern influence, as usual, largely predominated, Mr. Pierce came into power quite untrammelled by any public pledges. He was a man almost without antecedents, and seemed free to administer the government in such a way as to reconcile the jarring sections of the Union. Inflamed as the Northern feeling had been, it was beginning to grow calm; and the disposition of a prosperous and industrious people to acquiesce in the existing state of things did not fail to manifest itself. The Fugitive Slave Law might easily have been allowed to drop into a dead letter; for it was found wholly ineffectual to protect Southern interests, and the extreme Southern men had treated it with contempt from the very first. But Mr. Pierce seems to have surrounded himself with the fiercest of the Pro-slavery party, and to have lent himself to all their plans, domestic and foreign.

Fillibusters like M. Soulé were appointed to represent the American people at the Courts of Europe. The notorious framers of the 'Ostend Circular' were all Southern men with the exception of Mr. Buchanan, whose adhesion on that occasion to the policy of his Southern colleagues doubtless contributed not a little to recommend him to the 'Nominating Convention' at Cincinnati. The President exasperated Northern feeling afresh by renewed attempts to execute the hateful Fugitive Law; he kept the country in a state of constant uneasiness by his vacillating policy in respect to Cuba, upon which the chiefs of the extreme Southern party seem to have set their hearts as soon as their hopes were defeated in California; and finally, in 1854, he let loose upon his country the tempest which now threatens to overwhelm her institutions. In January, 1854, Mr. Douglas, of Illinois, nominally a Northern senator, but himself a large slaveholder, and an ambitious leader of the Democratic party, brought forward a bill for the organisation of the north-western territory of Nebraska. This bill provided for the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and laid down that whatever state or states should be formed out of the territory might 'be admitted, *with or without slavery, as their constitutions should prescribe.*'

The pretext offered by Mr. Douglas for this repeal was a plausible one: that the Constitution had left the regulation of all their internal affairs to the States, and therefore, inferentially to the Territories also. But unfortunately for this pretext, all the great Constitutional authorities of America had decided in favour of the absolute control of Congress over the Territories and over slavery beyond the borders of the States in which it existed from the beginning. Judge Story, in a celebrated case*, had decided that the Constitution had given Congress this complete control over the relations of Slavery between the States, and the Southern Justices of the Supreme Court had found fault with his decision, because it went to settle for ever in the hands of Congress the power of which Mr. Douglas's Bill was intended to deprive them.

From Mr. Jefferson's ordinance of 1784 to this bill of 1854, what a step! At the birth of the Republic, the delegate of a slaveholding State expressly lays it down, as the permanent policy of the Union, that slavery shall be confined to its then existing limits; that it is not and never shall be recognised as

* *Prigg v. Pennsylvania.* An excellent account of this decision will be found in the 'Life and Letters of Judge Story,' vol. ii. pp. 34. 199.

an institution to be encouraged, or even to be permitted to grow. At the expiration of just seventy years from that august time, we find a senator of one of the Free States distinctly declaring that in the eyes of the American Republic, Slavery and Freedom are of equal worth; that where the one goes the other may go; that the nation which professes itself to be the guardian of human liberties holds liberty to be no better than bondage.

'The comments which it might not become us to make upon this declaration have been made in abundance by the people of the Northern States of America.

The Nebraska Bill was passed on the 4th of March, 1854, the territory having been divided, and Kansas organised under the same provisions. The passage of the bill (which had been secured in a great measure by the activity of the President himself) excited the utmost indignation and amazement throughout the North. The South had broken its plighted faith, slavery had invaded the territories of freedom, and sober quiet Northern men, who had before refused to believe the attitude of the South to be dangerous, now began to doubt. The South left them no time to dissipate their doubts. The emigrants from the North and West, who hastened into Kansas on the organisation of the territory, found themselves met at the ballot-boxes, before which they assembled to exercise their rights as freemen, by bands of armed men from Missouri, who had poured over the frontier to 'secure Kansas to slavery.' These men were led by an ex-President of the Senate of the United States, who avowed himself the champion of the South. This personage, Atchison, of Missouri, was supported by a lieutenant of ominous name, one Stringfellow. We cannot do more complete justice to the objects and the character of this illustrious pair than has been done by themselves in their own words, which we quote from Mr. Sumner's speech on the 'Crime against Kansas':—

'Here is what Stringfellow said *before* the invasion:—

"To those who have qualms of-conscience as to violating laws, State or National, the time has come when such impositions must be disregarded, as your rights and property are in danger; *and I advise you, one and all, to enter every election district in Kansas, in defiance of Reeder and his vile myrmidons, and vote at the point of the bowie-knife and revolver.* Neither give nor take quarter, as our case demands it. It is enough that the slaveholding interest wills it, from which there is no appeal. What right has Governor Reeder to rule Missourians in Kansas? His proclamation and prescribed oath must be repudiated. It is your interest to do so. Mind that Slavery is established where it is not prohibited."

'Here is what Atchison said *after* the invasion:—

"Well, what next? Why an election for members of the Legis-

lature to organise the Territory must be held. What did I advise you to do then? Why, meet them on their own ground, and beat them at their own game again; and cold and inclement as the weather was, I went over with a company of men. 'My object in going was not to vote. I had no right to vote, unless I had disfranchised myself in Missouri. I was not within two miles of a voting place. My object in going was not to vote, but to settle a difficulty between two of our candidates; and the abolitionists of the North said, and published it abroad, that *Atchison was there with bowie-knife and revolver, and by God 'twas true. I never did go into that Territory—I never intend to go into that Territory—without being prepared for all such kind of cattle.* Well, we beat them, and Governor Reeder gave certificates to a majority of all the members of both Houses, and then, after they were organised, as everybody will admit, they were the only competent persons to say who were, and who were not, members of the same."

'It is confirmed by the contemporaneous admission of the *Squatter Sovereign*, a paper published at Atchison, and at once the organ of the President and of these borderers, which under date of 1st April, thus recounts the victory:

"Independence, [Missouri,] March 31. 1855.

"Several hundred emigrants from Kansas have just entered our city. They were preceded by the Westport and Independence brass bands. They came in at the west side of the public square, and proceeded entirely around it, the bands cheering us with fine music, and the emigrants with good news. Immediately following the bands were about two hundred horsemen in regular order; following these were one hundred and fifty waggons, carriages, &c. They gave repeated cheers for Kansas and Missouri. They report that not an Anti-slavery man will be in the Legislature of Kansas. We have made a clean sweep."

Mr. Atchison's boast of 'a clean sweep' was a little premature. The actual settlers of Kansas refusing to acknowledge a legislature so illegally elected, assembled afresh at a place called Topeka, and made a new choice. This choice was also of course illegal, since no writs had been issued by the Governor for an election at Topeka, and it was clearly the duty of the Supreme Executive to disavow *both* Legislatures, and to take care that a legal election should be held forthwith. The Governor of Kansas, however, was a worthy compeer of the Missourian banditti and of their leaders at Washington. He gave his sanction to the Legislature elected by violence, and this body proceeded to enact laws for the government of Kansas. We hardly dare tax the credulity of our readers with an account of the nature of these laws. Nothing but the report of a Committee of Congress, charged to inquire into affairs in Kansas, could have made us believe that a body of men speaking the

English language could have been found capable of deliberately enacting the 'discussion of slavery' into a *felony punishable by two years of hard labour in chain gangs on the high road!* Yet of such madness was this usurping legislature capable; and laws, which the despotism of Austria or of Russia would not have sanctioned, were imposed upon the freeborn citizens of an American territory by men who had no other right to rule than the barbarian right of force. In the emphatic words of an American conservative statesman*: 'The Legislative Government set up in Kansas was a creature of the invading army from Missouri. It was just as much a conquest, and just as complete a conquest as that of Spain by the forces of Napoleon, when Joseph was made king of that country.' Let us hope that the conquest of Kansas by Missouri may be no *more* complete than was the conquest of Spain by France! Like the Spaniards, the people of Kansas have risen against their invaders. For more than ten months they have steadily refused obedience to the infamous laws enacted by their oppressors. And we hope we do not pay too high a compliment to the vigour of American freemen when we express our belief that the true settlers of the territory of Kansas would have soon rid themselves of the Missourian hordes, had not these been supported by the Government of the Union. For, incredible as seems this part of the disgraceful history we are recounting, it is unfortunately but too well authenticated, that the American President has done everything in his power to further the designs of the invading parties. The Chief Justice appointed by him has rivalled the Missourian heroes in his own way. Under the guidance of this eminent character, inns have been indicted as nuisances, because Free-State men had there eaten and slept; printing-houses have been denounced, because the fanatical types had lent themselves to Free-State proclamations, and a bridge was sentenced to dilapidation, because it had supported a party of the Free-State Legislature! Again and again new parties of invaders from Missouri have entered the devoted territory, carrying fire and sword wherever they bent their steps. In vain have the settlers invoked the protection of the United States forces in the territory. Those forces were used only to impede the armed organisation of the settlers for their own defence. The complaint of Kansas went up throughout the land. In the North it was responded to by the

* Mr. Barnard of New York (formerly American minister at Berlin), in a letter published in the 'Albany Statesman,' July 14th, 1856.

formation of societies for 'aiding emigrants to Kansas.' Funds were subscribed, meetings were held in churches, and the sons of New England and New York, armed with the rifle and the Bible as in the 'elder day,' were sent out to the help of freedom in the far West. But the energy of the South, in the support of its champions, has, up to this time, shamed the zeal of the Northern men in the defence of the imperilled liberties of the Union. South Carolina, Georgia, Texas, have voted money for the armament of expeditions, dispatched to aid in 'enforcing the law' in Kansas. The ministers of religion at the South have dismissed the Southern regiments with patriarchal benedictions; and upon their banners they bear the legend of 'God and Slavery,' embroidered by the fair hands of Southern maids and matrons.

Collected from the ignorant masses of the 'poor white trash' of the South (for such is the name given to the white freemen of these States not themselves possessing plantations or slaves—a class well described by Mrs. Stowe) these auxiliary troops have proved themselves masters in the arts of pillage and rapine.* But although wherever they have encountered the free settlers in battle on terms approaching equality, the champions of slavery have been checked; it is plain to us that the North must put forward, with decision, a far more considerable force, if this conflict is to be brought to a successful termination. The last rencounter at Ossawatimie ended in the defeat of the Free-Soilers. The Missourian invaders are on the frontier, their resources at hand, their passions excited to frenzy: the Government has called out the militia of two adjoining Slave States, for the purpose of crushing what it is pleased to call rebellion, and we shall not be surprised to learn that the Pro-slavery party are masters of the territory. The great immediate danger to America from the pending contest resides, we think, in the singularly irresolute temper which has heretofore been exhibited in action by the Northern people and their leaders; and we fear that nothing but the peril and humiliation of defeat will completely rouse them to vindicate their rights.

* The dense ignorance and social degradation of the lower classes of whites in the Southern States, is one of the most alarming features in the present condition of those commonwealths. In the excellent work of Mr. Olmsted will be found details on this subject, which will surprise any reader accustomed to regard 'America' as a unit, and to speak of 'American public schools' as a *national* institution. In Virginia, for instance, not one in twenty of the adult whites can read and write. These degraded whites are spoken of by their slaveholding fellow-democrats as 'trash.'

The outrages in Kansas sent to the House of Representatives for the first time, it is true, a majority of men opposed to the encroachments of Slavery. And throughout the session of the Congress, which will come to the end of its biennial term in March of next year, the Northern majority in the House of Representatives has been unusually resolute in resisting the influence of the Executive, and the demands of the ultra-Southern party. Yet we have recently seen this majority recede from a position worthy of the Long Parliament. The Senate, which represents the Sovereign States, and not the populations of the States, is, of course, more strongly Southern than the House in which the numerical preponderance of the Northern people finds expression; and the Senate has steadily supported the President and his cabal in 'stifling' the Kansas difficulty. It was in the course of a most gallant and effective speech upon the Kansas Question, in the Senate, that Mr. Sumner made those cutting criticisms upon the course pursued by South Carolina, to which Mr. Brooks, of that State, thought proper to reply with the *ultima ratio* of blockheads and bullies. But in spite of all the speeches of Senators like Mr. Sumner, and Mr. Seward of New York, whose calm, clear, masterly and highspirited denunciation of the course pursued by the President in Kansas proves how ineffectual was the violence of Mr. Brooks in intimidating the true men of the North—in spite of reason, justice, and common sense—the Senate refused to put any check upon the action of the President and his South-western allies. The House of Representatives at first took upon itself the solemn responsibility of doing what the Senate wished not to do, but alarmed by threats from the War-Office, that, if the supplies were not voted for the army, all the workmen in the national arsenals should be thrown out of employ to vote against Colonel Fremont in the East, and to fight against Kansas in the West, they withdrew their amendment to the Appropriation Bill, which had been designed to prevent the President from employing the army of the United States in the execution of the laws of the so-called 'Kansas Legislature.'

We cannot but lament this step, which seems to us an indication of weakness. But we shall be glad to be undeceived; and we will hope that the coming sessions of the American Congress may prove to us that, however irresolute the policy of the Northern representatives may have seemed, their spirit is sound and earnest. For it must not be forgotten that the Presidential Election cannot be decisive of the great issue now before the American people. That issue, as we have said, and as we have endeavoured to show, is not at all a party issue.

It has, in fact, destroyed all the parties, properly so called, which have from time to time existed in America.'

When we come to examine the meaning of the party names which spring up in American politics almost as rapidly and as numerous as towns in the American prairies, we find in them all only fresh indications of the truth of the view we have taken of the political history of the United States. The Whig party really went to pieces during the Texas excitement. Most of its leaders have passed over into the party called Republican, of which Colonel Fremont is, as we shall presently show, only the nominal candidate. Throughout the Union, hardly a single newspaper can now be found professing to bear the name of an organisation which twice succeeded in carrying a Presidential election upon issues of economical policy. The ancient party of the Northern Democracy is hardly less shattered. Many of the leading Northern men of that party also, are to be found under the Republican banners, and of the once steadfast organs of the Democratic party in the Northern States, a majority are now labouring in behalf of Colonel Fremont. Of the so-called 'Know-Nothing,' or 'American' party, which came so suddenly into the field but a few years ago, it is enough to say that it seems to have vanished as suddenly as it appeared. Summoned into existence by the extravagant conduct of the Roman Catholics in various parts of the country, and by the impression that the foreign voters in America were acting in masses, and to the danger of the nation, this party has naturally disappeared with the submission of the Catholics, and with the demonstration which was afforded by the first elections in which it took a part, of the overwhelming preponderance of the American vote throughout the States. At the Convention of this party, held in June of the present year, Mr. Fillmore was nominated for the Presidency; but a secession of the 'North-Americans' from the 'South-Americans' rapidly followed, and Mr. Fillmore, deserted for Colonel Fremont by the Northern Know-Nothings, and for Mr. Buchanan by those of the South, is likely to play but a sorry part in the coming contest. It is not impossible that the House, in the event of their being called upon to exert their elective function, should desert both Colonel Fremont and Mr. Buchanan, but this can only take place if the College should send down to them the name of a third, as yet unnamed, candidate, and this is a most unlikely contingency. In all probability, therefore, either Mr. Buchanan, or Colonel Fremont, must be the next President of the United States. A rapid review of the respective positions of these gentlemen will still further illustrate the political crisis in America.

Mr. Buchanan was adopted by the Convention at Cincinnati, as a man 'thoroughly true to the South.' Ever since his entrance into public life, Mr. Buchanan has been found on the winning side of American politics. He has supported 'the annexation of Texas, the encouragement of Slavery in new territories, the extension of the Missouri Compromise to the Pacific, the Fugitive Slave Law, and the Nebraska Bill.' He holds that the arrangement of 1854 should be considered final; and he is one of the strenuous supporters of that famous 'Monroe' doctrine, which having been originally suggested by Mr. Canning, as a bulwark against the interference of the Holy Alliance in American affairs, has been converted into a menace against all the powers whose territories fringe the States of the American Union.

Mr. Buchanan receives the support of the whole South, of all that section of the Northern Democracy over whose votes the President, by his enormous patronage, exerts a controlling influence, and of a certain number of persons who insist upon believing that the South is only engaged in protecting its just rights from invasion by a horde of fanatical abolitionists. He in no just sense represents a party, but a great section of the Union, contending for absolute supremacy in the Councils of the Nation, and bent upon consummating the changes which it has long been bringing about in the character and policy of the Republic.

Colonel Fremont is still a young man. He has but few political antecedents, but those are mainly in his favour. He distinguished himself in California by his successful opposition to the project of committing that State to the institution of slavery. He is known to be a gentleman of high spirit, of integrity, of capacity proved in trying adventures, familiar to all the reading world. He goes into the election committed to do justice to Kansas, and to oppose the spirit of fillibustering and lawlessness which the Mexican war did so much to inflame among the American people. And he is supported by the Northern people with a unanimity rare in their history. In the single city of New York, for instance, journals long opposed to each other, on all questions of national and of state policy, have united in favour of Colonel Fremont. In fact it may be said that, with the exception of those small classes which, as we have observed, cling to the old Democratic standard, and of the 'Abolitionists'—people who will act with no party except on the grounds of unconditional war against slavery always and every where, in the old States and in the new,—the Northern States are rapidly uniting upon Colonel Fremont. The sharpest

struggle seems likely to occur in Pennsylvania, on which State the old Democracy has a stronger hold than anywhere else in the North, and where Mr. Buchanan himself is personally popular.

The Northern States have a clear majority of fifty-four votes in the Electoral College. The chances of success for Colonel Fremont must therefore be held to be very considerable.

That Mr. Buchanan, if elected, will be, to use the expression of the Americans, 'just like Mr. Pierce, *only more so*,' we think may be taken to be certain. We may expect from him a similar domestic policy—the support of the Southern, or, as we ought perhaps to call it, the *Pro-slavery* party (for we must remember that the hundred thousand slaveholders of the South, who are also the property-holders of the South, have kept the mass of the Southern white population in a state of ignorant subservency to their own interests, and it is hardly proper to give the title of 'the Southern party' to men who have so grossly abused their position to the degradation of their country),—and the persistent perversion of the American Government from the true aims of its great founders. We may expect from him too a similar foreign policy—the tacit permission, if not the direct encouragement, of lawless attacks upon the possessions of weak States, and just so much trifling with the interests and dignity of foreign powers as circumstances shall render safe and desirable.

What are we to expect from Colonel Fremont? This question it is not so easy to answer. The very fact that Colonel Fremont is not the candidate of a party—that he is supported by men of opinions so various and from motives so diverse,—this fact, while it multiplies his chances of success, makes it more difficult for us to prognosticate his probable policy. Such a coalition as that by which Colonel Fremont is now supported may well carry an election, but is less likely to organise a successful administration. Yet the circumstances of the times point out very distinctly to the advisers of Colonel Fremont the principles of a great national policy which, if earnestly adopted and resolutely carried out, might be found strong enough and sound enough to save the American Republic from its present perils. To reaffirm wherever the opportunity is open for legislation the original principles of the American Government; again to localise slavery, and nationalise freedom; to encourage in every way the immigration of free settlers into the vast unoccupied territories of the Union; to draw about the Southern States a great cordon of prosperous, free commonwealths; and, while respecting the actual rights of the Slave States, and their equality before the law with their sister

States, to make it distinctly understood that the National Government will do nothing to aid, but every thing to discourage, any attempt at extending slavery within or without the borders of the republic;—this would be a policy which, it seems to us, would command the support of all rational and right-minded men in America, as it certainly would the respect of all thinking men throughout the world.

Will such a policy be attempted? Can such a policy be carried out? These are questions upon which it does not befit us to pronounce. But this much we may say, that if such a policy be impossible, the days of the Transatlantic Union may indeed be numbered, and the balance of power between the members of that great confederacy must be determined by other means than by the loose obligations and feeble control of the Federal Law. The signs of the times cannot be mistaken. Everything in the aspect of the country, to the North and to the South, indicates that matters cannot go on much further in their present path. The ferocious exasperation of the South may be gathered from the approbation which has been there bestowed upon the ruffianly act of Mr. Brooks. That act was as dastardly as it was brutal—it was a piece of premeditated poltroonery, as well as a barbarian invasion of the laws of civilisation. Done in England it would have sent its perpetrator through Coventry on to a penal settlement or a convict penitentiary. Yet Mr. Brooks has been rewarded with gifts and smiles. He was instantly returned to Congress by the unanimous vote of his district*, and though, as we are assured by letters from Carolina, his conduct is judged as it deserves in private by persons of breeding, such is the virulence, and such the madness of public feeling, that any open condemnation of the act would subject the rash critic to the instant vengeance of Judge Lynch. Southern papers have loudly recommended that other representatives of the North should be dealt with as Mr. Sumner was, and the general language of the Southern press and of Southern speakers towards the North is that of menace, insult, and contumely. Open threats are made of instant secession from the Union in case of the election of Colonel Fremont; and an elderly member of Congress from New York was assaulted but the other day by a young imitator of Mr. Brooks in a Washington omnibus for asserting that the South would accept Colonel Fremont's election in peace and quiet!

* In a letter to his constituents, Mr. Brooks expressly declined to be re-elected *on any other issue than on that of their approval of his assault on Mr. Sumner.*

Still more significant, however, is the present temper of the North. The North, as we have shown, has been slow to believe in the existence of what Judge Story forty years ago denounced as the 'insolent Virginia policy.' So far have the Northern public been from sharing the animosity of the 'abolitionists' against the South, that till within a very few years, the man who avowed himself an abolitionist in Boston or New York did so at the peril of his social position. The abolitionists who first denounced American slavery as a growing and dangerous institution, about twenty years ago, were mobbed in the Northern cities, and walked in literal fear of their lives. Boston is held, and justly held, to be one of the most enlightened and liberal of the American cities. Yet in Boston, but ten years ago, a gentleman of the highest respectability and most eminent talents, distinguished as a divine, as a professor, and as a member of Congress, allied with the first families of the State, and beyond reproach in every respect, was 'cut' by his old college friends, and subjected to all kinds of petty social slights, because he had manumitted some slaves bequeathed to him by a Southern relative, and had taken the strongest ground in his place in Congress against the encroaching policy of the South! So, too, it was with Mr. Sumner. No man of his years had ever achieved higher distinction in Boston than Mr. Sumner; no man of any age had ever commanded a more universal acknowledgment of his worth and his accomplishments, when for the crime of holding the opinions of Jefferson, and of avowing them with a frankness to which Jefferson was a stranger, he was practically excluded from the society in which he had been born and bred, and which no man was more fitted to adorn. Nay, when Mr. Sumner, on his first entrance into public life, was elected, exclusively on the ground of his character and his talents, to the highest office which Massachusetts had to confer—when, in 1851, he passed at once from the condition of a private citizen to that of a Senator of the United States,—even then Mr. Sumner had to encounter the sneers and the neglect of those who could only claim to be his peers in the social scale, and was treated as a fanatical outlaw.

Six years have passed, and how changed is the face of things! A company is organised to support the New England Emigration to Kansas, and in the list of its members we read the foremost names of the Boston Conservative 'Aristocracy.' Meetings are called in New York to pronounce upon the 'Sumner' outrage, and the most dignified citizens of the Empire State, her great lawyers, the presidents of her colleges, the representatives

of all that is most ambitious as well as of all that is most substantial in her community, are gathered upon the platform and crowded upon the floor of the largest Hall the city affords. The 'outraged' Senator becomes at once the hero of the North, his speech is multiplied by tens of thousands, and sows armed men wherever it is scattered.

But of all the symptoms we have seen of the present state of Northern feeling, none strikes us as more significant than the proceedings at a 'Sumner Meeting' held in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Cambridge, borrowing its name from English associations, is the chief University town of America. It is celebrated for the amiable and conservative tone of its society. In ordinary times nothing can be more composed than the public sentiment of this place. But a meeting was called there, on the 2nd June in this year, 'in reference to the assault upon Senator Sumner.' It was largely attended, and a report of the proceedings now lies before us, highly characteristic of the energetic and, we had almost said, fierce spirit which has been kindled by recent events in this scholar-like and serene community. We take, for instance, the speech of Mr. Richard Henry Dana (the well-known author of 'Two Years before the Mast'), whose language is almost prophetic in sternness and solemnity. From a manly tribute to the virtues of his friend Mr. Sumner,—a manly expression of indignation at the outrage of which he had been made the victim,—Mr. Dana rises to the issue of which that outrage is but a symptom, the issue fast forcing itself upon the people of the North.

'Mr. President, the last census has demonstrated what many have declared, but few have believed, that under the form of a republic, this country is now, and has long been, governed by an oligarchy. In the Free States there are now about seventeen millions of free inhabitants and no slaves. In the Slave States there are four millions of slaves, owned by three hundred and fifty thousand owners. These 350,000 * owners of slaves own the valuable land and the labourers, and monopolise the government of the Slave States. To make a long story short, there has never been a question between the slave power and the free power, on the floor of Congress, in which the slave power has not triumphed.

'Is there force enough,' he continues, 'virtue enough, in our seventeen millions to assert their political equality, to achieve their own enfranchisement, to renovate the national policy, and retrieve

* We have elsewhere given our grounds for pronouncing this estimate to be beyond the truth. Mr. Dana simply quotes the figure popularly accepted.

the honour of the country, to make freedom national and slavery sectional, to make freedom the rule and slavery the exception, to secure the future for freedom? The Dutch revolution was as noble as our own. The Dutch began a civil and religious liberty, with heroism, freedom, industry, and prosperity. In time they came to make material prosperity their ruling motive. They ceased to live for ideas, and what are they now? Rich, prosperous, educated, respectable, useless, and despised! The glory is gone! What hath been is that which shall be, and there is no new thing under the sun. Is this to be the fate of Massachusetts, of New England?'

But most remarkable of all the speeches made at this meeting was that of the ex-Chief Justice of New Hampshire, and President of the Law School, who took the chair. New Hampshire is of all the Northern States the most conservative in spirit. She clings to the common law as she received it from England. She clings to the traditions of the early democracy. So steadfast has she been to her old gods that she has received the name of the 'Granite State.' And New Hampshire has sent from her borders no sounder lawyer, no more conservative politician, than Chief Justice Parker. When the spirit of New England was alive with the excitement of opposition to the Fugitive Slave Law, Chief Justice Parker, firmly believing that law to be constitutional, did not hesitate to lend it his support. Such a man, as he himself observes, 'can hardly be suspected of an immoderate desire for agitation.' Yet Chief Justice Parker made a speech at this meeting in Cambridge, which for earnestness and solemnity of denunciation has not been anywhere surpassed. We should be glad to quote the greater part of this address, which is at once a model of temperance in the utterance of righteous indignation, and a most pregnant sign of the times in America. But this our limits forbid, and we must content ourselves with setting before our readers the following most impressive words which this lawyer and judge, this grey-haired, grave, and conspicuous man, felt himself warranted, by the importance of the crisis, in addressing to his fellow-citizens, who know full well that whatever he may say, is said with deliberate and honest conviction:—'If all measures that can be constitutionally taken to assert our constitutional freedom shall fail,—what then? God in his infinite mercy avert such a catastrophe! But if a wise Providence should permit the madness and violence of a few to tear away from the Constitution the safeguards of freedom upheld by law, leaving only the forms of a free government in place of the substance which we have fondly hoped was obtained, it is not for us now here to say what shall then be done. For

'myself personally, I am perhaps known to most of you as a peaceable citizen, reasonably conservative, devotedly attached to the Constitution, and much too far advanced in life for gasconade; but under present circumstances, I may be pardoned for saying that some of my father's blood was shed on Bunker Hill, at the commencement of our revolution, and that there is a little more of the same sort left, if it should prove necessary for the beginning of another!'

Deeply indeed must the independent spirit of New England have been stirred, when such words can be wrung from such a man in such a place! The violence of the South, significant as it is, is much less significant than this slow, intenser wrath of the North.

We have said that the maintenance and duration of the American Union seem to us to be exposed to the greatest dangers, if there be not force enough in the North to command, and wisdom enough in the South to accept, a truly just and Republican policy for the direction of the Government. One word more in explanation of this assertion, and we have done.

Out of the actual crisis in American affairs there seem to us to be but three possible issues. Either the North must triumph, in no sectional sense, but in the interest of the whole nation, and the Republic be restored to the path in which it was originally designed to move, the South acquiescing in a policy which alone can save her, if any thing can, from the full consequences of the institutions she is seeking not only to cherish, but to extend.

Or the South must triumph in an entirely sectional sense, and completely divert the Republic from its original direction, the North acquiescing in a policy which will reduce her people to practical vassalage, and force them to lend the aid of their arts and arms to their Southern leaders, by converting the American Union into a military, oppressive, and intolerable oligarchy based on domestic slavery and foreign aggression.

Or the stern resistance of the North, encountering a violent and effectual resistance in the South, will lead to a disruption of the existing confederacy, and a contest of more than ordinary ferocity must eventually determine by its results the limits of their respective powers.

Weak in the numbers of their white population, weak in the degradation of their labouring millions, weak in the condition of all the branches of industry that make a nation strong, and strong only in the indifference of their Northern Confederate States to the fatal policy now fast ripening all its fruits of evil, the Southern people cannot surely be mad enough to invite

their own ruin. There was a time when some of their leaders were foolish enough to dream of an alliance with England as an alternative of hope for the slaveholding South. But that dream can only linger now in the brains of men too imbecile and too ignorant to command the attention of their fellow-citizens. The more clear-sighted advocates of the 'Southern Confederacy' have begun to talk of reliance upon Russia and Brazil! but before the stern reality of the Northern power these absurdities must be abandoned. The question appears to us at this time mainly to be, whether the North (including under that name all the States not cursed with the institution of slavery), has the energy, the virtue, and the wisdom to unite in setting bounds to this evil, and whether those States have leaders equal to the emergency? On this point the result of the Presidential election will furnish some further evidence; but even if Colonel Fremont is chosen, the struggle which threatens the Union with dissolution will only be begun.

The cloud which now hangs over the Union is not of yesterday. In the earliest times of the Republic it was seen rising, slowly but darkly, by gifted eyes. Jefferson saw it, and Madison, Jay, and Adams, and Randolph. Nay, we have it on the authority of Chief Justice Marshall, that Washington himself anticipated but a brief career for the Republic which his virtue had saved and founded. The tone of the celebrated 'Farewell Address' which was drawn up for him by the far-sighted Alexander Hamilton is more sad than serene, and breathes more of warning than of hope.

The long-expected storm seems now about to burst. Need we repeat that, in common with all England, and indeed with all the friends of liberty, law, and order throughout the world, we do most earnestly hope that when the tempest shall have passed, the United States will be found greater, because more righteous, than ever; regenerated in their government and in the character of their people—a true Republic, worthy of the name, and equal to the obligations which it imposes?

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